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ANNALS

OF

ATHENS, GEORGIA

1801—1901.

BY

AUGUSTUS LONGSTREET HULL.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH BY

DR. HENRY HULL.

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ERRATA.

Page 47. Transpose last line but one, above last line but one on page 48.

Page 95. In twenty-sixth line after "from the old" insert "home".

Page 97. In twelfth line for "compress" read "campus".

Page 124. In eighth line for "1873" read "1837".

Page 126. In seventeenth line for "Prussia" read "Russia".

Page 161. In first line for "1815" read "1855".

Page 221. In eighteenth line for "if" read "it".

Page 344. In last line but two for "one" read "once".

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Preface to Sketch by Dr. Henry Hull.

In offering these sketches in their present shape, it would be proper for the Editor to say that they were for the most part first published in the *Southern Watchman* in 1879, but having been written "to while away in idle hour," no regard was had to arrangement of subjects or consecutiveness of details.

It was therefore the task and pleasure of the Editor to arrange them more systematically in point of time and subject, including some sketches hitherto unpublished, and present them in a more permanent form than as newspaper contributions.

To none who knew Dr. Hull need it be told, that for seventy-eight years he lived in Athens, a part of that time sustaining towards many in the community, the intimate relations of a family physician, and known and respected by all. The people of the city, he has known for generations back, and no one perhaps was so well fitted as he to write the annals of the place. Unfortunately, the sketches do not extend later than 1825. There is no pretense of completeness in this work as a History of Athens for the time; but it consists of personal observations of the writer, coupled with well authenticated traditions

of the place. Many things of interest and value, were he yet alive, might the writer add from a memory green and mind well stored with fact and fancy. Perhaps some other hand tremulous with age will take up the thread and weave the story out.

A. L. H.

Athens, Ga., January, 1884.

Annals of Athens, Georgia.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1801 the *Senatus Academicus*, composed of the Governor, the State Senate and the Board of Trustees of the University of Georgia, being stirred to action by public complaints of their neglect of that institution, which had hitherto existed only on paper, met at Louisville, the then Capital of the State, and appointed a committee to select a site in Jackson County for its location. The Committee consisting of John Milledge, Abram Baldwin, George Walton, John Twiggs and Hugh Lawson, in the latter part of June, of that year, met at Billups' Tavern—on the Lexington road—and thence made tours of inspection to various locations. The *Augusta Chronicle*, of July 20th, 1801, tells us that "the Committee repaired to the county of Jackson and proceeded with attention and deliberation to examine a number of situations as well upon the tracts belonging to the University as upon others of private individuals. Having completed their views, they proceeded by ballot to make the choice, when the vote was unanimous in favor of a place belonging to Mr. Daniel Easley, at the Cedar Shoals, upon the North Fork of the

Oconee River, and the same was resolved to be selected and chosen for the seat of the University of Georgia. For this purpose the tract containing 633 acres was purchased of Mr. Easley by Mr. Milledge, one of the Committee, and made a donation of to the Trustees, and it was called Athens.

"The river at Athens is about 150 feet broad; its waters rapid in their descent and has no low-grounds. The site of the University is on the South side and a half mile from the river. About 200 yards from the site, and 300 feet above the river, in the midst of an extensive bed of rock issues a copious spring of excellent water, and in its meanderings to the river several others are discovered. On the place is a new well built framed dwelling house, entirely equal to the accommodation of the President and his family. There is also another new house equal to a temporary schoolroom. The square of the University containing 36½ acres is laid off so as to comprehend the site, the houses and the spring. A street is laid off upon the northern line of the square adjoining a village of lots in that direction. Besides the spring in the square, which is convenient to the village, there is one in the street and another back of the lots. Near Athens, Mr. Easley has an excellent flour mill, a saw and common grist mill, with intention to add a cotton machine. To drive these, the rapids

opposite Athens are slightly dammed so as the ordinary supply of the river neither increases nor diminishes the size of the pond. Besides the lesser fish of fresh waters, the shad in their season, ascend the river as high as Athens in great perfection."

The area purchased by Gov. Milledge, extended from a point at the head of Cemetery Street along Baldwin west to Pope Street, thence to Vonderlieth's vineyard, thence out to Mrs. Hudgin's, thence in a long broken line northward far across Prince Avenue and eastward to the river. Mr. Daniel Easley reserved a portion of the tract, bounded by a line beginning at a point on the river a little below the upper bridge, running thence to a point not far from Mrs. Dorsey's house, thence between Mr. E. R. Hodgson's* and the Town Spring, across the spring branch, thence to the point on Baldwin Street above the Factory. This reservation he sold in lots, of shapes and sizes to suit the tastes and purposes of purchasers, securing to himself the right to keep up his mill-dam and a toll bridge. He owned most of the land about Athens, on both sides of the river. He built and lived in the

NOTE—The reader will bear in mind that these sketches were written thirty-five years ago, since which time many changes of residence have taken place. A. L. H.

*This house is still standing on Oconee Street just below the cotton warehouse.

Hodgson house till he sold it to my father, Rev. Hope Hull, in 1803, after which he moved across the river.

My earliest recollections of Athens date from the year 1803. I well remember when my father, with his family, a few servants and household goods stopped at this house—how interested I was in a flock of goats which were browsing on the opposite hillside. The most thickly settled portion of the village then was between our house and the river. There were two so-called stores, one on the lot adjoining ours, kept by a Mr. Black, and the other immediately opposite by Capt. Warham Easley, while cake shops, grog shops, a blacksmith and tailor shop, with cabins and shanties, occupied the space to the river. This was the village referred to in the *Augusta Chronicle*.

The Old College was just completed and was occupied by a few students. The President's house—a story and a half—the same mentioned in the extract quoted above, stood where Dr. Mell's house is, and the other new house which was "equal to a tempoary schoolroom"—a single room 20 feet square with a chimney at one end, an unglazed window in the other, and a door in each side—stood about the site of the Phi-Kappa Hall. The Grammar School was near the Chancellor's house, and these were all the buildings on the Campus at the time.

The tract given by Gov. Milledge was laid off in lots and streets, beginning at Mrs. Dorsey's lot, which was No. 1, and extending to Mrs. Blanton Hill's.† These lots were offered for sale by the Trustees, each square containing two acres, except those between College Avenue and Jackson Streets, which were one acre each. The first lots sold were those comprised in the parallelogram bounded on Foundry, Broad, Hull Streets and Hancock Avenue.

No. 1, the Dorsey lot, was sold to Major Ferdinand Phinizy for $102.

No. 2, the Reaves block, was sold to Major McKigney.

No. 3 Deupree block, was sold to Stevens and Jett Thomas.

No. 4, Barry block, was sold to Mr. Thurmond.

No. 5, Bank block, was sold to Mr. Wright.

No. 6, Hotel block, was sold to Mr. Martin for $150.

No. 7, Mrs. Deloney's lot, was sold to David Allen.

No. 8, Henderson lot, was sold to Dr. Josiah Meigs for $90.

Nos. 9, 10 and 11, From Hull Street to Pulaski Street, to Major Phinizy for $200.

Nos. 12, 13 and 14, From Pulaski to Hull Street, to Jas. E. Morris for $121.

†On Pulaski Street.

No. 15, Mrs. Mathews' square, to David Allen for $50.

No. 16, From Lumpkin Street, half way the square, to Allen for $70.

No. 17, East half the square to College Avenue for $100.

No. 18, Between College Avenue and Jackson Street, to Addin Lewis.

No. 19, The old bank lot, to Dr. Cowan for $105.

No. 20, The Clayton lot, to Mr. Hayes.

Nos. 31 and 22, Between Thomas and Foundry Street, to Capt. Cary for $60.

An old deed from President Brown to Mrs. Lucy Cary dated in 1811 to half of Dr. Hull's lot for $31,shows that Hancock Avenue was at that time called Green Street, and Dougherty Street was Walton Street, while Thomas Street was designated as "Alley No. 2."

From 1803 to 1810 the town grew apace. On Mrs. Dorsey's lot stood a storehouse, with a small dwelling attached, belonging to Major Ferdinand Phinizy, of Augusta. On the adjoining lot, westward, was a story and a half hewn log house, the only hotel in the village. It comprised two rooms with a passage between and a shed with two or three bedrooms on the first floor, as many on the second, and a piazza in front. It was kept by Capt. John Cary. Next

to that was the store of Mr. Stevens Thomas, near the present Georgia Railroad Agency.* He was the principal merchant in the place, and for a long time the only worthy the name. About the time of which I write, he married and built the house on the same lot recently taken down by Judge Deupree. It was then the most stylish house in the place, and there his children were born, there he accumulated his large fortune and there died.

Two or three little shanties stood on the lot where Capt. Barry's stores are, but I do not remember their uses. On the site of the National Bank there stood a little Doctor's shop, about 10x12 feet, which with a small dwelling, opposite Dr. Smith's,† were the only buildings on the square. The square and houses were owned by Dr. Wright, the first village doctor. Still going westward, we find no houses on Broad street, until we reach Mrs. Deloney's—now greatly altered and enlarged. That was built by an Englishman, named Allen, whose daughter, Miss Harriet, taught in that house the first female school established in Athens. Old Mr. Allen was a quiet, retiring gentleman and considered the highest authority on all questions of taste and horticulture.

*North side Broad Street, between Thomas and Wall Streets.
†On Clayton Street.

We have now reached Lumpkin Street, the extreme western limits of Athens, as it was in 1810. On Thomas Street stood only two houses. Where Dr. Hull† lives was a log cabin, built by Rev. John Hodge; the other a more pretentious hewn log house near where Dr. Moore's office stands, was occupied by Mrs. Lucy Cary. This continued to be habitable until Mr. William Dearing, the last occupant, removed it to make way for Dr. Moore's house.* On Clayton Street there were only two residences—one Dr. Wright's, already mentioned; the other now owned by Dr. R. M. Smith was built a little later than Mr. Stevens Thomas' on Broad Street, and these two of the same order of architecture were the handsomest in the town. Dr. Smith's house was built by Addin Lewis, who came from Connecticut with President Meigs, and was for some years the only Professor in the College. Lewis was appointed Collector of the Port at Mobile by Wm. H. Crawford, when Secretary of the Treasury, and was in office when General Jackson was elected President. He was a warm political and personal friend of Mr. Crawford, and particularly friendly to General Jackson's administration. He received a communication from Washington City, calling for information

†W. B. Jackson's on Thomas Street.
*R. K. Reaves' on Thomas Street.

on several matters of importance to the Government, in which was this question, "How far does the Alabama River run up into the State?" Lewis replied to this question, "The Alabama River does not run *up* at all; it runs *down*." In a short time his successor was appointed.

Col. Isaac Wilkerson's house* stands on the Easley reservation. It was originally a very pretty cottage, built by a French gentleman, named Gouvain, and the grounds around it were filled with ornamental trees and beautiful shrubbery. It was altogether the most attractive spot in the town and made additionally so by the presence of Monsieur Gouvain's two beautiful nieces, who with their mother, Madame Taney lived with him. The place presents none of its former beauty. The original cottage has been added to and built around, and the shrubbery and trees have been so destroyed that it would be difficult now to imagine what a pretty place it was sixty-five years ago. For a long time in later years it was the home of that venerable and venerated lady Katherine Newton, relict of Rev. John Newton, who if not the first Presbyterian preacher in Georgia, was the first settled pastor.

Of a different family, was the old Newton,

*This house was situated near the Ga. R. R. depot until the latter was built.

who lived where Dr. Ware's† house now stands, and who had the only turning lathe within miles of Athens. All north of Hancock Avenue was a dense forest. The boys used to go to old Newton's for tops, and it was considered a mile or two in the country. It took at least half a day to go, to get a top and return. It is true we had often to wait for the tops to be turned and then had to spin them all the way back.

The next house in point of time, if I remember aright, was the one where Dr. Cicero Holt now lives.‡ It was built by Judge Clayton, on the corner occupied by Mrs. Pope. It fronted on Washington Street, and after maintaining its ground for thirty years or more was removed to its present site. Judge Clayton sold it to Mrs. Farrar after he had built and removed to the home which served him the remainder of his life and where his venerable widow still lives.* This was originally a small house with two rooms below and as many above stairs, and stood near the lower bridge, where the Factory boarding house is now. It was owned and occupied then by a Mr. Brockman and was the first *emporium of fashion* in Athens; but Easley's reservation being deserted for the more fashionable west end, and Wm. H. Hunt, having

†Dr. Lyndon's.

‡Where the Government Building now stands.

*This house recently stood next the Moss Warehouse

established a more modern *emporium* on what is now the Newton House corner, Brockman gave up the contest and moved to parts unknown. Judge Clayton then bought his house and removed it to his lot, setting it upon brick pillars and adding the wings and shed rooms.

About 1812, Capt. Cary sold his "*Hotel*" on Broad Street to Major McKigney and built a three story house on Mr. Summey's square.‡ It was a little back of Mr. Childs' house and between that and Mr. Summey's. The entrance was from Clayton Street, and the present front yards of these gentlemen were the gardens, floral and vegetable. For many years it was the fashionable boarding house, and there all the fourth of July dinners, society anniversaries and commencement balls were held. It was sold to Mr. John Nisbet, who divided the square, putting up Mr. Summey's house on one-half and leaving the old tenement to go to ruin. This was known as the *Swinging Limb* and became the lodging place of rats and bats, old bachelors and similar disreputable characters. Subsequently, Mr. Jacob Phinizy bought the lot and built Mr. Childs' house, leaving no vestige of the *Swinging Limb* to remind one of its existence.

Prior to 1820 there were no improvements west of Lumpkin Street. The Jefferson Road

‡East side of Thomas Street between Clayton and Washington.

left College Avenue near Dr. Henry Carlton's office* and passed through the lots of Messrs. John H. Newton, Lewis Lampkin, the Methodist Church, Thomas Crawford and Mrs. Harden's to Prince Avenue, which is the Jefferson Road from time immemorial. All that part of the town was in woods, not a stick amiss, except a cabin about where Mrs. Blanton Hill's house stands, built by Col. Thaddeus Holt, in which his five sons kept bachelor's hall whilst they were students in the University, and a small house on the corner of Mrs. Vincent's lot, built in 1819. The house of Mr. Jonathan Hampton'† was occupied at that time by a Mrs. Jones, whose two daughters and nieces made it a most delightful place to spend an evening. But this was in the country and never a town lot. These with Dr. Hull's comprised all of the houses west of College Avenue and north of Hancock Avenue, within a mile of the College.

The first building of any note after this time was the Dougherty place, built by Col. Nicholas Ware, one of the Board of Trustees and a member of Congress. He had four sons to be educated and moved to Athens for that purpose, but died a few months afterwards. That lot was considered the first choice of all and was held at the highest price for town lots. I cannot remem-

*Hodgson building opposite Southern Mutual office.

†J. P. Fears' house on N. Lumpkin Street.

ber the order in which houses were built after this.

The brightening prospects of the University and a growing desire to educate their children brought many substantial families to increase the population. There was a great demand for carpenters and building material, and a live Yankee named Peck, from Vermont with three of four sons and several kinsmen, all active carpenters, were imported, who astonished the natives by the rapidity of their work. They built Mr. John H. Newton's and the Dougherty houses and the Methodist Church as it first stood. They built Col. Hardeman's house for Dr. Church, and Mr. Jas. R. Carlton's for William Moore—(one of Gov. Gilmer's Broad River folks in the *Georgians.*) Other houses were erected at the same time; Mrs. Turner's for Dr. Jas. Nisbet, Mr. Weatherly's for Moses Dobbins, long the Rector of the Grammar School. The house which Dr. Ware replaced with his handsome residence, was built for Mr. Ebenezer Newton, Major Lamar Cobb's for Mr. Alfred Nisbet, Mrs. Vincent's for Mr. Hancock, Mrs. Baynon's for Wright Rogers, Mrs. Adams' for Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Bradford's for Dr. King from Greene county, Mr. Thos. Crawford's for John Bird, Judge Hillyer's for Dr. A. B. Linton, and Mr. F. W. Lucas' for Mr. John Nisbet.

Andrew Graham, from North Carolina, erected

what was then the largest store in town, on the National Bank corner and became the first serious rival of Mr. Thomas for public patronage. The piazza in front of his store became the *City Exchange* where all classes of citizens assembled to discuss the affairs of the nation, state, town and college or talk politics, religion, philosophy and farming. Graham's was the place to go to if you wished to meet company in general or see any one in particular. Mr. Graham was a fat amiable old bachelor weighing about 350 lbs. He prospered in business and bought the house and lot now owned by Dr. R. M. Smith, but in a few years died of apoplexy.

Mr. Peyton Moore's house was built by Mr. Paul Coalson, a graduate of 1822. Mr. Wiley Sledge, still remarkable at the age of 86 for his strength and activity, made the first improvement on Gen. Frierson's lot. On the same square, corner of Dougherty and Thomas Streets, a small house was built by Osborne Gathright, a Virginian, a jack at all trades and certainly good at none. He could make a wagon or a wheelbarrow, build a house and paint it. His main trade was cabinet making, and he boasted of his capacity as a millwright. I have no doubt he would have undertaken to build a cotton factory if called upon, but unfortunately for his reputation his works generally fell to pieces before much use could be made of them. He was

patient under any amount of abuse. Major Walker once said to him "Gathright, you are a worthless, lying puppy!" "Never mind Major," said Gathright, "you will be sorry for that when I get to be the most popular man in town." He sued a citizen in a Magistrate's court, who offered some notes of the plaintiff as an offset. "May it please your honor," said Gath, pleading his own case "let him offer these notes, and he can't get a man in Athens to give a red cent for them, and there's no justice in making me take notes in payment of a just debt which no other man would have."

The house across Thomas Street was built by Capt. Wm. B. Taylor for a kitchen; the Captain came to Athens from Richmond, Va., laboring under the hallucination, common to most Virginians of that day, that simply coming to Georgia would make them rich, and the first thing they did was to make arrangements to spend the money they expected to come into their hands. Capt. Taylor, a good and amiable man, like many others, was disappointed in his coming funds and never built his projected palatial residence. He lived in his kitchen as long as means enabled him, then sold his lot, and the kitchen remains to this day.

The Female Academy lot was given by the Trustees of the University, and the title confirmed by Legislative grant, to the Trustees of the

Academy. The house was built by private contribution. The house occupied by Mrs. Sparks was built by Prof. Jno. R. Golding; Dr. Hoyt's house by Mrs. Baldwin, Capt. Barry's, Mr. Scudder's and the Coppee houses were all built by Dr. Tinsley.

The late Mrs. Hodgson's house, below the carriage shops, was first the home of Sterling Lane, son of old Jonathan Lane, one of the first white men living west of the Oconee River. Sterling Lane was a young man of fine promise. He read law with Mr. Upson, of Lexington, and was admitted to the bar, but preferred commerce to the law and after building a home and a prosperous business died in 1820 of typhus fever, universally regretted. His father planted the large cedars in the yard when they were mere switches. Mr. William Lumpkin afterwards bought the house and lived there for many years.

CHAPTER II.

For a quarter of a century at least, the interests of Athens and of the University went hand in hand—they rose or fell together. Indeed one was nothing without the other.

The University of Georgia had its legal conception in an act of the Legislature, approved February 25, 1784, the intention of which primarily was to lay out amid the virgin forests of the State two counties, Washington and Frank-

lin; the one extending from the line of Richmond and Wilkes to the Oconee river, and the other from Wilkes to the Cherokee Nation, between the Oconee and the Keowee Rivers.

A section of that act provides: "And whereas the encouragement of religion and learning is an object of great importance to any community, and must tend to the prosperity, happiness and advantage of the same, *Be it therefore enacted*, etc., that the County Surveyors immediately after the passing of this act shall proceed to lay out in each county twenty thousand acres of land of the first quality in separate tracts of five thousand acres each for the endowment of a College or seminary of learning, and which said lands shall be vested in and granted in trust to his honor the Governor, for the time being, and John Houston, James Habersham, William Few, Joseph Clay, Abraham Baldwin, William Houston, Nathan Brownson, and their successors in office, who are hereby nominated and appointed Trustees for the said College or seminary of learning and empowered to do all such things as to them shall appear requisite and necessary to forward the establishment and progress of the same."

In pursuance whereof the eight tracts were laid out which are now included in the counties of Hancock, Oglethorpe, Greene, Clarke, Jackson and Franklin and still another across the

Savannah river in the State of South Carolina, which will be treated hereafter. These tracts were known as the Fishing and the Falling Creek tracts in Oglethorpe, the Richland Creek tract in Greene, the Sandy Creek tract in Clarke, the Shoal Creek tract in Franklin, the Shoulderbone tract in Hancock and the Keowee tract in South Carolina.

The following year, 1785, a bill was introduced to complete the establishment of a "public seat of learning,' which was approved January 27, 1785, and constitutes the Charter of the University of Georgia.

What was the value of this gift at the time, we do not know. When the grants by the State were made, there being very much land and a very few people in Georgia the 40,000 acres could not have been worth very much. Governor Wilson Lumpkin, in a letter published in 1859, said that his father was the grantee of a large tract of land in the middle part of the State; and in 1783, sold 400 acres for a rifle and another tract of 400 acres for a saddle horse. If this be taken as a criterion, the munificent gift of the State when the grant was made, was worth about fifty rifles and as many saddle horses.

But coming out of the war of the Revolution, her people impoverished, her commerce destroyed, her resources limited, the State had nothing else but land, and such as she had she free-

ly gave. And though valueless, it may be, then the lands afterwards yielded the University a permanent fund of one hundred thousand dollars, while the generosity of Governor Milledge brought her, first and last, thirty thousand dollars, and sustained her at sundry times when in dire dstress. In recognition of her obligation to him, the University has called the chair of ancient languages "The Milledge Chair of Ancient Languages;" and in other resolutions, from time to time, have the trustees testified their appreciation of the gift.

Reference has been made to the loss of 5,000 acres in the State of South Carolina.,

The line between Georgia andSouth Carolina was the northern bank of the Savannah River at high water, from its mouth to its intersection with the 35th parallel of north latitude and where it *forked,* the larger of the two should be considered a continuation of the Savannah. Now the Tugalo and Seneca formed the first fork from its mouth, and it became a question which was the larger. It was generally conceded that the Seneca was the principal stream and was therefore considered the boundary between the States. The lands between the rivers belonged then to Georgia, a part of which 5,000 acres lying near the junction and very valuable were deeded by the State with other tracts to the University. This district was represented in the Georgia Leg-

islature by a Mr. Lane. Subsequent surveys *pretending* to be more carefully made determined that the Tugalo was the larger river, and it became the boundry line, thereby losing to the University of Georgia her 5,000 valuable acres.

But our Board of Trustees resolved to make an effort to retain it, supposing that such a tract, away in the backwoods, remote from any settlement, when public lands were worth but little more than the cost of surveying them could be of small consideration to a State, appointed one of their own body, a lawyer of distinction, to wait on the Legislature of South Carolina then in session, and ask that the grant to the land should be confirmed to the University—not doubting that so small a favor would be granted. Col. C. was a man of exquisite taste in wines and brandies, or as least he thought so, and kept that gift in active exercise on all proper occasions and sometimes when the occasion was not proper. The South Carolinians knew exactly how to entertain such a man with becoming hospitality. There were some members of the Legislature who learning the object of the Colonel's visit, and desiring to own themselves the land in question, determined to prevent the confirmation of the grant and succeeded in keeping our delegate in such a blissful state of tasting and testing certain old and costly liquors that he did not have an opportunity to present the claims of the University

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OLD COLLEGE—The Oldest Building in Athens

until the Legislature adjourned. Before its next meeting the lands were sold.

The income of the University was derived from the rents of land granted to it by the state and as land was very cheap none but the poorest as a rule (and they were poor because they were lazy) rented them; consequently the income was small and very uncertain.

Mr. Meigs was appointed president "upon examination" at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, and four hundred dollars to pay the expenses of removal to Athens. The following year, upon his arrival and introduction to the trustees, they directed Mr. Meigs to erect one or more log buildings for the college, and requested him to teach until enough students should attend to authorize the employment of a tutor.

The surroundings were unpromising, but nothing daunted, President Meigs set to work with zeal and vigor to organize a school in the woods.

He had a clearing made for the campus, a street was laid out, lots were staked off and a town projected. Several citizens from other parts of the State, among them the Rev. Hope Hull, came with their families and settled in the village.

The Trustees borrowed five thousand dollars on a mortgage and thus re-enforced, ordered the erection of the brick building which still stands,

the earliest monument of their efforts, and known to every student as "Old College."

The difficulties of building would now be thought almost insurmountable. Lime cost $10 a cask and nails were proportionately high. Both had to be hauled in wagons from Augusta. Brick made five miles away cost $7.50 per thousand and $4 more for laying them. All building material was difficult to get and mechanics' labor was extremely unreliable. The contract for building Old College was let to Captain John Billups, at whose "tavern" the Committee had met to locate the University. Mr. Easley built the president's house; and the frame schoolroom cost, completed, $1887.27.

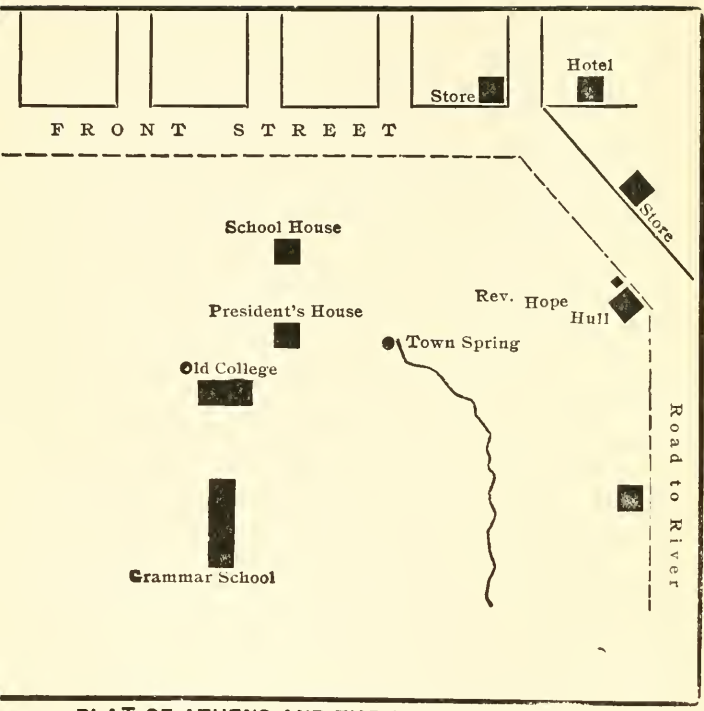
In spite of all difficulties, however, the institution grew. In November, 1803, President Meigs reported to the board that "three dwelling houses, three stores and a number of other valuable buildings have been erected on Front Street. The students, citizens and inhabitants of Athens have been remarkably healthy during the year, and the spring has not failed as to quantity of water, but rather increased. The number of students has been between thirty and thirty-five. Twelve young gentlemen compose the senior class. They are pursuing with laudable ambition and singular industry a course of reading, study and academic exercises, and it is believed by the first of May next they will merit the first degree

usually conferred in all regular collegiate establishments.

In 1803, Hope Hull, Thomas P. Carnes and John Clarke were apointed a "Prudential Committee" of the trustees, a standing committee upon which devolved the duty of acting for the Board in case of emergency and of advising with the President at all times in the interest of the college.

A Grammar School was established too, with Rev. John Hodge as master, who was afterwards for a long time the Secretary of the Trustees. The grammar school was for many years a valuable adjunct to the college in preparing boys for the higher classes. It was the outcome of President Meigs' complaint that there were so few academies in the State which gave their pupils the preparation necessary for admission to college—a complaint which may with justice be made at the present day. In later years the grammar school became unpopular from a custom of the faculty sentencing idle and refractory students to "three months in the grammar school," and in 1829 it was discontinued altogether.

A plat of the town and campus, made by Mr. Meigs and Mr. Hull, by direction of the Board, shows at this time but few houses on the college grounds. The Old College, east of that the President's house, a story-and-a-half frame dwell-



PLAT OF ATHENS AND THE CAMPUS IN 1805.

ing, which was afterward removed to make room for the brick house now standing; the grammar school near the spot now occupied by Professor Willcox's house, and another wooden building on the present site of the Phi Kappa hall, the one spoken of in the *Chronicle* as "equal to a temporary school-room"—a single room 20

feet square, with a chimney at one end, an unglazed window at the other and a door in each side—these comprised the improvements on the campus. No fence enclosed the area, but all was open, while Front Street, now known as Broad, was a lane cleared through the woods and full of stumps.

The necessity for a chapel was pressing, but no funds were available for the purpose. In 1808, Hope Hull offered that if the board would give one hundred dollars for a belfry, he would cause to be erected a chapel 40 by 60 feet and 18 feet high. The offer was accepted and several trustees at once contributed to the chapel fund. Thomas Flournoy gave $32, General Twiggs, $50, and Peter Randolph, $200.

The chapel was built on the spot where the present chapel stands and served its purpose for twelve years.

From its organization in 1801 to 1811 the Faculty consisted of a President, Mr. Meigs, one Professor of French, Petit De Clairville, and one Tutor, Addin Lewis, whose place in 1808 was filled by James Merriwether for a year, after which Mons. Petit held on for two years and resigned in 1810, leaving President Meigs alone in his glory to instruct all the classes in every department of science. So the college came very near to the gates of death, and the town had but little more vitality.

In 1811 the Faculty was re-organized by the election of Dr. John Brown, President, and Dr. Henry Jackson and Mr. John B. Golding, Professors. This galvanized the college into spasmodic breathing, and the town sympathized in the shock. A few houses before vacant, were occupied and some whitewashing, and may be a little painting done and the place looked for brighter days. I don't remember that anyone was so sanguine as to build a new house or improve a vacant lot. The hoped for improvement did not come, and the college and town languished, notwithstanding the election in 1813 of an additional Professor, Dr. Wm. Green.

But this strengthening of the Faculty did not have the expected effect of strengthening the institution. The rents did not come in, and the Professor's salaries, ridiculously small though they were, were not paid, no apparatus could be bought, no library was within reach; so the college languished and the town sickened, and if the Legislature had not authorized the Board of Trustees to sell the lands and invest the proceeds, both would soon have died together. That important measure was adopted, and in 1816 the lands were sold and notes and bonds taken in payment.

The writer has been present at every Commencement of the College since 1804, though his memory only reaches back to that of 1806.

On this occasion a large crowd of people, of all sorts, from the country and from towns, male and female, old and young, in every variety of costume, were assembled under a large bush arbor in front of the Old College, supplied with seats made of plank and slabs borrowed for the occasion from Easley's saw mill, resting on blocks or billets of woods which raised them from the ground. The stage for the Faculty, Trustees and speakers was erected at the side of the College building, and the speakers when called came out of the door at the east end. The whole was built mainly by the students.. The poles and brush for the arbor were growing in less than two hundred yards from the place where they were needed, the cutting and dragging them was a mere frolic, and as "many hands make light work" the affair once began was soon completed.

Like all small boys, the writer was more interested in looking at the people than in listening to the speakers, and as the seats provided did but little more than accommodate the ladies, the men and boys stood around on the outside. One of the audience was particularly conspicuous. He was a full head and shoulders above all others near him and seemed to be standing on a chair or bench. He attracted the larger notice of all the small boys who were amazed to find him standing on his own proper feet.

This was Benjamin Harrison, a very amiable young man, standing seven feet three inches in his shoes. Of course the intelligent portion of the audience were interested in the orations, but the greater part looked on in stupid wonder as if on a pageant, understanding about as much of the English as they did of the Greek and Latin speeches which were delivered, all however wrapt in profound attention.

The hearty, rosy cheeked country girls, in their homespun and calico dresses, looked without a shade of envy on the pale languid faces of the ladies from the miasmatic districts, dressed in their fashionably made silks and satins, and regarded them rather with commiseration, as people who would not milk a cow or cook a dinner to save them from starvation. As to the men with kid gloves and silk stockings, they created the same emotions as a show of wax figures—they were "mighty fancy but no use."

An old programme of the commencement of 1814 contains the order of exercises, beginning with "an illumination of the college." The Commencement Sermon by the President, on Tuesday, July 26. At 7 o'clock the same evening was presented the tragedy of *Cato* by the students. On Wednesday Orations were delivered by W. W. Baldwin, J. M. Erwin, A Matthews, and an Essay on Tobacco by Henry Hull; the exercises closing by a farce, "No song, no sup-

per," with Jabez Marshall, Miles Nisbet, Henry Hull, Elizur Newton, Mark A. Cooper, W. H. and Robert Flournoy, Thaddeus Holt and others in the cast of characters. On Thursday an address to volunteers was delivered by Elizur L. Newton with orations by Duncan G. Campbell, Asbury and Henry Hull and Thaddeus Holt after which degrees were conferred. These exercises were held *sub arboribus.*

During the war of 1812 the stringency or the times bore heavily upon the people of Georgia and this was reflected in the fortunes of the College. The attendance of students fell off, salaries of Professors were cut in half and the outlook was gloomy.

Year after year the prospect of the College grew darker, until for three years, 1817—'18-'19 there was a virtual suspension of work. In 1819 the Board elected to the Presidency the most popular educator in the South, Dr. Moses Waddell, who had numbered among his pupils John C. Calhoun, George McDuffie and James L. Pittman, of South Carolina, Wm. H. Crawford, George R. Gilmer and A. B. Longstreet, of Georgia. Dr. Henry Jackson, Mr. John R. Golding and Dr. Alonzo Church were elected Professors and Mr. Ebenezer Newton, Tutor.

These constituted the best Faculty the College had ever had, which together with the new endowment gave new life to the institution, and

the town partaking of the inspiration began to grow and to assume a life and activity that surprised the oldest inhabitants. Many lots that had been sold and remained unimproved from the beginning, changed hands, new lots were brought into market, and men with families flocked to the seat of the University to educate their children. The Philosophical Hall was built and equipped with new apparatus, and the Univerisity entered upon a career of usefulness which is unabated to the present day.

CHAPTER III.

The pleasure which is derived from reading descriptions of the people of former times, their names and customs, their dress, their physical, moral and political conditions, their religious faith and practice, arises from the difference which the reader observes to exist in the former and present condition of these things. To note these changes, and the causes which led to them that we may avoid the things which experience teaches to be evil, and cleave to that which is good is the chief value of History. But the writer has no object so grave and ambitious as this. He writes these reminiscences to occupy an idle hour and in the hope that he may give pleasure to some old people who may remember many of the persons and incidents which may be recalled to mind, and that the young may learn the changes which have taken place in our town

since the days of their grandfathers.

The first Doctor who settled in Athens was a Dr. Wright, who came from Connecticut with President Meigs. He was an educated man and a gentleman, but so wanting in tact and common sense that he did not secure the esteem of the people. Returning from a professional visit he he was stopped by an old woman living by the roadside to prescribe for her son, who was suffering from a violent attack of colic. "Can you give him an enema?" asked the Doctor. "O yes I can give him anything.' "Well, mix the medicine I'll send you in three half pints of warm water and give it." The next day passing by the Doctor inquired after the lad. "Oh said his mother, he's a heap better, but I couldn't make him swallow mor'n half that ar dost, but it worked him powerful, up and down." "Ah well" said the Doctor "he swallowed enough." This incident illustrates the difficulties of the practice in a frontier settlement. The people venerated the Doctor but could never see the necessity of more than one visit, nor the propriety of charging for an attention which any neighbor would be glad to render for nothing.

Dr. Wright sold his possessions and good will to Dr. Hugh Neisler; for one doctor, one lawyer, one blacksmith and one preacher were sufficient for the wants of the community at that time. Dr. Neisler was of German extraction, though a

native of North Carolina. He married the sister of Major Thomas Mitchell, so long the popular representative of Clarke County in the Legislature. Dr. Neisler was a man of marked character, honest, credulous, confiding and truthful. He looked upon his neighbors as his personal friends and treated them as such. He had not the education of his predecessor. He was afflicted with a strange malady, Somnolence, under which he suffered from the writer's first recollection of him till his death. Feeling a patient's pulse invariably put him to sleep, yet a sleep, so light that a word or movement would arouse him, and it would appear from his reply to a question that he did not lose consciousness. He was among the best Latin scholars of the day. The Trustees of the University engaged him to fill temporarily the place of the Rector of the Grammar School, it being perfectly practicable for him to teach the boys and attend to his patients during play hours and at night. The writer was a member of the school and has a vivid recollection of a small pocket edition of Virgil (his favorite author), which he always carried with him. While hearing a class he would usually fall into apparent sleep, but a suspension of the voice or a mistranslation of a sentence would arouse him immediately. This kind hearted gentleman did not whip a single boy during his administration of the school. He

had himself great respect for his profession and exacted the same from others. A gentleman from Savannah came for a few days to Athens. One night his wife was taken ill and he went to the Doctor for some medicine, and the next day called for his bill. "Five dollars for a vial of laudanum!" exclaimed the man. "I charge you nothing for the laudanum," said the Doctor contemptuously, "you are welcome to it; but sir, when you knock up a *scientific* man at midnight you must expect to pay for it." Rest in peace, beloved teacher and friend.

Mrs. Lucy Cary, the widow of Dudley Cary, of Gloucester, Va., was among the earliest settlers of Athens. She was such a lady as we may suppose Mary Washington to have been. She knew General Washington and his wife as well as most other distinguished Virginians in her young days. Her manners were formed from the best models of Virginia society—gentle, courteous, dignified, cheerful—as kind to one of her slaves as to a white person of the same age; and the result was that her slaves not only loved and respected her but prided themselves in belonging to an old Virginia family. Many a student of Dr. Waddell's day will remember old Dick Cary, the bell ringer and college servant. He was a tall, fine looking old negro, wearing his white hair very long, that is to say very bushy. He was always well dressed and deported himself

as if he considered his office in the college second only to Dr. Waddell's, and from no other would he take orders. Mrs. Cary had the best trained housemaids—comely, full-blooded negro girls, always neat with heads covered with colored headkerchiefs very artistically arranged.

How distinct after the lapse of so many years is the recollection of Mrs. Cary. The writer never saw her in any other than a black silk dress; her tall cap and neckerchief were of the finest quality, white as snow and looked as if they had just come from the hands of the laundress. Her parlor, although the walls were of hewn logs, was as white and spotless as her cap, and the uncarpeted floor as clean and bright as if the planks had just left the plane. Then her tea table and service and snowy napkins; such tea and bread and sandwiches and cakes! We shall never look upon the like again.

Mrs. Cary was the mother of two daughters and two sons. One of the daughters was married to Mr. Stevens Thomas; she died young, leaving two children, yet living; Mr. Stevens Thomas and Mrs. Paulina Harris. The other was married to Mr. Alsa Moore and lived more than four score years. The younger son, Peyton Cary, was a young man of rare promise. He had extraordinary mechanical genius, and without any instruction in metallurgy or engraving he cast of solid silver and engraved the seal of the

University, presenting it to his Alma Mater. The Trustees adopted it, and it is used upon their documents to this day. No young man ever lived in Athens more esteemed or died more deeply lamented. Mrs. Cary's descendants to the third and fourth generations are living in Athens, and her great-granddaughters, lovely and accomplished as they are, would be proud to claim her if they had known her as the writer did. Many years before her death her children had all left her, but she enjoyed the society of young people, and generally had some of her granddaughters and their friends to stay with her. It was a delightful place to spend the eevning—which had a slightly different meaning from what the phrase does now.

An evening party of that day would now be called a *matinee.* Young gentlemen calling upon ladies would present themselves soon after sunset and it was as certainly expected that they would take tea as that they would leave by nine o'clock. At all entertainments too, seats were provided for all the guests and everything for their *comfort;* the viands were abundant and substantial and no one was asked to take any thing *standing* except a glass of wine or brandy and water at the sideboard.

Captain John Cary was a brother of Dudley Cary. He was a gentleman reduced from affluence to very limited means for the maintenance and education of his family, but kept up the

manners and customs of old Virginia—entertaining young and old at his house with a dance and good cheer, varied with marvelous stories of his hunting exploits in Virginia. He was appointed Steward of the College, and in 1813 Paymaster of the Georgia militia.

At Capt. Cary's boarding house were two Indian students. The Appalachee was then a part of the eastern boundary of the Cherokee Nation, and the Indians, selling their moccasins, dressed deer skins and cane baskets were as common in Athens as the traders from Habersham and Rabun are now. President Meigs was very desirous to have the Indians send their boys to college and induced two or three Cherokees to make the experiment. These two boys, Joe and Ben Marshall, held out longer than the others. They were much petted by the President and were popular with the students on account of their superiority in all athletic sports. They made very unsatisfactory progress in their studies. The writer saw them both in 1835—spent the night at Joe Marshall's house in the Creek Nation, but did not see him until at breakfast next morning. He had grown very fat and stupid, remembering nobody he had ever known in Athens except Mr. Meigs and Mr. Thomas, and could not recall any of the students. This however might have been owing partly to the fact of his being very drunk the night before. He was a pure Indian

in dress and habits and seemed not to have profited at all by his intercourse with the whites. His brother Ben on the contrary, whom the writer met a few days afterwards in Columbus, was well dressed and had shrewdness enough to select for his *reservation* the barren sand hills opposite Columbus, on which now stands the town of Girard.

Mrs. Puryear, whose husband was murdered by his negroes on the plantation about five miles below Athens, now belonging to the Graham estate, was a lady of the old Virginia school, full of energy and resolve, and managed her family affairs with great wisdom. Her daughters were beautiful women, carefully educated in all the arts of housewifery and taught by the example of their mother to be industrious and economical. They were consequently much admired and all married young.

Mrs. Puryear was married the second time to Major Charles Dougherty and became the mother of the three distinguished Georgians, Charles, Robert and William Dougherty. Their father died when they were too young to remember him, so they were left to the care of the mother a second time a widow. Though men of remarkable natural endowments, their rapid advancement in popular favor and success at the bar were attributed as much to her firm and judicious training as to their own talents. She was a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church, believed its doc-

trine and practiced its precepts, and was regarded by all as a "mother in Israel." After Major Dougherty's death she moved from the plantation to a house on the lot now occupied by her granddaughter, Mrs. Nat Barnard.

Mrs. Puryear's eldest daughter married Major McKigney who bought Captain Cary's old hotel, and who found in his young wife an industrious energetic helper in providing for the comfort of his boarders. He was an amiable and prosperous man and much esteemed, but died three or four years after his marriage, leaving his wife with two children. One of these, Rebecca, was married to Judge James Merriwether, long a member of the Legislature and of Congress. Mrs. McKigney afterwards married Captain Samuel Brown. If love goes by contrast it may account for Mrs. McKigney marrying Captain Brown. He was a man of good habits but utterly wanting in enterprise, took life easily and was the most taciturn of men. He was the Magistrate of the Athens District for many years and gave general satisfaction. It was of course impossible to please everybody, and occassionally exceptions were taken to his decisions. "I never expected justice in this court" said a litigant once. "You didn't!" said the Captain, "then sir, I'll send you where you can get justice," and so *bound him over* requiring him to give bond or go to jail. He was said to be rather partial to that process arising

perhaps from a modest estimate of his knowledge of the law. Some surprise was expressed at Mrs. McKigney marrying Captain Brown, to which she replied that she had found it very inconvenient to live without a man about the house and she thought she could manage a husband better than anybody else.

Captain Brown besides enlarging his hotel built a small store on the corner where Center & Reaves' now stands, and supplying it with a general stock, employed John Buyers as clerk. Buyers was as old, as taciturn as his employer, and several degrees more indolent. Mrs. Brown was at one time afflicted with ulcers on her hands. After doctoring them herself she sent for the family physician. "Now Doctor," said she, "you are a believer in Divine Providence and all that; now tell me why it is that I, who am willing to work, should be laid up with sore hands, week after week, unable to do a hand's turn for my family, while Mr. Brown and Old Buyers who never did do anything, never had anything the matter with their hands?"

Thirty years ago the people who knew anything of Athens would have regarded it a strange thing that any account of the local history of the town and University should omit the name of Rev. Hope Hull. He came to Athens in the year 1803; bought of Daniel Easley, the house in which Mr. Edward Hodgson now lives and

the tract of land now owned by Colonel Yancey, by the Fair Grounds, then an unbroken forest excepting a small field on the river, about twenty acres in the extent, cleared and cultivated after their fashion by a tribe of Cherokees. He lived several years in the village, during which interval he built a house about four hundred yards east of the present Fair Grounds. He moved into this house, lived there and died there in 1818. The house was some years afterwards moved into town by the writer and is now owned and occupied by Dr. Joseph B. Carlton. Mr. Hull devoted himself with untiring industry to the material, intellectual and spiritual advancement of the whole community, and perhaps no man contributed so much to stamp indelibly upon them the sober and religious character which the town and vicinity have always borne. The following sketch taken from Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit, may meet the eyes of some old enough to remember him, and of many who have heard of him from their fathers.

"Few if any names of Methodist evangelists were more venerated in the South toward the end of the last and the beginning of the present centuries than that of Hope Hull. A man of sterling abilities and character, his influence became general. A singularly persuasive eloquence of which tradition in both New England and the extreme South still speaks with wonders,

made him one of the chief among the many eloquent itinerants of those days; and great purity and firmness of character, and soundness and largeness of mind, combined with dignity and simplicity of manners, secured him more than popularity, universal respect and confidence. He was born on the Eastern shore of Maryland in 1763, joined the Methodists in Baltimore in his youth, was received into the Baltimore Conference in 1785, and sent to Salisbury Circuit, North Carolina. His rare talents gave him immediate success, and for two years he was one of the principal founders of the Church in North and South Carolina and Georgia. The unfortunate Beverly Allen had been sent to Georgia as early as 1785, but he formed few if any societies in his first labors there. Hull was sent to Washington, in Wilkes County, in 1788, the first time that the name of the circuit appears in the Minutes. He is therefore supposed to be the founder of Methodism in that region. He was in many places the first Methodist preacher the people had ever seen and to many the first preacher of any denomination. It was chiefly through his exertions that the first brick building was erected in Washington, designed to be used as an Academy." Asbury sent him to New England, where he effectively co-operated with Lee and his little band. In 1793 he was back again laying siege to Savannah, and riding that circuit. In 1794

he was Asbury's traveling companion, sharing the adventurous toils of the Bishop in many a hard field. Towards the close of our present period his health and domestic circumstances compelled him to locate. But the location of itinerant Methodist preachers in that day was more a limitation than a cessation of their itinerancy. They preached usually more every week than regular preachers in modern times and their labors extended through all the region round about their homes, twenty, thirty or more miles. Hope Hull, though brought up a mechanic, had too large and thoughtful a mind not to appreciate the importance of education. He had educated himself on his circuits, studying, not only his own but the Latin language and literature. His observation of the opening country convinced him that next to Christianity, education was the great requisite of the times, that the evident future of the young nation rendered this want imperative. He threw himself therefore back upon one of his remote early circuits in Wilkes County, Ga., and with the advice of Asbury opened an Academy. He only changed his field and plan of labor. The children of many Methodist families were trained under his roof. Still later he moved to Athens, Ga., and helped to found the State University there, the first building of which had not yet been completed. He became the most active member of the Board of Trustees

and continued such until his death. Perhaps no man did more for the prosperity of that institution."

A veteran Methodist preacher (Rev. Lovick Pierce) who intimately knew him, says, "to help rescue the name of Hope Hull from oblivion I feel to be a reasonable and holy duty. Indeed, I have long felt that there was an undischarged obligation resting upon our Church in regard to this eminent man. He was among the pioneers of Methodism in Georgia, and in the vigor of his manhood, both as to his physical and mental powers, his fame was almost world-wide. I well remember that in the days of my youth, he used to be known under the coarse but graphic appellation of "Broadaxe," an honorary distinction conferred on him because of the mighty power that attended his ministry. My eyes first fell on him as he sat near the pulpit of a small log cabin, called "Hull's Meeting House," in Clarke County, near Athens. It was a memorable day in my own history. I had longed to see and now I feared to meet him. It was my second year in the ministry, and above all my fear of criticism made his presence dreadful to me. The wonderful reports which had reached me made me look upon him rather as an august than a fatherly being, and when I saw him there was nothing in the appearance of the *real* to relieve my mind of the dread of the *ideal* man. His head was rather

above the medium size, his black hair curling, just sprinkled with gray, and each lock looking as if living under a self willed government. His face was an exceedingly fine one—a well developed forehead, a small keen blue eye, with a heavy brow, indicative of intense thought. His shoulders were unusually broad and square, his chest wide, affording ample room for his lungs; his body was long and large in proportion to his lower limbs; his voice full, flexible and capable of every variety of intonation, from the softest sounds of sympathy and persuasion to the thunder tones of wrath. Many ignorant sinners charged him with having learned their secrets and of using the pulpit to gratify himself in their exposure, and when convinced of their mistake have doubted whether he were not a prophet. His oratory was natural, his action the unaffected expression of his mind. Not only was there an entire freedom from everything like mannerism, but there was a great harmony between his gesticulation and the expression of his countenance. He seemed in some of his finest moods of thought to look his words into you. He was one of Nature's orators. In many of his masterly efforts his words rushed upon his audience like an avalanche, and multitudes seemed to be carried before him like the yielding captives of a stormed castle. I was very intimate with him for about ten years, staying in his house, and talked and prayed

and praised with him. At that time he was a local, I an itinerant preacher; but often did he leave home and business to travel with me for days. All my intimacy with him only served to multiply evidences of his exalted worth. Grave and guarded as he was, there were moments when he entertained his friends with the recital of thrilling incidents in his history connected with the more rustic forms of society with which he had been conversant. There was in many of his impromptu remarks the appearance of almost prophetic appositeness. He survived till 1818, when he died, saying, "God has laid me under marching orders. I am ready to obey."

CHAPTER IV.

The transition is natural from the subject of the extract quoted to the religious denominations of the vicinity of Athens a half century ago. It was prior to this that the first great camp meeting was held, two miles this side of Lexington, at a place afterwards known as Jourdan's. Mr. William Lumpkin, a brother of the Governor, pointed out the place to the writer and described the meeting. The most marvelous effects of religous truth, heard for the first time, upon a rude backwoods pioneer people, were exhibited in the highest degree. Men, physically strong as athletes, accustomed to all the perils of Indian warfare and dangers of frontier life, would start from the midst of a vast concourse of people, as

if the preacher were leveling a rifle at them, run as if for life and before a hundred yards were passed, fall apparently as dead as if pierced with a ball. Mr. Lumpkin knew many of them who, from being the worst, became the best men in the community.

Our immediate vicinity was settled by emigrants, principally from Virginia and North Carolina, coming in families and belonging to the same religous faith. The settlers of Sandy Creek district were Presbyterians and organized "Sandy Creek Church," first located on the stream from which it took its name, but afterwards moved several miles west to its present location. Among the founders of this Church were James and John Espey, two Revolutionary soldiers, who fought at Guilford Courthouse and King's Mountain, excellent men and citizens of blameless, useful lives and irreproachable character.

The settlers of the district east of the Oconee down to Barnett's Shoals, were Baptists. They were the Hales, Pittards, Bakers and Malones. This community built two meeting houses, the "Trail Creek Church," near Dr. McCleskey's present residence, and "Big Creek Church," at Barnett's Shoals.

Between the forks of the Oconee River as far up as Hall county, which was then Cherokee Nation, all the people who belonged to any church were Methodists. Again, the Barbour's Creek

settlement was Baptist while below Watkinsville all were Methodists.. There was at that time a manifest disinclination on the part of all denominations to interfere with the religious faith of a neighborhood lest they should "build on another man's foundation." Mr. John Hodge was the only Presbyterian preacher until Dr. Waddell's time, the latter organizing the Athens Church and securing the erection of the old church on the Campus, where the Library building now stands.

The first Methodist meeting house on this side of the Oconee was built of small logs with the bark on. It was about 22x24 covered with pine boards and presented externally the appearance of a negro cabin without a chimney. There was a door on one side, and opposite to it, a box made of the kind of boards that were used to cover the house, served for a pulpit. The floor was made of split logs smoothed somewhat on one side by a broad ax and laid on the ground; the seats were of the same material set on four legs. This meeting house was on the land of Josiah Freeman, near a spring about 500 yards east of Mr. Barwick's house. In this miserable cabin two of the most eloquent men of the time used to preach sometimes to a dozen, never to more than a hundred hearers. This house was abandoned, Church." He was a man of spotless character and in 1810 a more commodious building was

erected a little south of the Fair Grounds. This was "Hull's Meeting House," and served until 1824 when the first Methodist Church—the predecessor of the Brick Church—was built. The lot was given by Mr. Thomas Hancock of whom and his excellent wife, the writer can only say that they were the most lovable and purest hearted old Methodist people he ever knew, and there are few such left. They lived in the house now occupied by Mrs. Vincent, where reduced from affluence by commercial losses, they opened a house of public entertainment, where all were welcome, both those who paid and those who did not; and most welcome of all were those who *could* not.

The new church was a frame building about forty feet square with a gallery on three sides, and a man six feet high could have stood erect under the floor of the pulpit. It was first in charge of Rev. Thomas Stanley and afterwards of Lovick Pierce. After a few years, proving to be insufficient to accommodate the congregation the building was enlarged by an addition of twenty feet at the west end, and so stood until 1852.

The Baptists were numerically, as they are now, the largest denomination. Rev. Isaiah Hale was the first pastor of "Trail Creek and "had in reputation by all the people." The writer was not capable of judging of the charac-

ter of his sermons as to the soundness of their theology, but his manner of delivering them he will never forget. It was a peculiar intoning, a sort of sing-song, absolutely indescribable, that had to be heard to be conceived of. Yet it was not unpleasant after becoming accustomed to it.

It was a custom with Mr. Hale and, with his successor, Mr. Goss, occasionally during the sermon to address personally and by name, some of the older members of his congregation, male and female, calling upon him to approve some sentiment or enquiring if his experience did not agree with that of the preacher. The effect of this was to secure the attention of his audience and add life to the services. On the other hand if the preacher misquoted a passage of scripture, any member was at liberty to correct him. "Wherefore,' said the preacher, "let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." "Let him that *thinketh* he standeth, Brother Goss," said a voice from the congregation. "Thank you, Brother Malone," said the preacher, and then quoted the passage correctly. The settlers of Trail Creek were Baptists, all industrious, honest farmers, paid their debts and lived peaceably, and if one of them on rare occasions took a little too much *corn,* none thought any the worse of him whilst he behaved himself.

The relations which existed between pastor and people in the denominations was very differ-

ent. The Methodist itinerant saw the members of his Church not oftener than once in several weeks, and only for a short time at that. His shad-bellied coat, broad-brimmed hat and solemn visage, impressed the people more or less with awe. The Baptist pastor, on the other hand, was usually a farmer of the neighborhood, living like his parishioners, meeting them in the social circle, trading horses with them, buying and selling in the week and preaching on Sunday without money and without price. This engendered a familiarity which, if it did not "breed contempt," frequently led to scenes very unbecoming a Church.

There was a man about Watkinsville named Philip Brown, commonly called Phil. He had from disease lost his hair when quite a young man, and his head was as smooth as a billiard ball. He wore a white cotton cap under his hat. He was a great wag, and made much fun of his baldness, and while not a wicked man was surely irreligious. The Baptist preachers of Mars Hill were in their doctrine decidedly *hard-shell*. One of them, as the story goes was holding forth to a large congregation on the decrees and the sovereignty of God and the worthlessness of works, etc., and in the torrent of argument with rapid vehemence exclaimed: "I tell you my brethren, if you ever get to heaven you will be taken there by the *hair of your head*."

Phil Brown rose to his feet, thus attracting the notice of the whole congregation, snatched the cap from his head and cried out, "Lord have mercy upon *me;* what shall *I* do?"

Among the householders who were residents of Athens sixty years ago, was Mrs. Sarah King, who lived in the house to which reference has been frequently made, Mr. Edward Hodgson's. Her maiden name was Bacon. She was one of a numerous family connection of that name that lived about Augusta. "Ned Brace," of the *"Georgia Scenes,"* was one of them. Mrs. King was first married to a Scotchman, Mr. Weed, of Savannah, an old bachelor whose sun of life was considerably on the west side of the meridian. He had accumulated a large property, consisting of rice plantations and slaves, a large tract of land, including a considerable part of the city of Brunswick and real estate in Savannah. He carried his buxom young wife to his Savannah home where she entered upon a life of gaiety with all the zest and enjoyment which wealth could bestow. After the death of Mr. Weed, which occurred in a year or two, she was married to Mr. John King a handsome stylish young man from the North who had nothing to do but enjoy the wealth which the shrewd old Scotchman had accumulated by years of toil and self denial. At his death an examination of the estate showed that there was barely enough left to rear and

educate the family of six children with whom Mrs. King moved to Athens. Here she bought the house mentioned above and the farm at the head of Carr's Pond, now owned by Miss Margaret Nisbet. With habits of economy, the family might have prospered, but they never learned to change their Savannah style of living until compelled by dire necessity. Then the house in town was sold and the family removed to the farm, upon which a small grist mill was their main dependence for a living.

Two of Mrs. King's daughters married and moved out of the State—one was Mrs. Lawton, of South Carolina. Her oldest son John, a very worthy gentleman, died while on a visit to Augusta. The youngest daughter Evalina, a great beauty, died just when budding into womanhood, and the stricken mother was left with one son, George, and a daughter, Miss Agnes, to struggle with poverty and increasing infirmities. After a few years her farm and mill were taken from her when she returned to town and lived in the house now owned by Mr. Jonathan Hampton, where after a short time she laid down her life and her troubles.

While in the enjoyment of wealth and prosperity, in full health and entering with zest into all the gaieties of fashionable life, by accident or from curiosity Mrs. King went to a Methodist camp meeting, and from that hour the whole

current of her life was turned into a different channel. Mrs. King was a woman of bold, prominent characteristics, both physical and moral. She was very large, weighing not less than 250 lbs. and a very hearty eater. It was said she would eat a good sized shad for breakfast, and when peaches were in season she would consume fifty at a sitting. In the days of her prosperity she entertained a great deal and in later days nothing gave her greater pleasure than to have a friend take dinner with her. Her guests never saw her until they were invited into the dining room, and found her sitting at the head of a table loaded with the best viands the country afforded, the preparation of every article having passed under own supervision. Her education had been defective and she was very superstitious. The writer has more than once heard her relate her religious experience in which she said she was walking in her garden "and evidently saw with her natural eyes, the Lord Jesus standting and appearing to her as he had done to Mary on the resurrection morning; that she threw herself at his feet, when he vanished from her sight leaving her filled with joy and peace." She never doubted the genuineness of the vision to the day of her death, forty years thereafter. She believed in witches; fasted every Friday for twenty-four hours, spoke at camp meetings and lovefeasts and generally wound up the meetings.

Hospitality was as natural to her as breathing. The place for baptizing for the Trail Creek Church was near her house, and the subjects for the ordinance were all taken to her house where their comfort was made her personal care. She would attend their meetings, partaking of their sacraments, joining in their footwashing and occasionally give them a rousing exhortation. She never feared the face of man nor the approach of death. The writer has seen many die but none who met death more calmly and serenely.

Perhaps the most prominent citizen of the town in his day was Judge Augustin S. Clayton. If what the writer may say of him should incur the charge of extravagance, let it be remembered that Judge Clayton was the faithful reprover of his youth, the constant adviser of his later years and always his unwavering friend. His name is inseparably associated with the earliest history of Athens and the University. Graduating in the first class of 1804, he studied law with Judge Carnes, was admitted to the bar, married Miss Julia Carnes and came to Athens with his young wife and first born son in less than four years after his graduation, poor but hopeful, and established himself as attorney at law. Immediately afterwards, he was elected Secretary of the Board of Trustees, which office he held until elected a member of the Board and one of the Prudential Committee upon whom developed the

immediate superintendence of the interests of the College.

Judge Clayton was the confidential friend and counsellor of every President and Faculty; the mediator in every difficulty of a general nature between Faculty and Students; and by his good temper and sagacity always succeeded in re-establishing good order and obedience to law. He was the only lawyer in Athens for fifteen years and arrested many cases of litigation by reconciling the parties. Alive to every interest of the town, he was one of the company that *first* introduced machinery for the manufacture of cotton goods in the South; he was among the first to secure a charter and inaugurate the building of the Georgia Railroad, and was a member of its first Directory; he was one of the committee to raise funds and superintend the erection of the first church (the Methodist) which was built in Athens. Of his political life and character as judge of the Superior Court, member of the Legislature and of Congress, it is not appropriate to speak in this connection; but whatever tended to promote religion, good morals, good order and the prosperity of the University and the town, found in Judge Clayton an ardent and efficient friend and advocate.

Dr. Moses Waddell was a North Carolinian. He and Dr. James Nisbet were from Iredell county, and old schoolmates. When the College was

at its lowest ebb, mustering seven students at a full roll call, he was elected President, and the invitation was followed by such urgent appeals from distinguished Georgians, Governor Gilmer among them, that Dr. Waddell waived all objections, gave up his celebrated school at Willington, S. C., and came to Athens in 1819.

It was shortly after his arrival that President Monroe, on a tour of the Southern States, came to visit the seat of the University. Dr. Waddell was deputed to address him in behalf of the citizens at Brown's Hotel. His administration of the University was singularly successful. From the handful of students he found, the attendance increased to one hundred or more, and for ten years with wise counsel and inflexible discipline he kept the institution ever advancing. He thought the students of a University not too good for correction and used to whip them without compunction when he deemed the punishment needed.

At the time of Dr. Waddell's removal to Athens there was no place of public worship in the town. Divine services were held in the Chapel and afterwards in the Apparatus Hall. He organized the Presbyterian Church March, 1821, with fourteen members and that congregation afterwards built a church where the College Library now stands. He ministered to them as their pastor until Dr. Hoyt's time. After his

resignation at Commencement, 1829, he returned to his home in Carolina and as his carriage stood in readiness to convey him away, the students marched in a body to his house, one of whom delivered a farewell address. After three years he returned to Athens, the victim of a lingering disease, and died in the house of his son Prof. James P. Waddell, July 21, 1840.

Dr. James Tinsley, a native of Columbia county, was a contemporary of Judge Longstreet at Dr. Waddell's school in Willington, S. C., where he learned a little Latin and Greek and little else. He studied medicine with Dr. Abbott, in Washington, Ga., and attended lectures in Philadelphia, where his extraordinary talents began to be developed. He was a distinguished member of a large class and in their debating clubs, composed of professors and students, attracted the notice and admiration of the professors of that celebrated school. He returned to Washington after his graduation and commenced the practice with Dr. Abbott, who held him in the highest estimation and made unusual efforts to introduce him into his own extensive practice.

But Tinsley was erratic and defied the conventional rules of practice of medicine and of society, and in a year or two, in 1820, Dr. Abbott, who was an influential member of the Board of Trustees, procured for him the Professorship of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in Franklin

College. He was totally unqualified for the chair, but his friends thought that the wonderful power of his intellect would overcome his want of training and enable him to sustain himself. Dr. Tinsley however could not endure the quiet routine of College life and after two years of irksome restraint, resigned. He was a man of wonderful physical strength. His weight was never more than 160 pounds, his head large, his eyes very black and piercing; beard black and curling; shoulders broad and chest wide and deep. In spite of this, however, he was subject to violent and alarming hemmorhages from the lungs. On account of this solitary weakness he exposed himself to the most inclement weather without overcoat, umbrella or any protection from a wintry blast, rain, or summer's sun, with his shirt collar and bosom open and often without a hat. He said he did this because he had observed that the men afflicted as he was by nursing themselves, always grew worse and eventually died of consumption, which he did not mean to do if he could help it.

Dr. Tinsley married a lady of culture and wealth, but without extravagant living gradually became poorer, until all his estate was gone. He made the brick and built the Demosthenian Hall, and afterwards Mr. Scudder's house, which was burned before it was occupied, but immediately rebuilt by his great energy. He then built the

Coppee house and Captain Barry's. He established and edited the Southern Cultivator and failed at it, and at one time kept tavern. All this time he practiced medicine after his fashion, although he never kept any medicine, depending upon what he found in the families he visited, and never had a surgical instrument. The writer was invited by him to witness the operation of lithotomy, which he performed successfully with the scalpel and forceps of a pocket case of instruments which he borrowed for the occasion. At another time the writer saw him remove a large tumor from a woman with her husband's razor. Though affecting great contempt for the conventional rules of society he could act the courteous gentleman with charming grace. No man could be more agreeable or more captious as the humor found him.

Though possessing great physical strength Dr. Tinsley's temper was such that he had few occasions to exhibit it. A bully of Sandy Creek district named Bailey hearing of Tinsley's wonderful strength, remarked that he would be glad to "feel of him.' This was told the Doctor, who happening to meet Bailey near his house, accosted him in a very friendly manner and told him what he had heard. Bailey admitted the truth, but had not intended any offence to the Doctor. Tinsley assured him that he did not consider the remark offensive but inferred that Bailey con-

sidered it a question which was the "better man" of the two, and proposed that they should settle it then and there. Bailey said he never had fought a man without being mad with him, but he could not let it be said that he "backed out." So without other provocation and without witnesses they went at it and Bailey was so severely beaten that Tinsley carried him up to his house and nursed him carefully and kindly until he was able to go home.

Thus he "frittered quite away" the richest endowment of intellectual wealth which, if properly directed, would have made him eminently useful in his day. He moved from Georgia to Alabama, where he shortly afterwards died.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Thomas Hancock, to whom reference has been made, and Colonel John A. Cobb were long old friends and neighbors in Jefferson county, whence about the same time they moved to Athens. They belonged to different political parties, and the Hancocks were Methodists, while Mr. Cobb was a Baptist; yet these differences which so often brought bitterness and hatred among neighbors and even brothers, occasioned no such effect in these men—they had too much honesty, probity and charity. They continued fast friends so long as life lasted.

Colonel Cobb lived for several years where Dr. R. M. Smith lives, and afterwards in a house on Mr. Nevitt's lot which was removed by Mr. W.

W. Lumpkin. He owned the land lying between Barber street on the east and Hill street on the south, including Mrs. Lamar's, Dr. C. W. Long's and Mr. S. C. Reese's place, and when he laid off the tract into lots that part of Athens was called *Cobbham.*

Colonel Cobb was a large man, over six feet in height, weighing not less than three hundred pounds. This portliness which men do not usually attain until somewhat advanced in life, gave him the appearance of being older than he was, and he was called the *old* Colonel by his elders, which used to vex him no little. On one occasion when he was very anxious to buy some carriage horses, a stranger brought a pair for him to try. He was timid about horses and asked the writer to ride after them and see if they were gentle. I did so, and after becoming satisfied that they were well trained returned and reported favorably upon them. The owner of the horses then spoke up in a lively tone, "Come, old gentleman, get in and see them move." The Colonel turned his back to the man and walked off, saying indignantly, "I'll have nothing to do with you or your horses.' Nor would he be appeased, though the man was ready to make any number of apologies when he learned the nature of the offence.

Colonel Cobb was very wretched when any of his children were sick and was a liberal patron of

the family physician. Whenever any member of family, white or black, in town or on plantation, complained of a finger-ache, he would say, "Well why don't you send for the doctor?" He would no more think of making a prescription or of administering a dose of medicine than of performing a surgical operation; all this was done by Mrs. Cobb. He could not coerce a child to take physic, and when one had to have a tooth pulled it occasioned him awful distress. As soon as the Doctor made his appearance he would retreat into the garden and establish a line of telegraph by posting servants, to whom from one to another the question would be sent "Is it out?" and the answer sent back, "Not yet," and in rapid succession the question and answer would be transmitted until the joyful reply "yes" should reach him, when he would come in and congratulate the whole concern. He could not bear to witness suffering in any form.

Colonel Cobb's theory, adverse to that of Solomon in the matter of family government, he carried into rigid practice. "That a father should never whip his son. His *mother* might whip him or his *schoolmaster* might whip him, but his father never! never! it would break his spirit and make him cowardly. Keep him at home and never let him leave the house *after dark*. Boys acquire all their bad habits by being allowed to roam the streets *at night*. Let him see all that

is to be seen by day, but keep him at home *at night.*" Such was his theory and his practice, and in his case it was attended with remarkable results, though it is a question if these were not attributable as much to the tender care and watchfulness, the sweet influence of a mother's love and unceasing prayer, as to the Colonel's theory.

In truth it would have been unnatural for such a woman as Mrs. Cobb to have had wicked or worthless sons. She was a member of the Baptist Church, and not only her church dogmas but her own "meekness and humbleness of mind" would have been inexpressibly shocked if any one had told her she was a *perfect* Christian; yet, if love to God and to every creature which He made, manifested by every act of her daily life constitutes perfection, she was a perfect Christian. Singularly alike in their Christian character were Mrs. Cobb and Mrs. Hancock. Few such are left.

Colonel Cobb had a singular dread of sickness and death with all their concomitants. He never looked upon a dead body if he could avoid it, and would go any distance rather than meet a funeral procession. This was when he enjoyed perfect health; but it all passed away. He suffered a long and tedious term of affliction from partial paralysis, and after his restoration to health was received into the Baptist Church, and remained

in her communion till his death. If any apology is needed for this feeble tribute to this excellent couple it may be found in the fact that from the time of their coming to Athens to the day of their passing away, the writer was made to feel more like a near relative to the family than a stranger to their blood.

Among the speakers at the bush arbor Commencement, in 1804 was Thomas Hamilton, whose personal appearance and proud and gentlemanly bearing attracted the notice of strangers as well as of acquaintances wherever he went. He was the son of Captain James Hamilton of Revolutionary fame who received as a reward for his services three thousand acres of the finest lands of Ohio. After graduating, young Hamilton studied law and practiced successfully for several years, but abandoned it to become a model Georgia planter, and by skillful attention to his business and clear headed financiering accumulated a very large fortune.

Colonel Hamiliton was called by his county (Columbia) to the Legislature and State Conventions and no man enjoyed more securely the esteem and respect of his fellow citizens. It may be said of him what can be said of few men who grow very rich, that he was never charged with oppression or of trenching upon the rights of rich or poor. With all men, his transactions were scrupulously honorable and always as be-

came an upright highminded gentleman. His deportment was dignified and some thought him proud, but he was only too proud to do a mean thing or behave in a manner unbecoming a high toned gentleman.

Another of those speakers was James Meriwether, a son of General David Meriwether, also a Revolutionary soldier. James, after graduation, served as Tutor in the College for a year, then studied law in Elberton and was admitted to the bar with fine prospects of success. With fine person, popular manners, uncommon talents and strong family influence his success was not doubtful. But he was singularly wanting in ambition, and marrying a wonderfully beautiful country girl he abandoned the law, settled on a plantation on Barber's Creek and became the helpless victim of rural felicity. The war of 1812 aroused him from his dreams and he formed a volunteer rifle company which he commanded in the war with the Creek Indians, serving under General Floyd. After the close of the war he was elected to Congress; serving there two sessions, he again sank into retirement.

Major Meriwether was active and strong as an athlete delighted in field sports, kept horses and hounds, read much and kept apace with the progress of politics, religion and science. He was the general referee in all troubles and disputes in his neighborhood. The poor and dis-

tressed always applied to him and never in vain for relief, and his hospitality was boundless. In this way he not only spent his income but made serious inroads upon his capital. He determined, therefore, to move to the rich lands of West Tennessee and whilst making his arrangements for that step settled his family in Athens where they resided for two years in the house now occupied by Mrs. Bradford.

In the times of which I write, the military spirit engendered by the Revolution was kept alive by the recitals of *old soldiers.*

> "Wherein they spoke of most disastrous chances:
> Of moving incidents by flood and field:
> Of hair breadth 'scapes; the imminent and deadly breach."

And the proximity of the two powerful Indian tribes, Creek and Cherokee, kept in check only through fear of the white man's rifle, seemed to render it indispensable to keep the militia so organized as to make it effective when the country should demand its services. In every house there were as many guns as men, and boys old enough to handle them, which were always kept in good order and in frequent if not constant use upon the bears, wolves and deer in which the forest abounded. The militia laws were enforced and a captain of a company was a dignitary of no small consideration, particularly on

muster day. Well do I remember the respect and admiration, not unmixed with fear, which Captain Warham Easly excited among the boys when he appeared in the showy uniform of the day—cocked hat with waving plumes, tipped with red, red sash and epaulets with Continental dress. I thought him the most magnificent man in the world, and was unutterably shocked to see him after parade return to his store and sell a pound of copperas to a country woman, and that too before he had taken off his uniform!

Every body in the district came to town on muster day, but a company muster was nothing compared to a battalion muster. Six or eight companies formed a battalion, and there were five of six times as many people in town on such occasions.

Major McKigney was not so tall by six inches as Captain Easly, but then he had the advantage of parading on horseback and his horse was always the handsomest in the neighborhood. It was considered a compliment, both to the horse and his owner, for the Major to ask the loan of him for the day, and the owner thought his horse as important a factor as any officer on parade.

But the great muster was the regimental, or general muster as it was called, when all the militia of the county met at Watkinsville, commanded by the Colonel and sometimes the General of the Division, accompanied by the In-

spector General, Fouche—pronounced in that day *Fosh.* It was a great advance in civilization when in after years these military parades were discontinued, for their effect on the community was only evil and that continually. On general muster days there was more drunkenness, profanity and fighting than on any other occasion of public assembly, and while the militia laws remained upon the statute book the *disregard* of them was considered their best *observance.* The last commanders of the Athens militia were Doctor William Bacon, Captain, and Doctor William B. Wells, first Lieutenant, who were elected upon the distinct understanding that the company was never to be called out, and I think they were both cashiered by the authorities after a year or two had expired for their neglect of duty.

Pack Wells was keeper of the first livery stable in Athens, and chiefly through the influence of the students, who were required to perform militia duty, and to whom he freely extended credit in his line of business, was elected Major. Much elated by his promotion, he ordered a battalion muster. The Major thought it prudent to assemble his soldiers in a retired part of the town, and drill them somewhat before marching down Broad street. Accordingly, the ranks were formed on Hancock avenue, in front of his livery stable, which then stood a little north of Mrs. Blanton Hill's front yard. It is beyond my power

to give any description of the attempt to form that battalion. The students could not resist the temptation to turn the affair into ridicule. Their love of fun overcame their desire to obtain *credit* with the Major, while the citizen soldiery cheerfully contributed their aid to carry out the plan. A strange diversity of opinion prevailed in regard to *right* and *left*, and as they were equally divided on this question, the order to "face" or "wheel" resulted in inextricable confusion. It is enough to say that the battalion never got out of Hancock avenue, though the students were exceedingly anxious to prolong the fun by marching down Broad street. The Major in disgust resigned his honors immediately afterwards.

In the war of 1812, when a call was made upon the counties for volunteers, the armsbearing population of Clarke county—all males between 18 and 45—assembled at Watkinsville and were formed into a regiment. After one or two short addresses to "fire the hearts" of the men, a drum and fife starting the head marched down in front of the regiment, closely followed by Captain James Meriwether inviting all who desired to form a rifle company to *fall in* as he passed the line. The men could scarcely stand still until the music passed, and sprang into line with a leap as joyful as if joining a marriage festival. Meriwether's quota was soon full—a splendid looking

company and was called into service a month afterwards. Soon after another company was formed, both joining General Taylor's command and did good service at the battles of Autosee and Calabee Swamp. These men attained a wonderful degree of accuracy in rifle practice. For the greater part of them, one of the company would not hestitate to hold the target between his knees to be fired at from the distance of 80 or 100 yards.

The Cherokee Indians, our near neighbors, were with few exceptions friendly, and although we were within fifteen miles of their territory, no anxiety was felt nor danger apprehended and consequently no means of repelling aggression, adopted. But about a year after the war had begun our town was thrown into a state of distracting alarm by a runner who brought the information that a party of Indian warriors had crossed the Apalachee and attacked a family murdering some of them, and taking whatever they could carry away, had returned across the river.

This news was received with general incredulity, but as the day advanced other persons coming from the neighborhood confirmed the report of the murder, but said the number of marauders did not exceed ten or a dozen. Later in the day rumors were current that the party consisted of a hundred warriors; that the people

of the settlement were flying in all directions; that the Indians so far from retreating had visited other plantations and were advancing towards Athens and that the attack upon the town would be made that night. Some of the men and all of the women and children were in the greatest state of alarm, and the students of the College in the highest excitement. Mr. Thomas, Judge Clayton, Colonel Carnes, President Brown and others having carefully sifted the evidence came to the conclusion that a few Indians, perhaps five or six, had made an inroad, and after killing some members of a family had retreated with the plunder as rapidly as they came and were probably by that time on the west side of the Chattahoochee. They found it impossible, however, to allay the fears of the women, who of course believed that they were the special objects of the expected raid. So it was determined to invite all the women and children of the town who desired to do so, to take refuge during the night in the College, which would be cheerfully vacated by the students, who under command of a suitable captain should keep guard over the building and its precious contents.

Dr. William Green, the Professor of Mathematics, as brave an Irishman as ever left the Emerald Isle, had made the suggestion and was placed in command of the forces. But lately arrived in this country, the commander-in-chief

was totally ignorant of the Indians and their mode of warfare. He was therefore very much excited and favored putting ourselves in the best possible state of defence. We had no cannon, no block house, no breastworks, no muskets; so the citizens had to depend upon the students, who armed with shot guns and a few rifles stood awaiting the fearful attack, by night, of a savage foe. But Dr. Green and the boys were masters of the situation, and the fair refugees committed themselves to their guardianship with unfaltering faith in their courage and devotion.

Some of the ladies went into the College under serious apprehensions of danger, others, and especially the younger, for a frolic. Of these refugees, I know but one who is living now—one whose character is as lovely after the frosts of seventy winters have whitened her locks as her person was beautiful and attractive when a girl. The students would have shed their blood in her defence with *infinite pleasure*, as they averred. I allude to that estimable lady, relict of Major Jacob Phinizy and mother of Thomas M. Meriwether, Esq., of Newton county. No doubt she still remembers that memorable night, the only one perhaps she ever passed in a College for boys.

Captain Green detailed a patrol around the College and established pickets at various points along the Jefferson road as far as Mr. Sam

Wier's blacksmith shop, which was then where Mr. Nat Barnard lives. Between that and Mrs. Deloney's house was thick forest. The picket guards were relieved every two hours and it fell to the lot of the writer, armed with his father's shot gun, loaded with buck shot, to stand guard at Wier's shop, in company with two other boys, the last two hours of the night. We were charged to keep awake, for it was ever the habit of the Indians to make their attacks just before day, and ours was the most important post and the most dangerous time. For a very short time we gazed up the road; then the excitement and fatigue of the day, the chilly night air and the attractive warmth of a neighboring coal klin, overcame our respect for orders and in less than ten minutes we were all asleep. Sometime after day break Mr. Wier awoke us, saying, that doubtless the Indians were afraid to attack such brave soldiers and we might as well return to camp, which advice we immediately adopted. When we reached headquarters we found no soldiers, no officer to receive our report which we had prepared with considerable care. The College was evacuated, everybody seemed asleep; and it seemed as if nobody cared whether the Indians had captured or killed us, so we dispersed to our homes in disgust. About fifty years later when the writer in company with other *Thunderbolts,* stood for five hours at the Market House await-

ing the advance of Stoneman's Raiders, with a double barrelled shot gun, loaded with twenty-eight buckshot, he did not feel as much like a soldier as on that other occasion at Wier's shop.

CHAPTER VI.

Samuel Wier came to Athens with nothing but his wife, a set of blacksmith's tools and an indomitable determination to make a living. But in that wife he had what was more to him than thousands of money. She was very handsome, considerably above medium size, the picture of perfect health, with the rosiest, freshest complexion, which no exposure to wind or weather could change and naught but age could cause to fade. Mr. Wier rented a small cabin at the place mentioned above, built him a shop, and solicited the patronage of the public. He had a field of fresh land which he planted when there was no work to be done in the shop, or as he called it "when he was resting." Occasionally the shop and the crop needed his attention simultaneously, and then it was that his young, hopeful, strong-hearted wife would encourage him, not only by kind words but with good deeds. She would help him in the shop by blowing the bellows, and if need be, striking with the sledge-hammer. She would help him in the field, working in the hot sun, and even after nightfall, helping him to save his fodder, in the mean while attending to all the household duties which devolve upon a poor

man's wife. With such courage and industry, success was not doubtful. They prospered, securing the confidence and esteem of all their neighbors. Mr. Wier accumulated some property and in declining life was easy and comfortable in his circumstances.

The first four-wheeled buggy, so called, used in Athens, was made for Mr. Elizur Newton in 1825. Prior to that date gigs for the few, and riding horses for many were the usual modes of locomotion, though a carriage was occasionally seen. Goods were of course transported by wagon and the teamster of the day was the very roughest of characters. He religiously abjured the use of soap and water to his person or clothes during a round trip of a fortnight or three weeks —cooking, eating, sleeping at night over lightwood knot fires, splashing through mud and mire and heaving at the wheels when *stalled* during the day, being a mode of life unfriendly to cleanliness. The wagoners manifested a marked dislike to well dressed persons whom they met upon the road, and rarely allowed them to pass without some rude, if not insulting, jest. "Hallo my friend," said one to me as I passed him, "what's that hanging to your leg?" I looked down to see, and before I could raise my head he answered himself, "Oh I believe it's nothing but your foot."

Their independence is shown in the following

incident: Mr. Andrew Graham received by mail from Augusta an invoice of goods shipped by wagon, together with the wagoner's receipt After waiting a reasonable time for their arrival, Mr. Graham wrote to his merchant in Augusta, who could give him no information about the teamster other than that he had applied for a load of goods for the up country. Mr. Graham failing to learn anything of the man, gave up his goods for lost. About three weeks afterwards the wagoner drove up with the goods, all safe and sound except the cutting of a few boxes by the rats. He said that he lived in Green County and came by home from Augusta, that he found his crop so grassy he was obliged to stop and plow it over; as soon as he had done that he lost no time, but started off immediately.

The public roads during the winter were generally in a wretched condition and a large portion of the road between Lexington and Washington would in these days be pronounced impassable. Rutledge's lane was a notoriously bad place and many marvellous stories told of the misfortunes which befell travelers and wagoners in that ill-fated road. The merchants and farmers, the one to buy goods, the other to sell cotton and tobacco, always went on horseback, and three days of steady riding were required to go from Athens to Augusta. A loaded wagon required a week, if the roads were in good condition. A

good load for a four horse team was 2,500 to 3,000 lbs., and the price for carrying never less than one dollar a hundred; but in the winter of 1817-18 the merchants paid as high as four dollars a hundred on freight from Augusta to Athens. That was a fearful winter. The roads were in such a condition that for miles the horses would walk in mud deeper than their knees, and after making one trip, not only the hair but in many cases the skin would be entirely removed from their legs from the constant attrition.

The first cotton raised west of the Oconee river grew on an acre or two of land on the river at the mouth of the spring branch where now stand some small houses belonging to the Factory Company. Daniel Easley, making a tour on business into the low country of Georgia brought back with him a bushel of cotton seed, but neglected to inform himself how to cultivate the plant. Supposing from the size of the seed they should be sown broadcast, he carefully prepared the ground and plowed in the seed precisely as he would have done a bushel of wheat or oats. Of course the cotton could not be cultivated, but the fertile soil and a favorable season yielded a capital crop considering the manner of its treatment. I have heard old people say it was the whitest cotton patch they ever saw. It was not picked out until all had opened that came to maturity, and this was the beginning of the reign of King

Cotton in all the parts of his dominon west of the Oconee River, for the river counties south of the Clarke were then an Indian territory.

Up to that time, and indeed later, the staple production of this region was tobacco, and long after cotton was cultivated in Clarke, Jackson and Franklin counties were considered too near the mountains to raise it at all, and tobacco continued to be the crop of the country. Well do I remember to have seen year after year hogsheads of tobacco roll through the streets on their way to Augusta, drawn by two small horses then called *tackeys*. At first cotton was cultivated in small acres and farmers spoke of the cotton *patch* as they did of the turnip *patch*, so that the name adhered to the cotton field even after it was enlarged to a hundred acres.

I am reminded, by speaking of Easly's cotton patch on the river, of the most beautiful place for small boys to bathe and learn to swim that was ever made. It was just below the site of the factory, and seemed to be made for the purpose. It was between the bank of the river and a small island, and was about fifty yards long, and in no place more than four feet deep, with a smooth, sandy bottom, and was made by a ledge of rocks which extended from the bank to the island at its lower end. It was perfectly secluded, and the limbs of the large trees that grew on the banks almost met over the pool. The greater portion

of the ledge was above water and made a dry, clean table for the boys to undress. Here they all learned to swim, an accomplishment which every boy in Athens acquired at an early age. This pool continued to be the delightful resort of the small fry until destroyed by the blasting for the waterway for the cotton mill.

Before the introduction of the cotton gin, the seed were picked out by hand, and it was the custom of the country to require of each member of the family, black and white, over twelve years of age, during the long winter evenings, to pick the seed from a pound of cotton. This task the young people performed very cheerfully, making it an occasion of fun and frolic.

The first cotton gin brought to Athens was set up by Mr. Thomas on the spot now occupied by Mr. Edward Clayton (the old Branch State Bank). Here all the cotton made in the neighborhood was ginned for some years; Mr. Thomas buying it in the seed from farmers and himself preparing it for market. He had a tall powerful negro named Joe, who was looked upon with some regard because he could pack a round bale weighing 300 lbs. in a day. The cotton then cultivated was the old *green seed* variety and was hard to pick. The locks were firmly attached to the bolls defying the stormy winds of winter; and a patch was never picked over more than twice and rarely more than once. Fifty pounds was a task for an average hand.

It was the custom for the planter, when his cotton had nearly or quite all opened, to invite his neighbors to a *cotton picking* and prizes were offered for the best pickers. While the men and boys were picking in the field, the women and girls of the neighborhood would be *quilting* in the house. The most abundant supply of good eating was provided for all, and if a negro fiddler could be found the day's frolic would often wind up with a dance. Similar customs prevailed at log-rollings, house-raisings and wheat-harvest, where men were *weak-handed* and needed each other's help, which was always cheerfully given. A neighbor of old Dick Cox's, as he was called, Mrs. George King's father, once asked his help in harvesting his wheat the next day, which was promised. That night Mr. Cox put his negroes into the field and by the light of the moon soon had it all cut and shocked, and thus the astonished neighbor found it the next morning. Such an act is perhaps unknown in this generation.

The first newspaper ever published in Athens was established by Rev. John Hodge, and the press and type were brought from Philadelphia in a road wagon by Mr. John Espey, about 1807. The name I do not recollect, but it was designed for a religious and literary paper. It was short-lived. Mr. Hodge from ill health was obliged to abandon the tripod and sold out to Alexander McDonnell, a practical printer who had been im-

ported with the press from Philadelphia. McDonnell changed the name of the paper as well as its character and called it *The Georgia Express*. He was no writer, and depended for original matter entirely upon contributors until he associated with him as co-editor Xenophon Gaines, who could do the writing for half a dozen such papers. Gaines was associated with McDonnell about two years and was *the man* of the paper. He was a cripple, very smart, with caustic wit and bitter satire, and was unsparing of both. He was a small feeble, ill-favored, as well as an ill-tempered man, and his infirmities doubtless saved him many a thrashing. McDonnell conducted the *Express* until 1814 and was succeeded by Samuel W. Minor, in whose hands the paper deteriorated until it was issued semi-occasionally on a piece of paper 12 by 14 inches. Minor was exceedingly poor, and had a large family, and lived in a little house with two rooms near Dr. Henderson's, and in one of these rooms he set his type and printed his paper. While he lived in this house it was struck by lightning, and he was himself severely shocked. In the next issue of his paper he congratulated himself on the event, saying he had always been afraid of thunder storms, but should now have no more fear, for since the world began it had never happened that a man was twice struck by lightning. He afterwards moved to a miserable shanty near

the present site of the factory, and there in one room the family cooked, ate and printed the paper. In one issue of the paper the editor announced, as a local item of interest, that "our sow" had the night before given birth to nine beautiful pigs, and if they all lived, as he hoped they would, he should in a short time feel pretty independent. How the poor fellow managed to live and keep his family alive no one but himself ever knew. He was the first man to nominate General Andrew Jackson for President, and often boasted of that fact after he was elected.

Minor was succeeded in order of time by Patrick Robinson, who published an indifferently supported paper, called *"The Athens Gazette,"* which maintained a feeble existence for a few years when it was changed to the *"Athenian,"* conducted by Oliver P. Shaw. This paper assumed a modern dress, dropping the old form of the letter S, and became the best literary paper in the State. Some years afterwards, Albon Chase, and Alfred Nisbet bought the paper changing its name to *"The Southern Banner."* Major Ben Perley Poore, not unknown to fame, was one of the first editors of the Banner. But this brings me into modern times.

"Say not thou," said Solomon, the wise King, "what is the cause that the former days were better than these; for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." No reasons are given to sup-

port the truth of this simple *ipse dixit,* and it is a little remarkable that old people of every age have "inquired," or rather asserted that the former days were better than these. " 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," for certain it is, that for conveniencies of life, rapidity of transit, dissemination of knowledge and scientific acquirements, the present age is far in advance of the past as the times of which I write surpass the dark ages. But the human heart remains the same. Manners and customs change, but men will love and hate to the end of time. To love the good and hate the evil is the lesson of life.

CHAPTER VII.

The interest with which the reminiscences of my father were read emboldened me, in 1893, to add some imperfect sketches of Athens from 1830 to 1865.

The frequent calls for copies of that little pamphlet, the edition of which has long since been exhausted, and the urgent requests from many friends to reprint it have induced me to revise the work, correcting errors where they have been discovered, and adding much which I have since gathered about the history of Athens and her people.

These sketches are of necessity very imperfect, but such facts as are given are real facts, and not fancies, and much care has been taken to corroborate them by satisfactory evidence.

The period covered by the four years of the war is of especial interest, and it is to be regretted that it could not have been treated more in detail. A. L. HULL.

October, 1906.

In reviewing the reminiscences of Dr. Hull, some old landmarks are called to mind which at this time of strenuous progress have completely disappeared from sight. The history of these old places go far to make up the annals of Athens, which it is my desire to preserve. The newspapers of those early days did not teem with local news, and "personals" were unknown. For weeks the weekly paper would make no reference to local occurrences, I presume because the entire community knew all about them long before the paper was issued, and it was thought, therefore, unnecessary.

The paper referred to by Dr. Hull as a semi-religious paper was the *Athens Gazette*. Mr. Hodge, the editor, was a Presbyterian preacher, Clerk of the Court of Ordinary, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Treasurer of the University, and perhaps held other appointments. The first issue of the *Gazette* appeared in February, 1814. In 1816 it was sold to Samuel Miner, who had previously published the *Georgia Express* and run it for I do not know how long. In 1828 Oliver P. Shaw published *The Athenian*, which was a very creditable paper, well edited and well print-

ed. Albon Chase, who came to Athens in 1831, became associated with Shaw, eventually bought him out and changed both name and politics of *The Athenian,* and issued *The Banner* in 1834. Files of these old papers are now in the University library and make very interesting reading on a rainy day. From these old files we cull some ancient history.

The *Athens Gazette* first saw the light in a fateful time. It was during the war of 1812, and times were hard. It is true that cotton was bringing 29 cents per pound, but there was very little raised about Athens. Sugar was 25 cents per pound, bacon 14 cents. The paper on which the *Gazette* was printed was double thick and very rough, and the ink seems to have been made of lampblack and axle grease. Even correspondence was high. Postage on letters was 6 cents for distances up to thirty miles, 10 cents up to eighty miles, 12 1-2 cents up to one hundred and fifty miles, and 25 cents over four hundred miles. One page of the paper was given up to literary miscellany, including quantities of poetry. The bulk of the reading matter consisted of debates in Congress and news from abroad. The latter traveled slowly. The startling intelligence of Napoleon's return from Elba and the battle of Waterloo was received in Athens one month after it occurred.

There was a fair patronage by advertisers in

these old papers. Joseph Stevens offered 6 1-4 cents reward for the return of a runaway apprentice boy, and Mrs. Smith in announcing the opening of a school for young ladies in Athens promised that "a music master would be employed to give lessons on the forte piano."

Here is a sample of the literary contributions which the editor of the *Athenian* pronounced good:

"O, green and glorious spring! how beautiful thou art! Oh, 'tis sweet when the last lingering star has faded into dimness, when the first grey dawn is trembling in the east, to wander forth and feel the fresh breath of morn and harken to its low, soft murmurings amid the forest leaves; to list the gay carol of the woodland songster rejoicing in the light of new-born day! At such an hour I love to be alone. I love to seek the blissful solitude of thought that I may indulge the dear, delightful reveries of fancy," etc., etc.

A ladies' fair was advertised to occur at early candlelight. "The specific object of the fair," said the editor, "we are unacquainted with, but it is understood it is for charitable purposes."

An injured husband, disclaiming responsibility for his wife's debts, quotes from Pope:

> "O, woman, woman! whether lean or fat
> In face an angel, but in soul a cat."

Advertisements of runaway negroes appeared invariably accompanied by the picture of a stumpy negro walking away with his clothes tied up in a handkerchief and swinging from a stick over his shoulder. Some of these advertisers showed no little originality, and would attract attention even in this day of crowded columns.

Miss Millie Rutherford has an interesting old paper, written in a formal copper-plate hand, beginning as follows:

"Several ladies of Clarke county assembled at Trail Creek, M. H., July 13, 1819. The following Constitution was prepared and adopted:

"Article 1. This society shall be known by the name of the Female Mite Society of Athens and Vicinity."

This organization had no connection with the arachnid common to chicken coops, but was auxiliary to the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, and a condition of membership was that each person should pay annually to the Treasurer at least 52 cents.

Mrs. Martha J. Cobb, afterwards Mrs. Henry Jackson, was First Directress; Mrs. Martha Jones, Second Directress; Mrs. Sarah Cole, Secretary; and Mrs. Lucy Thornton, Treasurer. Among the members were Mrs. Julia Clayton, Mrs. Catherine Newton, Mrs. Lucy Cary, Mrs. Susan Moore, Mrs. Sarah King, Mrs. Elizabeth Espey, Mrs. Eliza Waddell, Mrs. Dougherty, who

were Methodists and Presbyterians, and Mrs. Catherine Freeman, Mrs. Sarah R. Cobb and Miss Serena R. Rootes, who were Baptists. Among the contributors are the names of A. S. Clayton, John A. Cobb, William H. Jackson, S. Thomas, Henry Jackson, Charles J. Jenkins (then a student in college), Dr. Brown, Ebenezer Newton, Josiah Newton and Mrs. "Marreon Greeve.". Mrs. Grieve was the mother of Mrs. Joseph Henry Lumpkin, and lived in Lexington.

This was the first Missionary Society ever formed in Athens, and was non-denominational although the funds collected were forwarded to the Baptist Board.

At that time there was no Baptist church nor Presbyterian church in Athens. Trail Creek meeting house was the nearest Baptist place of worship, and Hopewell, near Lexington, the nearest Presbyterian church.

We should not pass from this period without some notice of President Meigs, who in his day, by virtue of his office, was perhaps the most prominent citizen of the village.

Josiah Meigs, the first active president of the University of Georgia, was a native of Connecticut, the thirteenth child of his parents, born in 1757. His eldest brother, Colonel Return J. Meigs, was a distinguished officer of the Revolution, and the father of the Postmaster General under President Monroe.

Josiah Meigs graduated at Yale College at the age of 21. In 1781 he was appointed tutor of mathematics and natural philosophy, and in 1794 professor in the same chair in that institution. In the meantime he was married, and removed to Bermuda for the practice of law, a profession for which, however, he seemed to have but little taste. His tenure of office at Yale was brief. The Dwights made a bitter fight on him on account of his "Jeffersonian Democracy," as we call it now—"Republicanism" it was known then —and the trustees relieved him of his chair in 1798.

Upon his acceptance of the presidency of the University of Georgia he at once entered with ardor upon the work. A man of great energy, fearless, honest and pure, he gave all his abilities to the upbuilding of the college. In person he was tall and spare, with blue eyes and florid complexion, blessed with perfect health, which was uninterrupted until his last and fatal illness. In manner he was affable and kind, but quickly aroused and especially excitable on the subject of politics. In fact, he suffered for his political views at Athens as he had at Yale, for it was the free expression of his opinions that brought about the immediate causes of his removal from the presidency and the loss of his professorship.

In 1808 the board "learned with sincere regret

that the number of students in the college are reduced from thirty to thirteen, and in the grammar school from forty to twenty-five." A committee was appointed "to enquire into the reports which affect the reputation of the president of the college, as well as the moral character and discipline of the institution." What the result of this inquiry was is not known, but two years later Mr. Meigs resigned the presidency, retaining the professorship of mathematics and natural philosophy. For the performance of these duties "with attention and diligence" he was to receive the sum of $1,200 per annum.

This action of the trustees Mr. Meigs seems to have acceded to *ex necessitate*, but it embittered his relations with them, as shown in the following affidavits found recorded in the minutes:

"Hope Hull, one of the members of this board, gives the following information and exhibits the same as charges against Mr. Professor Meigs, which charges should be inquired into, viz.: That to the best of his recollection the day after adjournment of the board in August last, and at the door of the printing office, he, Mr. Meigs, addressing himself to Mr. Hull, uttered in substance the following words: 'You have appointed Campbelll your secretary. However, I suppose he will do well enough as secretary for the Tories! Mr. Meigs has further said in the

presence of Mr. Hull, that 'the State of Georgia had great reason to thank God for one honest man—Judge Early—if it had not been for him the lands belonging to the institution would have been sold and the money pocketed,' and many other expressions and observations of a similar import, but not now precisely recollected.

"(Signed.) HOPE HULL.

"Sworn to before me, this 8th August, 1811, at Athens.

"ROBERT WALKER, Judge.

And the following:

"In a conversation with Mr. Meigs a few days after the adjournment of the board in August last, upon the subject of the congressional and county elections, he observed in substance as follows: 'You' (addressing himself to me) 'can not think to gain the confidence of the people after your conduct relative to the college lands. But I cannot so much blame you, for you are a tool of other *great* men.' But for one honest man, or the only honest man among them, the board of trustees would have sold the college lands and would have squandered the money to their own uses. They were all a damned pack or band of Tories and speculators, and if they had have (*sic*) turned him out of office he would have published their villainy and dishonesty to the world and have shown them in their proper colors. They had made him professor of natural

philosophy and chemistry and given him a poor, pitiful salary of twelve hundred dollars—damn them—he reckoned they would make him next professor of cabbages and turnips—and much more such conversation not now detailed, but the above is the substance of the conversation.

"(Signed) AUGUSTIN S. CLAYTON.

"Sworn to before me, this 8th April, 1811, at Athens.

"ROBERT WALKER, Judge."

Mr. Meigs was given an opportunity for defense against these charges, but whatever he replied it was evidently not satisfactory, for "having this day heard the defense of Mr. Professor Meigs and the affidavits exhibited in support thereof, and having maturely considered the same, together with the charges and proofs exhibited against him, the board are of opinion that he hath been guilty of *great misconduct* and ought to be removed from his office. Whereupon, resolved, that Josiah Meigs be, and he is hereby removed from the office of professor of mathematics, natural philosophy and chemistry in Franklin College."

Left stranded by his dismissal, not only poor, but in debt, Mr. Meigs remained in Athens until 1812, when Mr. Jefferson, to whom he was well known, secured for him the appointment of surveyor general, with his office at Cincinnati. Two years later he was made Commissioner of the

general land office and removed to Washington, where he lived until his death, which occurred September 4th, 1822. His widow, Dr. Charles D. Meigs, the distinguished physician of Philadelphia, Henry Meigs, a prominent lawyer of New York, and other children survived him. His daughter, Clara, married Mr. John Forsyth, one of Georgia's most honored sons. General M. C. Meigs, quartermaster general of the United States during the war, was his grandson, and many others of his descendants are now living in New York and Philadelphia.

The grandfather of President Meigs was a stiff old Puritan in Connecticut. On an interesting occasion in the family he was sitting awaiting news, when the nurse ran in and said: "Mr. Meigs, it is a girl!" "Silence,' said the austere father. "In a little while the nurse rushed back and said: "Mr. Meigs, there is another girl!" Folding his hands resignedly, he said: "Submit," and they named the babies Silence and Submit, and in the old graveyard in a Connecticut town there is a little stone on which are carved the names: "Silence and Submit Meigs," who died in infancy.

CHAPTER VII.

Athens was incorporated as a town in December, 1815. The act required that an election should be held for commissioners, and named the college chapel as the place for the election.

In fact at that time all public meetings of every description—concerts, shows and preaching services—were held in the college chapel. There was no other place in which to meet. The commissioners were to elect their own chairman, and were authorized, among other things, to impose a penalty of corporeal punishment not exceeding thirty-nine lashes for any one offense (people of color excepted). The Oconee river was the corporate line. The commissioners imposed a tax of 3 cents on $100 on property, 12 1-2 cents each on slaves, and $2 for liquor license. That surely was an ideal Athens.

A tour of the town in 1830 would have revealed but few of the houses now standing. The Athens Factory was not yet built. The bridge over the river was below the mouth of the branch, and at low water the stumps of the old timbers could be seen but a few years ago. Near the spring was a miserable shanty, once the office of the *Georgia Express* and the residence of its editor, printer and publisher. Six houses stood on Oconee street, three of them still to be seen—the boarding house next to the bridge, the old Hodgson house, with its ancient cedars, then owned by Mr. William Lumpkin, and that at the crossing of the Central railroad. This last was the crack hotel of the place, kept by Leander Erwin, and had eight rooms for the accommodation of its guests. On Foundry street—

not a street then, however—the mother of the late Mr. Elizur Newton lived in the old Wilkerson house, the frame of which still stands, in a different place, clad in a new covering. Between this and the upper bridge there was no house. Near the bridge was a grog shop, which was afterwards carried down the river in the great Harrison freshet.

On Hoyt street were three dwellings, two still standing—Dr. Hoyt's old residence, now belonging to Mr. Pittman, and Dr. Linton's, and the third, which Dr. Ware removed to make way for the present home of Dr. E. S. Lyndon.

Coming down Jackson street we pass Dr. Nisbet's house, afterward Mr. Lampkin's, now turned around and renewed, and the home of the elder Mrs. Franklin, later known as the Weatherly place, which was burned about twenty years ago while occupied by Mr. Bernard. On the corner of Mrs. Frierson's lot stood a small wagon shop, and diagonally opposite Mrs. Demaris Baldwin lived in the Lumpkin house. Capt. Brumby's house was the home of Dr. Waddell, the President of the University Dr. Henry Hull lived just opposite in a house still standing, which he built of material from the old of his father, and which he sold to Dr. J. B. Carlton. Mr. Asbury Hull occupied the house on Thomas street, so long the home of Dr. Hull, and now owned by W. B. Jackson. Opposite

the Baptist church was a little house afterwards removed to the other corner of the Government lot, where Mrs. Andrews taught school in after years, and recently demolished. The Dougherty house, which lately gave way to the City Hall, was then an attractive residence

On Hancock avenue was a two-room house on the Vincent corner, and the "Athens Hotel," which, clothed in a new dress, stands next below the Methodist church. Farther down, the old Harden house, Mrs. Reese's just opposite, and a small cottage on the site of Mr. John Moss' completed the list. At Mr. Fleming's corner was a blacksmith shop, and on the Nevitt lot the Rev. Mr. Wallis had a flourishing female school. There were no other houses on Prince avenue until we reached the Manual Labor School opposite Mr. Upson's, and Hill street was a neighborhood road.

The Methodist church was on its present site, given through the liberality of Mr. Thomas Hancock. The old building was removed to the foot of Hancock avenue and given to the negroes when the brick church was burnt. Mrs. Mathews' house, built by Dr. Alexander B. Linton, and the old Henderson house, now the Windsor hotel, built by the father of Col. John T. Grant, were then new and handsome residences. On Col. Morton's lot a two-story frame house, now occupied by his servants was the

home of Professor Stephen Olin, of the University, while Professor Jackson lived in Mr. Stanley's house on Dearing street, across the branch.

There were no other houses in this part of town, and Lumpkin street was the "road to Watkinsville." Dr. Benedict's, Dr. R. M. Smith's old home, removed from the opera house lot, and the old Clayton house, next to Moss' warehouse, were among the elegant residences of the town.

The only house south of the compress was the Lucas place, the home of Mr. John Nisbet, furnished with all the conveniences which taste and wealth could procure at that day, and where hospitality was dispensed without stint.

On the present site of the Academic building, on the campus, the Presbyterian church, lately dedicated by Dr. Waddell, in 1828, opened its doors on Broad street, on either side the high, red pulpit. Some of the old benches were a year ago still in use in the Presbyterian Sunday school room. At this time there were only two other churches in the town, the Methodist, and one for the negroes. There were several stores, all on the north side of Broad street. Stevens Thomas did a big business where the Racket Store is. Elizur L. Newton, S. J. Mays and W. Letcher Mitchell shared in the trade of the town.

On the National Bank site was what was

known as "Huggins' Corner." Andrew Graham, from western North Carolina, built the store, where he did a thrifty business in everything from buttons to billy goats. This old store had a low basement for molasses and whiskey, with the dry goods and grocery department overhead. A convenient porch with a railing adorned the front, while comfortable split-bottom chairs invited customers to stop and chat. Large sycamore trees shaded the porch, and altogether it was the most popular resort in town. Gentlemen of leisure got so in the habit of loafing there that when the office of the Southern Mutual Insurance Company was built in its place they continued the occupation in the same place.

Mr. Graham was a bachelor, and after his death his nephew, John I. Huggins, who had been his clerk, succeeded to the business. From him the old store was known latterly as "Huggins' Corner."

There was a bookstore on the corner of College Avenue, which for many years afterwards was occupied for that business by George W. Shaw. His brother, Oliver P. Shaw, whose political opponents were wont to speak of him as "O, Pshaw," published the *Athenaeum* in the second story. The book store was afterwards successively kept by Albon Chase, J. S. Peterson and William N. White, and the old frame house was torn down in 1857. A few other small

shops were scattered along Broad street, but there were none at all on the south side. Around the town spring grew a canebrake, extending from Webb & Crawford's store to the Central depot, and old Dennis Clayton says he has "jumped deer" in it.

Dennis said that he could remember when the Oconee river ran down Broad street, and that he caught suckers in front of the Bank. Whereupon Sylvanus Morris remarked that they are still catching them there. But I am sure that either Dennis' memory or his veracity must be at fault.

On the edge of this canebrake, where G. H. Hulme's store is, Major Letcher Mitchell had a hotel, which was competing with sharp rivalry for public favor with Leander Erwin's. This old, rambling house, with yellow doors and a labyrinth of passages, was connected in after years by a bridge over Thomas street with the Franklin house, to which it served as an annex during the war, when refugees were glad to occupy it.

Another house I must not omit was the Athens Female Academy, later known as Mrs. Coley's School. This lot was donated by the Trustees of the University and the house built by subscription. Rev. Thomas Stanley was the teacher at this time, and it was the principal school for girls in the town.

These houses, with those previously mentioned and a few smaller ones formed the village in 1830. Communication with the outer world was through a line of stages to Augusta. The people were in no hurry for the news, and a matter of the weekly papers failing to arrive was of no serious importance or inconvenience.

But though, as compared with the present day, the people of Athens lived quiet lives, they were by no means slumberers.

The Georgia Railroad, one of the most important enterprises in the State, had its inception in Athens. The first meeting in its interests was held here in June, 1833, with Mr. Asbury Hull as chairman, and he introduced the bill for its incorporation in the Legislature the same year. For many years the annual meetings were held here, and all its directors were Athens men until it was completed. The Board of Directors in 1835 was composed of James Camak, William Williams, John A. Cobb, Elizur L. Newton, Alex B. Linton, James Shannon, W. M. Morton, W. R. Cunningham and one representative from Augusta. The road was originally intended to run between Augusta and Athens, and a branch road to Greensboro was contemplated. Subsequently the Greensboro branch became the main stem extended to Atlanta, and Athens was left on the branch road.

The Branch Bank of the State of Georgia was established in 1834, with Mr. James Camak as President, and Mr. Asbury Hull as Cashier. The building now converted into a hotel on Clayton Street, was erected, serving both the purposes of a bank and the Cashier's residence. The business was conducted here for twenty years, and then continued in the National Bank building.

In 1829 an Athenian pressed oil from cotton seed which he used in machines and in lamps. His methods however were too crude to make it profitable.

In March 1829 dirt was broken for the Georgia Factory then called the Athens Manufacturing Company. The factory was built by Judge Clayton, John Nisbet, William Dearing and Abram Walker as a protest against the high tariff on manufactured goods. John Johnson superintended the building and was the manager of the business. The factory was in operation in February 1830.

The Athens Factory was built by William Dearing and John Nisbet, on the present site, and soon after its completion, was destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt, and in the great Harrison freshet of 1840, one wing was washed away, along with the mill and all the bridges. Again rebuilt, it was again destroyed by fire in 1856, after which the present substantial brick build-

ings, erected by the energy of the Superintendent, Dr. John S. Linton, replaced the old wooden ones. The first fire in 1834 brought out the suggestion of a fire company, which did not materialize, however, for many years.

Mr. William Williams built Princeton Factory and some years later Dr. John S. Linton and Albon Chase built the Pioneer Paper Mill at a cost of $32,000, which was the first paper mill built south of the Potomac River.

In 1828 the population of Athens was 583 whites and 517 blacks, and it was the boast of the *Athenaeum* that we had "only 499 less than Milledgeville." There were 26 four wheeled carriages besides gigs and sulkeys and there were 26 widows in the town. In 1830 the population had increased to 1434 and we were catching up with Milledgeville. I dont know how many of the 26 widows had married but the other enterprises referred to make a pretty good showing for a town of seven hundred white people.

CHAPTER IX.

The tariff was a vital question in Athens at the time of which I write. At commencement a great anti-tariff meeting was held at which William H. Crawford presided, and George M. Troup, John McPherson Berrien, Augustin S. Clayton, Wilson Lumpkin and George R. Gilmer were speakers.

The students, full of patriotic zeal, held a mass

meeting at which George F. Pierce took a prominent part, and resolved to wear only home-made goods. The Trustees met them more than half way in adopting as the prescribed uniform for students, "a frock-coat made of dark grey Georgia homespun, wool and cotton, the seams covered with black silk cord or narrow braid, black buttons and pantaloons of same material, corded or braided in the same manner." An exception was made in favor of calico, for the reason that "morning gowns" of calico were quite fashionable, both students and professors wearing them on the streets. This garment—which must have been a marvel to behold—consisted of two widths of calico gathered at the neck with a string, buttoned at the waist and reaching to the ankles, having loose, flowing sleeves. The figure and color was left to the taste of the wearer, and there was as great a variety as can be seen at a county fair. Fancy the Chancellor of the University or the dignified Dean of Franklin College sailing down the street in a flowered calico morning gown!

However with the reality of wearing the homespun, came a cooling of patriotic fervor and a petition went up from the boys to repeal the law, which, it seems, was cheerfully done.

One professor who was devoted to the morning gown was Dr. Henry Jackson.

Dr. Jackson, a native of England, came to

Georgia a youth, not long before the close of the eighteenth century, at the invitation of his brother, James Jackson, once governor of Georgia. Elected to a professorship in the University in 1811, he proved to be a valuable acquisition to the faculty, a scholar of great scientific attainments and a gentleman of many fine traits of character. When William H. Crawford went as minister to the court of France, Dr. Jackson was invited to go with him as secretary of legation. Obtaining leave of absence from the Trustees, he went to France and was in Paris during the "hundred days reign" after Napoleon's return from Elba.

While passing through Washington on his way abroad, he met a lady to whom he was singularly attracted, but the fact of her husband being very much alive was an insuperable objection to his making it known to her. On his return from France, he heard that she was a widow and so soon as propriety permitted, he paid her his addresses and was married to her. The lady was the widow of Howell Cobb, a member of congress from Georgia and uncle to Governor Howell Cobb.

Dr. Jackson was a conscientious teacher and was much admired by the students who were under his instruction. He passed his latter days at "Halscot," his home near Athens, where he was wont to receive and entertain his friends both young and old. His son, General Henry

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View of the Campus in 1900

R. Jackson, one of the most distinguished citizens of this State, was born at "Halscot."

The problem of the disposition of the students for a long time exercised the Faculty and Trustees. At first they boarded anywhere in the neighborhood of the college; then they were required to room in the Old College. Later, by an act of the Legislature, they were permitted to "board at any place within the town or vicinity of Athens, *provided*, they board with moral, respectable families, of which the president of the college shall judge." Then *Commons* were provided, a steward's hall established and maintained for a dozen or more years. This Steward's Hall was about where Prof. Strahan's house stands on the Campus. By resolution of the Trustees in 1820, the quality of board required was: "For breakfast, a sufficiency of wholesome cold meat with wheaten flour biscuit or loaf bread, butter, tea or coffee. For dinner, a course of bacon or salted beef, with a suitable proportion of corn bread and at least two kinds of vegetables, and on Wednesday, to have an after course of pies, puddings or pancakes. For each supper, a plentiful supply of tea or milk, with a sufficiency of wheaten flour biscuit and butter." Truly a substantial bill of fare and not open to the charge of extravagance.

The board also declared that "students on Sabbath afternoons must confine their walks to one mile, *provided*, this healthful and innocent

indulgence is executed free from any violation of the laws of the college."

While we are upon the subject of the college, it may be said that the Demosthenian Society, which was organized in 1803, and had for twenty years been holding its meetings in the old schoolroom, now being in a flourishing condition, both as to members and funds, built the hall north of the chapel which for seventy years has echoed the clarion tones of impassioned speakers. A new stimulus was given this old mother of debaters by the organization of a rival, the Phi Kappa Society, by Joseph Henry Lumpkin and others in 1825. For many years these two vied with each other for the honors of the college, and swore their members with great and inviolable oaths to secrets which might not even be thought of in the presence of another.

The campus, which seems to have been open at the time, was ordered to be closed "with posts and plank in front, and common rails with stakes and riders on the other sides."

Interment of corpses on the college hill, where persons had been in the habit of interring them, was prohibited in future, but the commissioners of the town of Athens were permitted and authorized to inclose a piece of ground not exceeding one acre as a burial ground. The place of interments referred to, is now covered by the houses

east of the campus, and the "burial ground" of one acre a little farther south, filled with the dead of a third of a century, still lies with its tall pines standing sentinel over its graves.

There is another fact that made this period of our history interesting. In January 1828 the mercury fell to zero. In January 1829 it went to 3 degrees above and in December 1830 it marked the same temperature. But on February 4, 1835 the thermometer at the college registered 10 below zero, and that day is still spoken of as "the cold Saturday."

In 1835 the stars fell—that memorable meteoric display which frightened hundreds of people who believed the day of judgment was at hand.

In 1830 from June 5th to September 3rd no rain fell—the wells went dry, crops dried up, branches showed no moisture, cattle had to be driven miles for water. The Oconee River could be waded at almost any point and at Augusta an ordinary wheel-barrow was trundled across the Savannah.

In the fall of that year the new college caught fire and as there was no water to put it out it was entirely consumed. The Phi Kappa Hall was saved by cutting down green trees and placing them against the walls.

This was the first fire of any consequence in the town and it destroyed the college library and all the mathematical instruments and apparatus.

At that time Old College was used as a dormitory for the freshmen and sophomores and New College for juniors and seniors, and in each were the recitation rooms of the Professors.

I have heard my father tell of this fire and of the heroic work of old John Talmadge in trying to save the college. He went every where, seemed to be in all places at once and certainly bore a charmed life. I have often thought when seeing his grandson and namesake in the old days of the fire companies that fighting fire must be a hereditary trait.

A month after this disastrous fire one of the greatest floods of record occurred. It rained from Sunday morning to Tuesday night without cessation and fourteen bridges were washed away in the vicinity of Athens.

But, recurring to the loss of New College, the Legislature was asked to make good the loss. It was represented to them that when the college lands were sold they brought the aggregate sum of $140,000, for which notes were taken and the whole turned over to the State. The State had collected $129,000 in cash on these notes and had $11,000 in good notes. The State had given the University $100,000 interest bearing funds for these notes and held a balance of $40,000 which of right belonged to the Trustees. As the result of this claim the State loaned the Trustees $10,000 and appropriated $6,000 annually for six

years, so the college was rebuilt at a cost of $12350.

While the burned building was being taken down a student of the grammer school named Thomas Grant was caught and crushed to death by a falling wall. It was a sad accident which threw a gloom over the whole community.

The rebuilding of new college brought two men to Athens, who soon took their places among the best of her citizens—James R. Carlton and Ross Crane. The contract for the work was given to them; they prospered in business, married cousins and raised large families.

There was a complaint made that anybody who chose to do so, cut wood indiscriminately from the college lands and as much as they wanted. In fact the campus itself had been ravaged, so a committee consisting of Judge Clayton, Dr. Hull and Dr. Church was appointed by the Trustees "to repair the campus and set our trees on it." Think of setting out trees in what ought to have been a virgin forest of splendid oaks! And all those black locusts and ailanthus of which students have asked year after year why they were ever put there, owe their planting to that committee. But in those days the heaven tree was in great favor, both for shade and beauty.

Among other accessions to the town in 1830 was Samuel Tenney, who first opened business as a singing master. He must have succeeded

well for at commencement a concert by the "Society for Improvement of Sacred Music" in the Presbyterian Church was crowded, while the commencement ball in Erwin's "Assembly Rooms" was but poorly attended. Mr. Tenney afterwards married Miss Colt, opened a book store, sold shoes and bacon sides, and I remember him years ago as a benevolent miller in the traditional white hat.

In 1829, Rev. John F. Wallis opened a school for young ladies on the Nevitt lot. Soon after he had organized his school and got it well under way, Mrs. Wallis died, leaving a young daughter, and an inconsolable husband. Mr. Wallis offered his home for sale and moved to Alabama. The daughter became the mother of Capt. J. W. Brumby and a year or two ago was revisiting her childhood's home crowned with the sweet dignity of a life well spent.

Mr. Wallis' house was bought by Col. John A. Cobb. The place contained two hundred acres and Col. Cobb owned from Barber Street to the Normal School. From him all that part of the town was called Cobbham.

Another citizen who came to Athens at this time was Albon Chase. He was first associate editor of the *Athenian* which he bought from O. P. Shaw and converted into the *Athens Banner*. This he conducted with ability many years.

In the meantime he engaged in the book business with J. S. Peterson. With Dr. Linton he built the papermill and contributed in many ways to the growth of the town. For many years before his death Mr. Chase was secretary of the Southern Mutual Insurance Company. He was an ardent Democrat and a secessionist of the fire-eating type. He never sought an office and never forsook a friend. Quiet in manner, cautious in speech, firm in his convictions, he enjoyed the esteem of the entire community. He lived for a long time in the Presbyterian Manse, then built the house of Mr. Goodloe H. Yancey on Dearing Street where he died.

Still another accession was Thomas Bishop. Mr. Bishop came to Athens in 1835 and opened a modest store on Wall Street behind the old postoffice. One of his clerks was Geo. W. Williams, then fresh from his home, Nacoochee Valley. Mr. Bishop came upon him one day standing idly waiting for a customer with his hands in his pocket. "George," said he "you never see a man with his hands in his pockets who has work to do. Get the broom and sweep the store." How much that had to do with making the merchant prince of Charleston we cannot tell. Absolutely honest in all his dealings, Mr. Bishop had the confidence of everybody. He was small in statue, clean shaven, with a ruddy complexion and very white hair. He was sel-

dom seen outside his store except at the Presbyterian church, and there, scrupulously neat in dress, he appeared every Sunday with the regularity of the clock.

Mr. Bishop was a Northern man by birth and during the trying period of the war he never disguised his union sentiments, but such was his charity and his honesty that no harsh word was ever spoken of him and no suspicion ever attached to him.

Mr. Bishop was the first man to introduce a cooking stove in Athens, and in his advertisements when he first came he offered for sale "everything used to a first class grocery, *except liquors.*"

In 1829, Dr. Waddell sent in his resignation to the Trustees. Efforts were made to induce him to withdraw it, but his determination was taken. Arrangements were made for suitable ceremonies of a public and final leave-taking at the close of the commencement exercises, and on the day of his departure from home, the faculty and students marched to his house in a body to bid him farewell.

Some of the most distinguished men of the country passed out of the University as pupils of Dr. Waddell. Eugenius A. Nisbet, George F. Pierce, John A. Campbell, Paul F. Eve, Nathaniel M. Crawford, Robert Toombs, John N. Waddell, Charles J. Jenkins and many others of lesser note, but of wide reputation in their

own States, received the impress of his character while under his instruction at Athens.

Dr. Waddell returned to Willington and reopened the school he had left ten years before, but failing health compelled him to give up the work and he came back to Athens to spend the remainder of his days.

CHAPTER X.

Athens was now beginning to attract the attention of people from other sections. The University gave it a tone of intellectuality and culture. Its natural advantages, its freedom from malaria, its facilities for educating children all made it an attractive home.

As the population increased new lines of business were opened. Among these we note that James Hand opened a beef market and Samuel Frost an auctioneer's stand, and S. P. Sage a jewelry store and A. Brydie a tailoring emporium, where "fashions with designs and pictures will be received in the course of two weeks." In addition to these James Wittee notified the public that they might find a livery stable, confectioneries and meals at the "Coffee House" (we would say Cafe now) directly on the upper end of Main Street, leading to the Botanical Garden. This must have been on the site of the Windsor Hotel. Then "Mr. Washington Brown informs the ladies and gentlemen of Georgia, Alabama, Florida,

South and North Carolina and Virginia that he intends visiting them for the purpose of teaching Penmanship in all its various branches, viz: Genteel, Ornamental, Round, Italian, Sharp, Single, Flowery, Ditto Inverse, Double Ditto, Hieroglyphic and Business hand will be taught on the even and odd symmetry." That is perfectly clear to those who understand it and I suppose some did at that time.

The merchants too were becoming independent for they advertised that "after August 1st they will not send out or allow to be sent out from their stores any articles except shoes, corsets, corded skirts and Bishop sleeves by a servant for his owner to select therefrom." Perhaps the ladies can suggest why these exceptions were made.

Sam Frost was not only an auctioneer but he was an excellent cabinet maker and some of the old mahogany wardrobes and bureaus made by him are still doing service in Athens. He was also Justice of the Peace and his place of business was the old house, long known as Garebold's shop, which stood on the corner of Hull and Hancock Streets. The shop belonged to General Harden and it was suspected that the tenant paid his rent in verdicts for his landlord. When Howell Cobb was young at the bar he had a case before Frost with but little chance of success and with Gen. Harden representing the other side. He stopped

by the shop one day and said, "Squire, do you know what some of your enemies are saying?" "No, what?" said the squire stopping to spit on his hands. "Well they say that you pay your rent to Gen. Harden in verdicts for his clients." "Well it is a lie," said Frost. "I know it is" said said Mr. Cobb, "but that is what they say." When the case came to trial and was decided for Mr. Cobb, Gen. Harden, who ought to have gained it was utterly dumfounded. But when he heard how it happened he enjoyed the joke too much to move for a new trial.

One of the few locals in the *Athens Banner* in October 1835 says. "Our distinguished countryman John Howard Payne Esq., the accomplished dramatist and poet arrived in this place a few days since from the South West."

Payne was on his way to visit John Ross, the chief of the Cherokee Indians, and while there dabbled in politics which were at an acute stage, and was suspected of interfering to prevent the Cherokees from making a treaty with the United States. He was promptly arrested by the Georgia Guard, and but for the assistance of friends would have been imprisoned.

The story of John Howard Payne's friendship for Miss Mary Harden at whose house he was a guest while here has been often told and oftener exaggerated. There can be no doubt however

that he did address her if the following extract from a letter written by him to Miss Harden and preserved by her, is admitted as evidence: "I am conscious of my own unworthiness of the boon I desire from you, and cannot, dare not, ask you to give a decisive answer in my favor now, only permit me to hope that at some future time I may have the happiness of believing my affection returned, but at the same time I conjure you to remember in making your decision that it is in your power to render me happy or miserable."

The story that Mr. Payne gave Miss Mary the original of his poem, "Home, Sweet Home," can hardly be credited. He doubtless gave her a copy in his own hand writing but the poem was written nearly fifteen years before his visit to Athens and it is not probable that he ever knew whether the original was in existence.

John Howard Payne was an actor, a playwright, an editor, a cosmopolitan, a peripatetic man of the world. He was entertaining as a companion but did not appeal to General Harden as a prospective son-in-law, and if Miss Mary's young heart was touched her father soon healed the sore.

The Hardens were elegant people in their day and to them was assigned the honor of entertaining General Lafayette as their guest during his visit to Savannah in 1824. General Harden—he

got his title from the militia—was a good lawyer but a better boon companion. He brought from Savannah all the graces of that city's social life and very little money to support the hospitality he dispensed. He opened the first law school north of Augusta, but it was not pecuniarily successful. General Harden's brother married a daughter of Madame Gouvain

Mrs. Harden in her youth had been a great belle and even in old age was beautiful with her placid countenance, and cheeks faintly tinged with pink. She was one of those old ladies whose courtesy is shown alike to high and low, whom it is a privilege to know and a pleasure to meet.

Miss Mary was—well, my first recollections of her were during the war when she was reduced to great straits and her necessities did not permit her to indulge in new dresses and cosmetics. At times when she appeared upon the streets she looked odd to say the least. But Miss Mary was a very strong character and commanded the respect of everyone. I knew her well and she honored me with her confidence. She was highly educated, extremely courteous and rather effusive in manner, honest and sincere, independent and economical, *ex necessitate.* I was a pallbearer at her own and her mother's funerals and I valued the friendship of both those excellent ladies.

No sketch of Athens could afford to ignore the Hillyers a family which has been distinguished in Georgia for many years.

Mrs. Catherine Freeman and Mrs. Rebecca Hillyer, mother and daughter, both widows came from Wilkes County to Athens in 1818 for the purpose of educating the sons of Mrs. Hillyer, John, Junius and Granby. All three graduated at the University and all reached distinction in after life. John Hillyer taught school in Athens and studied for the ministry. He removed to Texas, where, after a career of singular usefulness he died at the age of eighty-nine.

Shaler Granby Hillyer also taught in Athens, having charge of the old Grammar School on Prince Avenue, and he, too, studied for the ministry. He was for many years a professor in Mercer University, and at the age of ninety preached with great power to a large audience.

Of Junius Hillyer I speak more particularly because he was so much longer a resident of Athens.

Junius Hillyer was fourteen years of age when he came to Athens with his mother. He entered the Freshman Class in College and was known as a diligent student throughout his college course. A college boy difficulty with Robert Toombs in which Hillyer was not adjudged in the wrong resulted in the expulsion of Toombs. Studying law in his senior year, Mr. Hillyer was admitted to the bar immediately after his graduation. He rose rapidly in his profession assuming in a short time a leading position in the famous Western Circuit.

At different times he held the positions of Solicitor General, Judge of the Western Circuit, Member of Congress and Solicitor of the United States Treasury. He was a Trustee both of Mercer and the State University.

Judge Hillyer was a positive man without being dictatorial. The set of his chin and the compression of his lips told you at once that his mind was made up. A stranger would have thought him austere, but he was not. He loved companionship, he had a keen sense of humor and said many quaint things which could come only from an original mind like his. He combatted the idea of the sanctity of the Church building. Said he "the Baptist Church belongs to me and Williams Rutherford and Mrs. Hamilton and this Congregation who built it to be comfortable, when we come together for worship, but it is no more sacred than my barn."

In 1871 Judge Hillyer removed to Decatur, Ga. where he lived until his death in 1888 having survived his wife eight years.

An evidence of improvement in Athens was the coming of John F. Goneke to devote himself to the uplifting of the musical taste of the people. Goneke taught music on all the instruments as well as voice culture. He organized a band, gave concerts and built a "concert hall" opposite the Athens Female Academy. This was on the rear of the old Frierson lot where he lived. Prior to

this concerts were held in the Chapel or the churches—Fourth of July orations were always delivered in the Churches because the Students monopolized the Chapel on that day. Mr. Goneke kept a music store also and managed to have something in his line going on all the time The band—"the Athens Band"—was composed of W. B. Wells, W. P. Sage, John J. Cary and George W. Scott with John Goneke for leader and they furnished the first instrumental music for the College Commencement. Before that they used to sing odes and hymns.

After Dr. Waddell left Athens Dr. Nathan Hoyt was called to the Presbyterian Church which he served as pastor for thirty-six years. During his long pastorate children were born, married and died, leaving another generation to grow up under his precepts. Dr. Hoyt was a sound theologian and a fearless speaker. He knew a good horse when he saw him, and would have no other kind. His factotum, old Daniel, was the sexton of the Church for many years, and Daniel never was sure which had the most authority, he or the Doctor.

Dr. Hoyt had many pecularities of manner which, however, affected neither his popularity nor his preaching. He was easily annoyed by noises in the church and would stop in his sermon until they ceased. Once I remember when a child cried during the preaching Dr. Hoyt stop-

ped and said "I cannot go on while the child is crying. If it cannot be quieted it must be taken from the house"—which the mother proceeded to do at once. When he saw his congregation getting restless during a sermon he would say "I shall soon be done," "I have only a little more to say," which at any rate had the effect of quieting them for a little while. Two sons of Dr. Hoyt entered the ministry. Dr. Henry Hoyt, now one of the fathers of the Athens Presbytery, and Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt late of Philadelphia, one of the distinguished preachers of America.

CHAPTER XI.

Until 1831 Watkinsville was the only voting precinct in Clarke County. It was an ardent party man who would ride seven miles to vote when there was no office in sight for him. But those were ardent party days. It was the time of the Troup and Clarke parties, a division among Georgians which citizens of other states did not share or appreciate. In Athens the Troup party was in the majority. It numbered Judge Joseph H. Lumpkin, the Hulls, Dr. Church, Col. Cobb, Letcher Mitchell, Dr. Moore, E. L. Newton, Mr. Camak, Dr. Reese, Dr. Tinsley, the Nisbets and Col. Billups on its roll, while the Clarke party claimed Mr. Thomas, the Phinizys, Wm. L. Mitchell, Junius Hillyer, Gov. Wilson Lumpkin, Gen. Harden, Mr. Chase, Blanton M. Hill and Mr.

Franklin. The Troup men aligned themselves with the Whigs and the Clarke men with the Democrats in National politics. Howell Cobb was a Troup man but a Democrat and though Clarke County was safely Whig, Howell Cobb always ran ahead of his ticket for every office he ever sought. Asbury Hull was leader of the Whigs.

During the intense political excitement between the Clarke and Troup parties, which perhaps was not surpassed by the antagonism of the Democrats to the Republicans in the hottest days of reconstruction, serious complaints were made by the Clarke party of the vicious influence of the University. It was charged that the Trustees were all Troup men and that only Troup men were put in the faculty, and worse than all, that their boys went to college and came home imbued with the damnable heresies of the Troup party, and forsaking the principles of their fathers, deserted to the ranks of the enemy.

This was too grave a charge to be ignored. Consequently, in 1830, the Legislature enacted a law increasing the number of trustees to twenty-eight, giving an equal representation on the board to the two political factions.

In that day, far more than now, the young men of Georgia were deeply interested in the great questions which agitated the country. It was no uncommon thing for a party of students to leave college to go to Watkinsville or Lexington, or

some other neighboring town to hear Mr. Crawford or Mr. Berrien, or Mr. Toombs or Mr. Stephens speak on the issues before the people, and on their return take their punishment as became men.

Fired with the enthusiasm of youth, some did not hestitate to attack the opposite party in their college speeches. At the first meeting of the Board of Trustees after its increase, a resolution was passed requiring the Faculty to exclude from the productions of the students at commencement, all political matter involving the party politics of the day.

Doubtless it was a proper inhibition and the party attacked keenly felt its necessity; but, the other side secretly enjoyed the situation none the less. Indeed, it was due to this fact that the students dared to hand in one speech to the Faculty and speak another on the stage, feeling sure of the support of his own side if the worst came.

The Legislature was a stiff lot in those days and whether Troup or Clarke men, believed firmly in the sovereignty of the State. While Geo. R. Gilmer was Governor an Indian was found guilty of killing a man in Hall County and sentenced to be hung. An appeal was made to the Supreme Court of the United States and Chief Justice Marshall sent an order to Gov. Gilmer to defer the execution until he could be tried before

the Supreme Court. Governor Gilmer laid the order before the Legislature who promptly sent a special messenger with an order to the Sheriff of Hall County to proceed immediately with the execution. They say old Judge Marshall was mad when he heard of it.

The financial panic which swept the country in 1873 was severely felt in Athens. The attendance of students in the University fell off, the banks stopped specie payment, expenses went up and profits went down. Cotton went down to five cents, negroes who cost $1200, were sold for from $200 to $300, and good land was offered at $2 and $3 per acre.

Great distress ensued and some of our wealthiest men came out of the wreck with nothing but their debts. One of these was Col. John A. Cobb who had become heavily involved in security debts and who surrendered all of a large property to his creditors. His negroes brought $90,000—even at panic prices. A gloom settled over the whole State and discouragement sat upon every face. A public meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church at which Dr. Hoyt presided to discuss the situation and it was resolved that the banks should suspend specie payment.

Amid this general despondency the intelligence was received of the drowning at sea of Major Oliver H. Prince and Mrs. Prince, who were on their way from the North on the "Home." The

ship was caught in a storm off Cape Hatteras and with few exceptions all on board were lost. One of those who escaped was John Bishop an uncle of the Hodgsons, who was on his way to Athens to take charge of the Botanical Garden. He brought the news of the disaster.

Mr. Prince lived at this time opposite the Upson place and owned almost all the land between Hill Street and Prince Avenue and indeed the latter street was named for him. He was a man of extensive culture and the author of many fugitve sketches. "The Militia Drill' in Georgia Scenes was written by him. Though his body was never buried, his fellow-citizens testified their esteem for him in a special memorial meeting in the chapel.

But even hard times and trouble can't utterly quench the spirits of young people. For while the panic was doing its worst the young ladies had a real May party, including queen and all. At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of May, 1837 (think of it, you girls who sleep away the afternoons) at 3 o'clock the beauty of Athens gathered in the grove where the Catholic church stands while the Athens band "played with its usual animated and finished style and with striking effect."

Miss Elizabeth Church was queen. As she entered upon the stage Miss America Adams preceded her, repeating lines. Miss Mildred Cobb

crowned the queen, who replied in a dignified strain. Miss Sarah Phinizy presented the scepter. Miss Mary Brown, the May pole; Miss Ann Hull, a white rose; Miss Eugenia Hamilton, a red rose; Misses Jane Hunt and Mary Athena Jackson, moss roses, and Miss Mary Goneke a badge. All these presentations were accompanied by suitable sentiments of loyalty expressed in verse, after which an ode was sung, the May pole surrounded and refreshments served.

Not long after that the "assembly room" of the hotel was converted into a theatre, where the drama of "Matteo Falcone" was enacted with songs and dances by Miss Meadows, Mr. and Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Brown. And to show how foreigners appreciated Athens, M. Le Baron De Fleur, pianist to the Emperor of Prussia, came all the way to give a concert in the chapel, for $1 per ticket.

Well, there was trouble enough abroad, and nobody begrudged these young people their pleasure.

In those days, when the people felt that they must have something, they put their hands down in their pockets and paid for it. When the town needed a grammar school the citizens put up the money and built one. When the old chapel was about to tumble down the friends of the college built another. When the need of a female academy was felt a subscription was taken up and the house was built.

And when, in 1845, a town hall was the one thing needed the citizens subscribed and built the old town hall in the middle of Washington street, whence it was removed a decade ago to serve the ignominious purpose of a livery stable until it was destroyed by fire.

The old town hall was a historic spot. It was built to provide a market on the ground floor, flanked by a calaboose on either side, with iron gratings and filth and smells malodorous. Above these was the hall. Its walls had resounded to the tones of Ben Hill and the Cobbs and Robert Toombs and Hope Hull and Alexander Stephens, and had re-echoed the drunken shrieks of Jess Bridges and Jack Yarborough from the cellar below. They had vibrated to the music of the elite of Athens society and had reflected the cries of the runaway negro in the hands of Daniel Clower. They had reverberated to the eloquence of Thos. R. R. Cobb when appealing for secession, had shaken with laughter at the negro minstrel show, had responded to the glees of old Kemmerer's singing school, had howled with the mob that lynched a negro rapist, had smiled with the lights and decorations of the Flower Queen, had seen the most delightful suppers, smelled to heaven with the tobacco-spitting crowd at a public meeting, revolted at the Radical gathering after the war and listened to the commencement eloquence of Carlton Hillyer's school.

Its bell, which now calls the children of the city schools to their daily tasks, rang every night at 9 o'clock to warn the negro of the curfew hour, and clanged the alarm of fire to rouse the citizens to their safety. The old Town Hall! with its avenue of China trees leading to the steps, and the town well on the side, the rendezvous of the incipient ward heeler on election days and the muster ground of the Mitchell Thunderbolts! But I am going too fast.

Some of the strictures on negro slaves seem funny, not to say harsh, to the present generation. For instance, no negro was allowed to own a dog; and negroes were not allowed to assemble on porches or other public places on Sunday; and negroes were not allowed on the street after nine o'clock at night without a pass; and it was discretionary with the Town Marshal to whip or confine all negroes found on the streets after nine o'clock, and the owner of slaves confined must pay $1.00 to the Marshal or have the slave whipped; and negroes were not allowed in a barroom at any time. These were not harsh laws. They were necessary police regulations, and were necessary for the good of the negro himself, as well as for the good order of the community.

CHAPTER XII.

John H. Newton was of Revolutionary stock. His father was a soldier in the Continental army

and his uncle was that Sergeant John Newton who, with Sergeant Jasper, captured the British soldiers and freed the American prisoners whom they were guarding. A marble font now marks the spot, near Savannah, erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution, to commemorate that heroic deed.

John H. Newton came to Athens from Jefferson county in 1837. He opened a store on Hancock avenue, just across from the Methodist church, below Mr. Hancock's hotel, but afterwards moved to the hotel corner on College avenue. Mr. Newton was a shrewd man of business, and accumulated a large property. At the close of the war he was the largest owner of wild lands in Georgia, some of which have since become very valuable. Mr. Newton was always open to a trade, and was a regular bidder at auctions. He once bought a hearse, and he owned a miscellaneous collection of articles, which would have put the Old Curiosity Shop to shame. Mr. Newton was a public-spirited man, always ready to aid in an enterprise for the public good. It was in 1841 that he advertised "a blacksmith shop adjoining Well's Livery Stable, under the management of William S. Hemphill, an experienced smith." Well's Livery Stable was where the Christian Church stands now. Mr. Newton was one of the largest contributors to the Lucy Cobb Institute, and President of the

Trustees until his death. He was a power in building the Eastern Railroad, and one of its first Directors. He was a kindly gentleman, whom everybody knew and whom everybody esteemed.

In May, 1840, the great Harrison freshet occurred—so called because General Harrison was a candidate for the Presidency that year. It rained from Monday until Friday. All the bridges and mills for miles around were washed away. The Athens Factory was nearly demolished, and houses near the river bank were carried a mile down stream.

Dr. Waddell, who after his resignation had gone to Willington, returned to Athens in failing health, was stricken with paralysis and died. He was a great man in every sense of the word, and was greatly lamented at his death.

Dr. Moses Waddell was born in Rowan county, N. C., in 1770. He attended a neighboring school, studying with such diligence that when he was but fourteen years of age he was invited to take a school at a little distance from his home, with the stipulated remuneration of $70 a year and his board. In 1786 he came to Greene county, Georgia, with his parents and opened another school. He was quite popular with the young people, and was invited to all their "parties," at which dancing was the chief feature of amusement.

Mr. Waddell became so fond of this pleasure that his indulgence in it brought him to the se-

rious reflection that it was harmful. So great was the temptation to him to dance that he finally changed his place of abode, going to the house of a pious gentleman, where he assiduously spent his evenings in the study of the classics.

Subsequently, in view of preparing himself to preach the gospel, he went to Hampden Sidney College, entering the senior class in 1791. For some years after he was licensed he preached and taught at different places, finally locating at Willington, S. C. In the meantime he had among his pupils William H. Crawford and John C. Calhoun, men who in after life became the peers of any this country has ever produced.

Mr. Waddell was married first to a sister of John C. Calhoun, who survived her marriage but little more than a year.

At Willington Dr. Waddell began a work of education which made him famous throughout the South. The school numbered at its maximum attendance 180, comprising boys who afterwards became the most distinguished men of South Carolina and Georgia.

When the University of Georgia was lying prostrate under the misfortune of President Finley's death, superadded to the distressing condition in which he found it, it was felt that Dr. Waddell was the only man who could undertake its resuscitation with any hope of success. The Trustees sent him an urgent invitation to assume

the presidency. Though very reluctant to face the responsibility of such a task, he yielded to the arguments of the committee who visited him, and removed to Athens in 1819.

The reputation of Dr. Waddell which had preceded him, added to his energy and high character, soon raised the enrollment of students from seven to more than one hundred.

His discipline was firm without severity, and those who trifled with him felt how severe he could be. No student ever tried it twice, and one, having come out from such an interview with him, said to a companion: "When you hear a boy bragging how he bullied Dr. Waddell, you may know he is lying, for it can't be done."

But with all his firmness Dr. Waddell had the tact to know when not to punish. One night he caught, as he believed, Ned B— playing cards. The next morning, overtaking him on the campus, the doctor said: "Edward, I think I saw you playing cards last night." "I reckon not, sir," said the culprit. "Yes, I am sure it was you," replied the doctor. "It couldn't have been me," answered Ned, "because I don't know the ace of jacks from the nine of deuces." Dr. Waddell smiled, but did not press the matter any further.

Under the laws of that day students were subject to militia duty. They organized a company among themselves and made a great frolic of the

whole affair. The name given the company was the "Franklin Blues." Henry C. Lea, who after his graduation married Miss Serena Rootes, was the first Captain. They turned out regularly, armed and equipped for drill and target shooting. On Fourth of July occasions they were in great demand, and always finished up at a banquet. The uniform was blue, with brass buttons, white trousers and high cap.

"Muster day" was held at Watkinsville, and was a great frolic. It proved so disastrous to study and good order that the Governor was appealed to to withdraw the arms which had been furnished the students. When an election was held for officers in this militia district a livery stable keeper named Pack Wells was a candidate for Major, and as many of the students owed him bills which he had been very forbearing in pressing, they all voted for him and elected him.

CHAPTER XIII.

With the reaction from the depression of the panic of 1837 came an increase in the business of the town and additions to its population. This was due in part to the completion, in 1841, of the Georgia Railroad to Athens, an event which had been long and anxiously expected.

When the Georgia Railroad reached the limits of the town on Carr's Hill it was thought in due time it would cross the river, a consummation long

wished for but not realized till forty years later. There no doubt lingers in the memory of many a traveller the horrors of the long ride between the depot and the hotel, as he was pitched about in Saulter's old omnibus, splashed with mud or suffocated with dust, according to the season of the year. The lost time, the broken vehicles, the personal discomfort and the work on the road aggregated during those forty years at a low valuation would have graded and equipped the railroad extension over again. The first train over the road was pulled by mules, and Mrs. Elizabeth Hodgson, Miss Ann and her brothers were passengers then, making their first visit to Athens. The track was of flat bar iron, laid on stringers, which in turn were laid on the crossties. Sometimes the flat rails would work loose and curl up. If the car wheel ran under it, as it sometimes did, the "snake head" would pierce the floor of the car and the passenger was lucky whose seat happened to be in some other place.

When the Georgia Railroad began to run regular trains a heavy fall of rain washed away an embankment near Union Point, and the train went into the washout, killing two men. In consequence of this the Directors very properly determined to abandon running trains after dark.

There is a delightful simplicity about this. Why should trains be run at night anyhow, when people ought to be at home with their families or

asleep in bed? Even day trains make far better time than wagon teams, and teamsters used to be satisfied with them. A stage line to a summer resort makes seventeen miles in six hours, and its patrons do not complain, but let them get on a railroad, and if they don't go that same distance in half an hour their rights are invaded, their dignity is upset, their digestion is impaired and their religion is seriously threatened!

In anticipation of the coming of the railroad a Mr. Evans purchased the land between Hill street and Prince avenue, built the house occupied by Mrs. Shepperson for his residence, and the old Stovall house for a hotel. All the angle between the two streets was forest, and the owner designed making it a park. Unfortunately financial troubles brought his lands to sale, and his plans never materialized. Henry Hull, Jr., bought the residence and Pleasant A. Stovall the hotel.

The time seemed propitious for selling the vacant lots on the south side of Broad street—or Front street, as it was then called. In 1843 Dr. Henry Hull was directed by the Trustees to survey these lots, which were laid off 42 by 120 feet, except the corner lots, and these were 34 by 120 feet.

Lot A, Bishop's corner, was sold to Thomas Andrews for $1,000.

Lot B, next on the east, was sold to John H. Newton for $876.

Lot C, for $801.25; D, for $700, to W. W. Clayton, W. M. Morton and John H. Newton.

Lot E, Webb & Crawford's corner, was sold to O. P. Shaw for $999.

Lot F, across the street, was sold to Asbury Hull for $700.

Lot G was sold to Morton & Bradford for $500.

Lots H, I and K were sold to W. Letcher Mitchell for $1,403. These were the old hotel lots extending to the corner of Thomas street.

In October, 1844, the following lots were sold, the numbers being those of Thomas' survey:

No. 72.	To Young L. G. Harris,...	$ 74 40
No. 73.	To Wm. A. Carr,.....	153 09
No. 74 to 77.	To Meredith Yarborough, ...	519 14
No. 78.	To Wm. A. Carr,.....	35 60
No. 79.	To P. Churchill,.....	143 55
No. 80.	To Chas. M. Reese,.....	78 16
No. 81.	To Wm. L. Mitchell,.....	25 25
No. 82 and 83.	To Jos. E. Maxwell,	201 00
No. 84.	To Andrew Baxter,.....	233 96
No. 85 and 86.	To Hugh O'K. Nesbitt	257 46
No. 87.	To James J. Taylor,.....	268 76
No. 88 to 89.	To Robt. Taylor,....	922 84
No. 92 and 93.	To John Billups...	355 70
No. 94 to 96.	To Asbury and Henry Hull.....	200 00
No. 97.	To Robert Taylor,.....	9 00

No. 98,	To Y. L. G. Harris,.....	50 00
No. 99,	To Wm. Lehmann,.....	20 00
No. 100,	To Y. L. G. Harris,.....	1 00
No. 101 to 104,	To A. Conger,.....	450 00
No. 105 to 106,	To A. Hull and Thos. Wray, ...	1000 00
No. 107,	To Edward Coppee,.....	350 00
No. 108 and 109,	To D. J. Lyle,....	300 00
No. 110,	To Jno. H. Newton,.....	166 00
	To Thos. Sansom,.....	600 00
	To Wm. Yoakum,.....	800 00
	To Thos. Bishop,..... .	1200 00

With the increased facilities for getting to Athens, citizens of other towns moved here, attracted by the cultured society of the place, the climate and the advantages of education. In the decade following 1840 many new houses were built. The Franklin House was built by Major Mitchell and the stores up to Bishop's corner. Across the street Mr. Wm. Dearing built the Central Hotel.

The Hotel which is being demolished as I write was all upstairs, the first floor being devoted to stores and the access was by outside stairs on Wall street. They were last in use when John H. Christy published the *Southern Watchman* in the hotel parlor. Mr. Elizur L. Newton afterwards built a much more pretentious and commodious hotel and called it the Newton House. In fact it was such a convenient hotel in every re-

spect that all its rivals have gone down in defeat and no one had the temerity to build another to this day. Major Walker built Dr. Speer's house which was owned successively by Col. Hamilton and Mr. John H. Newton. Dr. Gerdine's house was built by S. J. Mayes an old merchant who lived and died there. Mr. Stern's house was built by Dr. Coppee, a cultured gentleman from Savannah whose daughter married Bishop Stevens of Philadelphia and whose son Henry became the distinguished President of Lehigh University.

The new Episcopal Church and the brick Methodist Church were completed. The Presbyterian manse was erected by Albon Chase, and the old Holbrook corner store and dwelling followed. How many persons I wonder remember Bill Holbrook, that cheerful idiot who lived to be fifty years old, forty-five of which he spent looking over the fence occasionally venturing on the street in a long white, but soiled cotton dress?

Nathan Holbrook died when a young man. He was a member of the Athens Guards and was buried with military honors. Old Mr. Holbrook left the bulk of his estate to the Presbyterian Church and some trouble along with it. It is evident that the divine economy didn't contemplate legacies being left to churches for investment But this is wandering far from the improvements in real estate of which I was telling.

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OLD HOME OF MRS. PENINA THOMAS

Watkins Baynon's, Mrs. Golding's, General Harden's, Mrs. Reese's, Mr. Thomas' and Mr. Blanton Hill's houses followed in quick succession. Then Mr. Carlton built him a house where Mrs. Mandeville lived, and Ross Crane another where Mrs. Marks lives, both substantial brick houses, which today testify to the excellent work they did. Mr. Towns put up the house where his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Orr, lived and which Townie now owns. Mr. T. R. R. Cobb renovated the old Jesse Robinson place, Judge Lumpkin built the Home School, Dr. Charles M. Reese the Fleming house and Mr. James Camak the handsome old house on the hill. Just opposite was Mrs. James D. Stevens', an old frame building, which she replaced with a handsome brick residence on the site of the Court House. This was burned in 1859, soon after it was completed.

The elegant old brick mansion back of the Episcopal Church was built by Gen. Howell Cobb, and it is betraying no confidence to say that Judge Cobb was born there in 1842.

It was sold to Mrs. Peninah Thomas who lived there many years and made it one of the most beautiful homes in the town. Mrs. DuBose's house was built by Gen. Robert Taylor and his son James lived just opposite. This house is often pointed out as the home of Henry Grady but as a matter of fact his family had lived there a little more than a year when Henry left Athens.

Col. John Billups made his home where Mrs. Crane now lives, but the old house was burned, and just beyond, Mr. Franklin had a beautiful chateau built of cedar and adorned within and without with all that wealth and taste could supply.

Passing on we come to Mr. Upson's place, built by Dr. Franklin who was accidently killed in the machinery of a mine near Dahlonega before he ever occupied the house. Old Mrs. Long bought the place and it eventually fell to Giles Mitchell her son in law who lived there until his death. Across the street was the preparatory department of the University, first conducted as a Manual Labor School by Moses W. Dobbins, then as a Grammar School by Shaler G. Hillyer, but now fallen into a state of desuetude. It was said that Mr. Dobbins could come nearer wrapping a hickory around a boy's legs than any man of his day.

During this period, too, was built the old stone house of Governor Wilson Lumpkin and the Brittain place across the road, which had been the home of Mrs. Rebecca Hillyer, was bought and repaired by Prof. Williams Rutherford. The old Bancroft house, a little bandbox of a place on the hill above the Tanyard branch, was built by Prof. Lehmann, and Mr. Thomas Wray, a wealthy planter, erected the Nicholson house, where Phil, Fanny and Watt lived from boyhood to mature years.

These are only some of the houses which were built from 1840 to 1850, and show the influx of new people who recognized the advantages which Athens offered as a home.

CHAPTER XIV.

The rise in cotton not only gave a stimulus to real estate, but to the matrimonial market as well.

The following description of a wedding was found in an old letter written by Mr. Cobb in October, 1842:

"Yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock Bob Thomas came post haste to tell me that there was a lady at his mother's who was anxious to see me immediately. On repairing thither Miss Anna made her appearance. It seems she had just received an invitation to be bridesmaids to Miss Brockman for herself and Sarah Phinizy through her negro girl Sally. They were doubtful who were to wait with them, when Sally informed them they were to select their own partners. Mr. Cobb was requested to attend with Ann. And Mr. Cobb did. And such a wedding I do not suppose was ever had before. The bridesmaids had never seen the bride, and the attendants previously chosen were informed that there was "no further use for their services. About half the company was from Athens, the remainder pure specimens of the Democracy. The

country beaux backed out; the town beaux would not become acquainted with the country girls, so Mr. Cobb had to entertain part of the company, while the remainder entertained themselves watching him. At the table I solicited the bride to take something more. She thanked me, but she was 'perfectly full.' The bridegroom was pressed to eat, but said he had 'eat powerful.' "

And what of some of the people who were the bulwarks of the town in this progressive period? One unique figure appears toiling up from the tanyard branch, short-legged and almost dwarfish, dressed out in black coat, high black stock and high silk hat. His hair is cropped short and his face as red as a beet. But his blue eye has a twinkle in it and a smile and an Irish brogue breaks forth at your greeting. This is John Kirkpatrick—"Squire Kirk," as everybody called him—a tanner, with evidences of his trade clinging to him, a jolly Irishman, honest as the day; a Presbyterian elder, who prayed both with unction and with brogue; a Justice of the Peace, who was proud of the office; a man who greeted you with a countenance that beamed on you with the placidity of the moon and the color of the setting sun.

Another Presbyterian elder, though a very different one, was William L. Mitchell, who was sometimes irreverently called "Slickhead," from the way he brushed his hair, to distinguish him

from a cousin of the same name. Mr. Mitchell might be called intense. He was positive in every phase of his character—a warm friend, a bitter enemy, a hard fighter, a devoted partisan. He hated the Yankees and despised every church but the Presbyterian. He was naturally dogmatic and pitied those who could not agree with him. His originality was most delightful and made him to the writer a most attractive companion. He declared in Sunday school once that the Episcopalians interpreted the command "Drink ye all of it" at the Lord's Supper to mean to drink all of the wine, and that sometimes they consecrated a good deal, expecting a large congregation, but if only a few came the minister and the vestrymen had to drink it all up, "and sometimes," said he, "they get drunk."

The Colonel said that Paul's thorn in the flesh was his wife, and he came to this conclusion after mature deliberation. He also gave Abraham the rank of Brigadier General, and said Esau's authority was exactly that of a Major of Georgia militia.

Colonel Mitchell was a lawyer by profession, and acquired a modest competency at the bar. He was an active Trustee of the University, and at the same time Secretary and Treasurer and Professor of Law. For years he was a sufferer from asthma, and he appeared more of an invalid than one would suppose from the energy he displayed.

Mr Mitchell married, first a daughter of Dr. Neisler, and his second wife was Miss Bass, who had been a teacher and was a very intelligent woman.

Still another Presbyterian elder was Elizur L. Newton, one of the oldest residents of Athens. He went to school here as a little boy, and died here an old man. He was a prosperous merchant, but prospering rather by close economy and small profits than by venturesome speculation. He said he was never tempted to spend five cents just because he had it, and he never did spend it except for something he needed. If a man owed him he never left off until he collected the debt. It might be years, but he never relaxed his efforts. But while Mr. Newton wanted all that was due him, and though he was a close trader, he was a liberal giver, and the Presbyterian church had no more staunch supporter than he. Mr. Newton was of large and unwieldy stature, and in his latter years grew very round-shouldered. With long gray hair, a large, loose, brown overcoat, large slouch hat and stout cane, his figure advancing with slow and measured step, was impressive from its very massiveness. Mr. Newton built and owned the Newton House, now the Commercial Hotel, and his residence adjoining it, now torn down, was a handsome house in its day.

Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Newton could never agree, and the fates seemed to keep them at odds.

Mr. Mitchell said Mr. Newton was dull and couldn't understand; Mr. Newton said Mr. Mitchell was obstinate and wouldn't understand. But there was no better man than Elizur Newton, and when he died in his comfortable home on Baxter street many another man could have been better spared.

Dr. Edward R. Ware came to Athens in 1829. He was a physician, enjoying a successful practice in partnership with Dr. Henry Hull, they having married sisters. After accumulating a sufficient property he retired from the practice of medicine and lived a life of quiet ease, taking care of his own and eschewing all interference with other folks. Like his former partner, his daily routine was to go "down town," sit an hour or two in the Insurance Office, make the rounds of the stores and go home to dinner. Quiet almost to timidity, Dr. Ware rarely conversed. He listened. But he was esteemed for his sound judgment, his sincerity and his integrity of character. His counterpart was Mrs. Ware. Full of life, loving the company of old and young, rich and poor, hospitable to lavishness, never too sick to go to a "party," and never too tired to give one, she was universally popular and retained till her last illness that youthful vivacity and unfeigned cordiality which, added to the other attractions of her elegant home, made it one of the centers of the social life of Athens.

William M. Morton was a citizen who was always to be reckoned with when a proposition of a public nature came up. Mr. Morton was a merchant, and was the first fire insurance agent in the town. He kept hotels, farmed and traded in everything that would sell. He had many ups and downs and experienced all the smiles and frowns of a fickle fortune. At one time he had a multifarious business and plenty of money; at another he had nothing but creditors. But his energy never relaxed, and he would get on his feet again and take his share in every public enterprise. Mr. Morton was once Mayor of the town and was at the same time a member of the Methodist Church. It was reported that when on a visit to New York he went to the theater, and Brother Billy Parks "had him up" about it. Mr. Morton said in extenuation that he went to the theater as the Mayor of Athens. "And when the devil calls for the Mayor, where will Brother Morton be?" said the uncompromising pastor.

CHAPTER XV.

In 1844 there were two places where the small boy was tempted to spend his half-dime—"A. Brydie, Confectioner and Proprietor of the Temperance Coffee House and Bath House," where McDowell's building is now, and "Wm. A. Talmadge, Confectioner." Ice cream was to be had at the latter place, but with ice "at five cents a

pound to clubs of twenty" it must have been an expensive luxury. In later years Hansel, a free negro, kept a cake shop behind Huggins' old store on Jackson street, and inaugurated the delivery system with a small cart and pony. There linger still toothsome recollections of his ginger cakes, so slick on top, and tea cakes sprinkled over with sugar. Hansel was stabbed in 1855 by a negro belonging to Mrs. Golding and instantly killed He was killed in his home, a little house on the corner where Michael's store stands, and where Mr. S. J. Mays lived until he built the Gerdine house. Hansel had bought his wife, Hopey, from Mr. Asbury Hull, and after his death for a long time she continued to tempt the palate with her cakes and confections.

As to ice, for many years an old ice house stood where Billups Phinizy's warehouse is, and when the pond was frozen over the citizens interested sent their wagons and hauled in enough ice to fill it. That supply, however, was very precarious, since the pond was frozen over once in about five years.

But who cared for ice with such wells and springs bubbling up on every side with purest water fresh from mountain reservoirs, cold and clear, when no suspicion of bacteria invaded the mind, and boiled water was unkonwn except in connection with soapsuds?

The streets in Athens were without official

names for many years. Indeed, in so small a town there seemed to be little use for them. Every inhabitant knew where to find everybody else, and as for strangers—why, it was easy for them to ask directions. Broad street was known both as Front and Public street. Mr. John H. Newton advertised that he would open a store "next door to Mr. Hancock's." The *Banner* published that its "office was moved to the new wood building a few yards west of the Postoffice, on the principal thoroughfare through the town." But afterwards it was more specific when it announced that "the office of the *Southern Banner* will be found in the two-story wooden building on the corner of Front street and College avenue, opposite the College campus on one side and Newton's brick range on the other."

An example of the inexactness of locations and metes and bounds at that time is found in a mortgage executed by B. Herring to "a lot between Mrs. De Trobiand's and W. L. Mitchell, about thirty-nine steps in front, thirty-one steps on the back line, and about forty-four steps in length, fronting the street." Could anybody locate that lot from such a description?

A systematic scheme for naming the streets was not adopted until 1857, and then at the instance of Captain Frank Hill, who was a member of the Town Council.

Two brothers, T. Addison Richards and Wil-

liam C. Richards, were great additions to the growing town in the forties. Addison Richards was an artist of no mean skill, his brother a poet and musician, and both men of more than ordinary literary culture. Mrs. William C. Richards was Principal of a flourishing girls' school, called the Athens High School. At the time I refer to she taught in the Demaris Baldwin house, still standing on Jackson street, between Hancock and Dougherty, and once owned by the writer.

A May party was given by this school in 1843, which for many years was spoken of as a gem of its kind. It was designed by Mr. Richards, and the recitations in verse were written by him for the occasion. The throne was on the front porch, which was massed with flowers and vines. The audience sat in the front yard. The Queen was Minerva Winstead; Sarah Baxter, the bearer of the crown, and Ann Waddell, the herald; Elizabath Winstead and Blandina Baxter were maids of honor, and Claudia Clayton bore the scepter. Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter were represented by Jane Billups, Batavia Thomas, Sue Lampkin and Ella Hill. Jane Reese and Elizabeth Ware bore garlands, while Ellen Richards personated Flora, and Sarah Baxter, who crowned the Queen, was Hope. It was a bevy of belles, and the play was as beautiful as the day was fair. After the programme was completed elegant refreshments were served to the audience,

and still later the entire company adjourned at six o'clock to attend another May party given by Miss Lord's school, the Athens Academy, on the Scudder lot.

As an evidence of the progress of Athens we note that soon after these May parties, and possibly suggested by them, Prof. Whale opened a "dancing academy" over Huggins' store. Who that ever saw that old store could conceive of a dancing school in the second story? And in addition to that, Monsieur G. L. Jules D'Autel opened a French boarding-house, with a French cook and French dishes where the boarders might learn the French language gratis. And on top of all came a menagerie traveling through the country as they were wont to do, exhibiting a taper, a hippopotamus—the first ever in America—an ocelot from the Amazon river, a vulture king, a ghetah and many strange animals which have since become extinct.

John Bishop who escaped in the wreck of the *Home,* was a skilled gardener and came to Athens to superintend the botanical garden. This garden was attached to the chair of natural history in the college of which Dr. Malthus Ward was professor. Dr. Ward had none of the elements of manly beauty. His features were not harmonious, his figure was ungainly and his costume composed of parts belonging to different ages. But he was a gentleman of education and

an enthusiastic botanist, and a gentler, kindlier man never lived. In a recitation in botany, the professor asked a student how many species of a certain plant there were. The young man replied at a venture, "Three, sir." "Yes, yes," said the doctor, "but there were formerly only two, and the same now is." The quaintness of his expressions seemed to impress his lectures on the students. He once said, "Words, young gentlemen, are only pegs on which to hang our ideas." This struck the boys' fancy and ever afterwards the old professor was know as "Dr. Pegs."

After his connection with the college ceased, Dr. Ward lived for many years and until his death, at his home on the hill beyond the branch, amid the flowers and fruits and many varieties of ornamental trees he had planted years before.

The botanical garden was located across Board Street from Dr. Ward's home and included the square between Finley and Pope Streets. It was beautifully laid off and planted with many kinds of trees and shrubs and flowers. Here grew a willow grown from a cutting brought from the tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena; here were plants from the Cape of Good Hope, and trees from England, and it was designed to have a garden where students of botany might come from all parts of the South and study the specimens from life.

Many an hour in that delightful resort of former days have students and townsmen whiled away, enjoying the *dolce far niente* under the willows or stretched beside the little lake, or strolling along the shaded walks. That charming retreat, hallowed by many a whispered confession and brightened by many a blushing admission, fragrant with flowers, tinted with the sunset's gold, and musical with the thrush and mocking bird, is now, alas! the washing-ground of the loud-mouthed colored laundress; and a few old cedars, a broken hedge of osage orange, a poplar, and mayhap, a willow, are the sole relics of its ancient beauty.

A unique figure, familiar in the fifties, was John Jacobus Flournoy. Of good birth and with a liberal education, improved by travel abroad, his associations were among the best people, but with the loss of hearing came proverty and affliction, and unbalanced in mind he drifted away to the lowest stratum of society. Although totally deaf, he readily understood a speaker by the movements of his lips, and could converse fairly well. He was an inveterate contributor to the newspapers, and whole columns of exhortations to morality and complaints of the degeneracy of the times were published, until at last the editors refused to receive them. Then he paid for their insertion, and when no longer able to do that addressed his manuscripts to indivi-

duals. He was opposed to slavery and advocated the expulsion of the negro from the country. In the division of his father's estate he refused to take either negroes or money derived from their sale and ordered the executor to send his share of the negroes to Africa.

He was a believer in polygamy and had several wives—not all at the same time, however. He and they did not agree, if his publications are taken as testimony. The following advertisement appeared in 1856:

NOTICE.

The public will be reassured to observe that I will pay nothing not cognizable by me as a debt. My wife alternately leaves me and returns, and is now reabsconded, uncertain whether or not to come home any more. My offence is inability to support her in the extravagance she wants. I can scarcely call a dollar my own. The genius of woman is the talent of Satan. She it is that must be overmastered.

J. J. Flournoy.

In 1858 another wife died, aged 16. Then he published a dissertation on trigamy, entitled, "Go to the Bible." The next year he married the third or fourth wife who, as he complained through the prints, soon after left him "to follow her own devious way." She died in 1863, aged 18. Mr. Flournoy was a striking figure in his latter days when he appeared on the streets with

uncut hair and beard, both white and very bushy, riding upon a small donkey, and clad, though summer it was, in an India rubber overcoat. He died in great proverty in Jackson County after the war.

In 1844 a ruddy youth, fresh from the Emerald Isle, came to Athens, and obtained employment in the drug store of A. Alexander & Co., on College Avenue. Not long afterward, on the occasion of a temperance rally, he was invited to make an address. His speech, delivered with all the fervor of an Irish orator, brought him into prominence and social recognition. Judge Joseph H. Lumpkin was attracted to him, and advised him to fit himself for the bar, offering, if he could make his own board, to give him instruction and lend him the books necessary for the study of the law. He readily accepted the offer, and was in due time admitted to the bar. This was O. A. Lochrane, in after years Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia. He formed a partnership with Thos. U. Camak, and soon after married a daughter of Henry G. Lamar. Mr. Lamar then lived in Mr. Upson's house on Prince Avenue where the marriage took place. Afterwards they all moved to Macon.

CHAPTER XVI.

Some of my readers will remember a little old lady, dressed in drab, with a poke bonnet, and ear trumpet, very deaf, and very active in the

years before the war. This was Madame Gouvain. The following autobiographical sketch given me by her granddaughter, Mrs. S. C. Reese, will introduce her: "The long literary of my name is Rosalie Renie Marie Claudine Josephine Yvron Vincent Dennis, de Kedeyon, de Trobriand, daughter of Chevelier de Trobriand. I was born 7th of May, 1777, in Treguier, Brittany. Transported by the events of the Revolution, with my parents, and put under the surveillance of the Republicans at Montmartre, near Paris, I married General Ange de la Perriere in 1793. I have two sons—one dead. My present living son is Col. Ange Adrian de la Perriere. I married a second time, M. Gouvain, a most amiable gentleman, but not of nobility, but highly respectable and intelligent, in 1799. I have two beautiful children, William and Marie Antoinette. I first came to America on a visit, by invitation, to Governor Monroe, of Richmond, Va., 1802. From there we go to West Indies, and stay three years, where was born my daughter at Martinique, the birthplace of Josephine, which incident greatly attached my daughter to the Empress. From there I go to Philadelphia, and very soon embark for France, to remain awhile, and bring back my two sons, who I left in France, the eldest at the School of Nobility, the younger with my sister, Countesse de Villars. In the meantime my husband came to Athens, in

advance of me, to take possession of my great estates, which consisted principally of lands, I having given in exchange for the Count D'Estaing claims my plantation and negroes at West Indies. I enjoy the society of my family awhile, then go to my country seat, near Malmaison, where was the Empress in deep despair. I often spent hours with her, and permit my little child to go with her, as she was pleased to see her. Through her influence, Napoleon admitted my son to the school. On the night of the illumination of Paris, the event of Napoleon's marriage to Marie Louise, I bid adieu to my native land, with my interesting children, to join M. Gouvain in Georgia, and I came to Athens in September, 1810. Exiled from my connections, a perfect stranger to the manners of this new country, I soon experienced a change of fortune. A grand alarm was given, and for fear of an attack, all the women and children went in the College to be protected against the Indians. My son William, of thirteen years, would show his bravery and stood guard all day and night, took a violent cold, and died from the effects. Deprived by the Indians was I at that time of my eldest son, Ange de la Perriere, then sixteen years of age, whose valor engaged as a simple volunteer, in order, he said, to prove himself a true American, and, if he die, to create some friendly protection to his dear mother. He was wounded, but was much

admired for his bravery. A second time he enrolled in the Seminole war, and at nineteen was promoted by Gen. Andrew Jackson to the title of Lieutenant Colonel. My daughter married, in 1819, Dr. R. R. Harden, who had settled on his planation, near Athens. I divided the wreck of my once grand fortune with my children, and was content to live in retirement and tranquillity, but alas, the fire, with all its fury, destroyed the remnant of my poor fortune."

The D'Estaing claim was a track of land in Clarke and Madison Counties, beyond the Hull place on Trail Creek.

The tract had been granted to Count D'Estaing in consideration of his services to the State of Georgia at Savannah during the Revolution. The Count probably never saw it, but his description of it induced Madame Gouvain to exchange for it a valuable plantation in the West Indies and she came here to occupy it.

M. Gouvain, who had been private secretary to President Monroe, had preceded Madame and built a "chateau" on the present site of the Georgia Railroad depot. It was later known as the "Wilkerson place" and was removed to make room for the depot. The frame rebuilt in a little house opposite the Cotton Compress bears no resemblance to the low roofed chateau.

Madame Gouvain was a charming old lady, with all the graces of the French court. And

how could she be otherwise. Her first husband, Ange De la Perriere was a general in the French army. Her sister, the Countess De Vue De Villars, was maid of honor to the Empress Josephine at Malmaison after Napoleon had divorced her. Madame Gouvain was her neighbor and friend. She was the aunt of General Bolivar, the South American patriot, for whom Bolivia was named, and she had been much in the society of the most distinguished people of her day and generation.

Madame Gouvain was small in stature, active and vivacious. She was often at my father's house where she was always a welcome guest and the whole family esteemed her highly.

In 1830 she returned to France, recovered a remnant of her property there and came back to end her days among her grand-children in Athens. Dr. Lovick Pierce received her into the Methodist Church, and forty years afterward preached her funeral sermon.

One of the Rectors of the Episcopal Church was the Rev. Mr. Linebaugh. He was a man of fair ability and eminent for social qualities. A charming companion, a regular *bon vivant,* he loved a hunting party more than the prayer service, and preferred a good story to theology. He was a good cook, and frequently invited his friends to taste his dishes, and "Linebaugh coffee" created an active demand for the "Linebaugh

coffee pot." Mr. Linebaugh became too fond of the inebriating cup for his own good, a habit contracted—so Mr. Mitchell said—from his interpretation of the command "Drink ye all of it." Mr. Linebaugh, so it was said, consecrated more wine than was needed for the communion service, and in obedience to that command drank all that was left. At any rate he became an inebriate and a bankrupt, and retired to the plantation of a relative in Alabama, where he passed the remnant of his days under the strictest surveillance, lest he should smuggle a bottle of contraband liquor.

Perhaps the best known man of his day was Capt. W. H. Dorsey. As Marshal of the town, Clerk of the Council, tax collector, auctioneer, commission agent, conductor of the omnibus line, he had a pleasant word or a quick repartee for everyone. He was everybody's friend, and the widow and the orphan, not to speak of other folks, called him for all sorts of services, which he cheerfully performed. I well remember how, during the war, Captain Dorsey used to come over from the depot on the omnibus, calling out the news as he passed up the street, with all the embellishments that voice and gesture could give.

Capt. Dorsey was portly in figure and impressive in manner and a large family connection in Athens trace their descent from him.

A familiar figure on the streets was old Billy Nabers. He came to Athens when a boy, settling

on a farm about six miles from town, and a more amiable man never lived. He accumulated some property and was a good citizen, but he became far too fond of liquor, and never came to town but he went away full. He always wore spike-tail coats, cut high in the neck, and one particular blue coat with brass buttons he kept for Commencement Day. For forty years he never missed wearing that coat on that occasion Though a hard drinker all his life, and undergoing much exposure, he was remarkably healthy, and died a little under eighty.

CHAPTER XVII.

Athens was now in her palmiest anti-bellum days. Population was increasing, business was enlarged, wealth accumulated. Taxes were low —12 1-2 cents per $100, and provisions cheap. Chickens at five cents, beef at three cents, turkey gobblers at three for a dollar, were attractions that could not be withstood. True there were no daily papers, no butchers' markets, no delivery of goods, no pavements, no street lamps, but there was comfort and elegance in living, a refined and cultivated society, and all the elements of an attractive home.

A census of the town was taken by Capt. Dorsey, the Marshal, in 1852, and showed a population of 3,462, white and black.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



RESIDENCE OF MR. A. L. HULL—BUILT 1856

From 1815 to 1860 Milledge Avenue was settled. Mrs. Stovall's house, built by Mr. Sayre, Dr. Hunnicutt's by Jno. F. Phinizy, the Lucy Cobb Institute, Mr. J. M. Hodgson's, Dr. Hamilton's, Mrs. Phinizy's, Mr. Hull's, Mr. Dearing's, Col. Thurmond's and Mr. Yancey's, all sprang up a settlement in the woods. An old land mark, Huggins's store, was removed to the Botanical Garden lot, and converted into the Swann house. It its place the State Bank and Southern Mutual Insurance Company erected the buliding now the National Bank, and from the Georgia National Bank around to McDowell's was rebuilt anew. The old Georgia Railroad depot on Carr's hill was built in 1856 by Mr. James Carlton, and the residence of Dr. Lyndon, at the head of Jackson Street was built by Dr. E. R. Ware.

Those lots west of Pulaski Street were held by the University until 1857, when they were sold, as follows:

No. 33	and 44, Mrs. Stovall's and lot in rear, sold to J. S. and S. D. Linton, ...	$1500
No. 34,	Mr. McMahan, to Geo. P. Fellows, ...	500
No. 38	and 39, Dr. H. C. White to A. P. Dearing.....	800
No. 40,	A. L. Hull to Mrs. Wm. Dearing, ...	600
No. 42,	Dr. Lipscomb to J. T. Lumpkin,	400

No. 43,	Judge Herrington and the Villa to Mary Matthews, ...	600
No. 47	and 58, Dr. J. A. Hunnicutt to Jno. F. Phinizy, ...	1400
No. 48	and 57, Lucy Cobb Institute,...	800
No. 49	and 56, J. M. Hodgson and A. E. Griffeth to Jos. T. Lumpkin,.	800
No. 50	and 55, Dr. Hamilton to J. T. Lumpkin and Jas. Jackson, ...	800
No. 51	and 54, Mrs. F. Phinizy to Jno. T. Grant, ...	800
No. 52	and 53, A. P. Dearing, ...	800
No. 60.	Mrs. Wilkins to Albon Chase,..	150
No. 61	to 65, From Wilkins to Hancock Ave., to W. W. Lumpkin, ...	1000
No. 66	to 71, From Hancock Ave. to Waddell St., to T. R. R. Cobb, .	1050

The total sales, it will be seen, of all the lots sold from the Milledge donation of six hundred acres, aggregated $27,000.

About this time there seems to have been unusual meteorological disturbances. Violent floods washed away all the bridges in 1854. Early in 1856 snow laid unmelted on the ground for thirty-three days, and a young man, James Merrit, was frozen to death at Barber's brick yard—now on Mr. Linton's place. In January, 1857, the mer-

cury fell to three degrees below zero, a feat never since accomplished in this place, but once when a few years ago it dropped to—5.

A telegraph line was completed to Union Point in 1852, but it was a short lived enterprise. The patronage did not pay the expenses of the operator, and complaints were filed that messages were sent and had not been heard from three weeks afterwards.

In 1853 an office of Combs Express Company was opened with Terrell M. Lampkin, Agent, subsequently changed to Adams Express, and later to the Southern Express Company, with Captain William Williams as Agent in 1862..

For thirty years this sturdy son of Wales, a sea captain in his earlier years, served the company in this office and then with a life pension spent his few remaining years amid the flowers of a suburban home.

The first Gas Works were put up by Grady & Nicholson near by their store on Thomas Street. The gas was made from pinewood, and was a slight improvement on candles. Their patrons, however, were willing to put up with less light—as compared with the lard oil lamp—for more convenience. The pipes were laid by Jack O'Farrell with a thoroughness yet to be seen in some of the older houses of the city.

When lightwood became scarce the supply of gas became precarious and one never knew when

the house would be precipitated into Cimmerian darkness. During a session of the Methodist conference here Rev. Harwell Parks announced "Dr. W. P. Harrison will preach to-night. There will be plenty of gas." As Dr. Harrison was given to talk and sometimes scattered badly the announcement was greeted with applause.

When Jefferson Lamar was married, in the midst of the festivities the gas went out leaving the wedding party in darkness. Not long afterwards Captain Lamar went into the army and was killed in battle. An old family servant who had long been dead appeared in a troubled state of mind and in consequence thereof the house became haunted. I do not know whether the present occupant has seen spooks in the house or not, but reputable witnesses say they used to be seen—when the gas was poor.

A sad occurrence in 1852 was the death of Frank Bryan a student in College from Florida. A May freshet had swollen the river until the water below the dam at the factory was almost on a level with that above and all the banks were overflowed. Bryan who was a strong swimmer wagered a bet that he could swim across the river and in spite of the entreaties of his friends made the attempt. Half way across he was swept under by the boiling current and drowned. His

body was found after the water subsided caught between the rocks below the dam.

The Athens Steam Company, later known as the Athens Foundry after many discouragements, had gotten well upon its feet when it was destroyed by fire in 1853. Again an agitation about a fire engine ensued which calmed down until Witherspoon's planing mill burned with a large lot of material. This brought the fire engine subject to a focus, and the "Independence," a second-hand machine, was bought in Augusta, which served for many years under the name "Relief," and was itself burned forty years later, while quietly reposing in a wooden shed.

When "Relief" was bought "A Citizen" opposed its introduction, on the ground that somebody would set fire to a house just to see it work. Sure enough, soon after, Dr. Carlton's stable was burned at midday—nobody knew how—while the company was out on parade.

In 1857 "Hope" was brought out and under Captain Reuben Nickerson saw its first service at the burning of Athens Factory and did good work in saving adjoining houses.

Captain Nickerson was an enthusiastic fireman. He so distinguished himself at the Witherspoon fire that the citizens presented him with a silver plate.

"Pioneer" Hook and Ladder Company was or-

ganized a little later and rose to fame under Captain Henry Beusse.

The Presbyterians and Baptists had for a long time been worshiping in their old churches on the Campus—the first on the site of the Academic building, the other on the corner of Broad and Lumpkin streets.

The new Presbyterian Church was built in 1855, by Ross Crane at a cost of $10,000, and the Baptist church by Mr. Carlton in 1860. The negroes were permitted to hold their services in the old churches. When the Trustees of the College ordered their removal, the Baptist Church was destroyed by fire, it was believed, by some enraged colored brother who while believing in plenty of water did not underate the efficacy of fire.

In 1837, upon the application of Rev. John J. Hunt, the Trustees granted the use of a lot for the erection of the Episcopal Church upon the same terms as in the case of the Presbyterian and Baptist. The church was not built until some years later, and was consecrated by Bishop Elliott in 1843. Prior to this Prof. William Bacon Stevens—afterwards Bishop Stevens—was ordained a deacon and preached in the old Town Hall. He served the church as rector and was followed by Mr. Linebaugh and Dr. Henderson.

There are enough citizens of Athens who recall the old church as it stood on the corner of Clayton

and Lumpkin Streets before it was taken down and rebuilt in the rear of the new Emmanuel Church.

Dr. Matthew H. Henderson, for many years rector of the Episcopal Church was a quiet, gentle man, cultured and refined. He married Miss Ada Screven of Savannah who was a devoted wife to him through life. He bought from Dr. Linton the square where the Henderson warehouse stands, which by the way was called so because he once owned the lot. The house in which he lived was moved to the corner and forms the body of the Windsor Hotel.

Dr. Henderson did not make many friends outside his own flock because with his retiring disposition, not many outside knew him. He died in 1872 and is buried in Oconee Cemetery.

The old cemetery on Jackson Street having been nearly filled by the burials of forty years, a tract of woodland lying on the Oconee was purchased by some citizens, and a new cemetery was incorporated and named from the river, Oconee Cemetery. It was opened in 1855, the expenses of making the drives and the grading being paid by the sale of lots.

This is one of the most beautiful of spots, adorned by nature with forest trees, with vines covering hillsides, clinging to rocks and climbing the sombre pines, while at the foot of the hills the Oconee murmurs between banks

redolent with honeysuckle and jessamine. And now that too is crowded with the narrow homes of the dead and more acres have been purchased across the river for those whose threads of life Hecate is waiting to cut.

In years gone by public amusement consisted mainly of traveling singers, with an occasional prestidigitateur and ventriloquist. But the circus was the standard show of the day. Students were not permitted to go to a circus, but they managed to get there, disguising themselves, and blacking their faces and sitting among the negroes to escape detection. Almost everybody else went, and John and Jimmie Robinson were regarded as personal friends.

The old Town Hall was for many a year, and until after the war, the only theatre. A platform, 10 x 15, elevated the actors above the audience, while the calico curtain hung across a corner of the hall afforded an opportunity to make up their costumes, and another in front of the platform hid the glories of the stage from the expectant congregation. Oil lamps smoked the sides of the room, and a row of candles did duty as footlights.

Here concerts and tableaux were held, and Signor Blitz and old Sloman and Kemmerer with his singing school, and in later days, John Templeton, and Alice Vane and Harry McCarthy, and Harry Crisp, the father of the some time

Speaker of the House, played to delighted and non-critical audiences. And though looking back, those primitive entertainments seem absurd and ridiculous, they afforded as much genuine pleasure as the plays of Booth or the Italian Opera—with the advantage of being very much cheaper.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The College Commencement was for many years the occasion of the annual gathering of the prominent men of the State. It was a leisure time and summer resorts were few in number, traveling was tedious and expensive, and this was the occasion and the place which attracted the young and old, the grave and gay. Here the politicians met and made up the slates and arranged the details of their campaigns. The citizens threw open their hospitable doors for the entertainment of all their friends and acquaintances with their children and servants and horses. Many families from the low country spent the summer in Athens, and excursions to Tallulah Falls and a few weeks at the Madison Springs, was the usual sequence.

Commencement day in old times was a day of days. A little after sun up, the country people began coming in, with women and babies and baskets, and all the hitching posts and vacant lots were appropriated for horses and wagons. When

the band began to play, swarms of people crowded the Campus. The Chapel, long since filled, now became packed from aisle to gallery. Standing in windows, on the steps of the stage, on boxes outside, they took up every inch of space. Broad Street from the hotel down, was a solid mass of human beings. It was the annual holiday of the negroes, and every darkey from ten miles away came to town that day. Around the old Town Spring, booths were erected and tables spread. Watermelon, chicken pies, ginger cakes, fried chicken and lemonade tempted the hungry visitor to spend his quarter. Industrious merchants cried and sang their wares, and acquaintance and kindred renewed their pledges and invitattions to "come and see me." The variety of costumes was a marvel to behold—muslins and velvets, laces and homespun in every style of fashion from the days of the Revolution up. It was a great day, full of life and color, sunshine and dust.

It was at such a time that the story of Robert Toombs which has swung round the circle of the papers of late years, represents him expelled from college for gambling, standing beneath the old oak in front of the college chapel, pouring forth such burning words of eloquence that the chapel is deserted and the speakers left to declaim to empty benches. And from this circumstance, the old tree has ever since been known as the

"Toombs Oak." It has even been said that on the day of Mr. Toombs' death, the old oak was struck by lightning and destroyed. There is not the semblance of truth in the story. It was a fabrication of Henry W. Grady, who, in an admiring sketch of the great Georgian, wrote charmingly of his overwhelming eloquence and pointed it with a story drawn from his own vivid imagination.

Another annual festival which not many now recall was the "hog killing" on the plantation. How vivid the scene seems after nearly fifty years. The morning is crisp and frosty. The preparations for the slaughter have been made, the big fire of logs sends the sparks curling high in air, while the rocks grow red hot that are to heat the water in the hogshead. The negro women are are standing at the tables ready to separate the leaf fat and the livers. A sharp crack of a rifle is heard in the hog pen. A big hog drops and a darkey deftly thrusts a sharp knife into its throat, gives it a twist and out spirts the crimson blood. A few minutes more and brawney black arms lift the limp porker, thrust him into the hogshead of boiling water and out again in a jiffey. The hair is quickly scraped off,the grambrel is slipped beneath the tendrons, the porker is hung upon a pole and disembowelled. Everybody is busy and the children revel in tid bits broiled over the hot fire on the end of a switch and scantily salted. The

next day the busy mistress superintends the cutting up of the meat with her willing attendants frying out the lard, salting down the hams and grinding up the sausage meat. It is a festal season. The pigtails and the spareribs and big hominy and the crackling bread! Food for the gods! Ah those times are forever gone!

And where will you see the big log fires with the hot bed of coals beneath, or the bank of ashes where the sweet potatoes lay roasting? Where is the oven, heaped around with coals wherein slowly bakes the Christmas fruit cake? And the spit impaling the well browned turkey? And the crane on which hangs the pot of savory meat? Gone! All relegated to the museum along with the chain armor of the middle ages. And where are the old time negroes? Gone, all gone! I well remember old Uncle Mike, the patriarch and foreman of the plantation. No hired overseer gave him orders. To his master alone was he answerable. With his white wooley head and benign black face, the asperity of his dignity softened by the courtliness of his manner, he would call up the hands with his cheerful "come boys!" and lead them to the cotton field.

And there was Big Bart of stalwart frame who could cut a wider swathe than any of them as he swung the cradle in the wheat field. And Little Buff, how the chips did fly from his axe as he "downed" the tall hickory in the woods. And old

Squire who had many a tale to tell as he mended the plantation shoes or wove the cotton baskets of the smooth white oak splits. And old Aunt Malinda with a bandanna neatly tied around her head and a kerchief pinned across her ample bosom. What visions of hoe cake and broiled meat and butter milk, fresh from the churn used to greet us as we came into her kitchen from a long tramp. And one legged Bill, who cut the wood for the house fires and rubbed the knives and cleaned the boots, and the little niggers who picked the blackberries and climbed the trees for red June apples, or gathered the brown hickory nuts, and the black eyed chinquepin.

They and their like are gone. No more courteous Uncle Mikes; no more Aunt Malindas, no bandanna kerchiefs, no hoe cake and fresh butter milk. In their place a spectacled combination of the pulpit and the schoolroom. The old place once so full of life is almost deserted. A negro renter is its only tenant. The big hickory is dead, the apple orchard has vanished, the gin house is gone: the old quarters have rotted down and a mulberry thicket in charity hides the ruins. Master and mistress are dead. The faithful negroes are but memories of the past.

A remarkable family of negroes had for their ancestors Bartlett Daricott and his wife Sally, who belonged to Rev. Hope Hull. Both they and their nine children were persons of integity and strength of character and justly deserved the esteem in which they were held by all their white acquaintances. Many of their descendants are living in Athens. Of the older generation Billy and Davy Hull were well known carpenters. The former was for years the college carpenter. Dr. Church stopped at his bench once and watching him push his plane said "Billy, what makes you work so slowly?" Stopping to spit on his hands —a habit he always had before speaking—Billy replied "Mass Church, I am not working by the job, nor by the day; but by my life." The doctor had nothing more to say. Davy was a natural wit and had a keen sense of humor. The students called him doctor. Once a dozen of them passed him while shingling a house near the street, and began greeting him with "How are you, doctor," "Good morning doctor," "How d'ye do, doctor" in quick succession without giving him time to answer. Davy stood up and as soon as the laughing students would hear him, called out "Gentlemen, I am *in statu quo.*" When Willis Cooper was the town marshal, he met Davy one night after nine o'clock. "Well, Davy," "Good evening Mas Willis. I hope you are well sir," said Dave. "Well Davy, have you a pass?" "No,

Mas Willis, I neglected to provide one before I left home, sir." "Well, I am sorry, but you know what I am obliged to do, Davy." "Yes, sir," said Dave "When a gentleman gets caught out in a shower of rain without an unbrella, he's just got to take it." Fortunately, to the great relief of both of them, a gentleman came by who stood sponsor for the delinquent and he was allowed to go. After the slaves were freed Dr. King asked him, "Well Dave, what are you going to do now?" "Well doctor, I been thinking about that, and I believe if Mas Henry will give me a hundred dollars, I'll let him off." Poor fellow! he did not live long enough to test the value of his freedom. He died of small pox that scourge of the colored people in the year after the war. Characters like these were developed under conditions that are forever gone; nor will their like ever be known again.

Among some other well known negroes who have a place in the history of Athens, Tom Harris was prominent and most portly. He was Col. Hardeman's factotum and sexton of the Methodist Church, big, fat and amiable, not especially energetic but a man of fine itelligence and respected by himself and the white people as well.

Old Sam—by birth Harris but by freedom Watkins—was the college bell ringer. He made the fires in the professors' rooms, sometimes

swept them out and was at the beck and call of every student in Old and New College.

Rob Roy was General Harden's valet, driver, butler and office boy. Rob was a cross eyed, freckled mulatto of no great beauty who lived to a great age—nobody knew how old he was. He waited on John Howard Payne, when a guest of his master's house and remembered him well, and the older he grew the more things he remembered about him.

But for old negroes, Dennis Clayton—I think he is still alive—takes the prize. If Dennis really saw things he said he did he belongs to the paleozoic age. He claims however to have been only thirteen years of age when Judge Clayton bought him in 1805 from a negro trader.

Bernardo Arze was a barber who claimed to be a Mexican. Perhaps he was, but he married a negro woman belonging to Col. Billups and paid the town $50 per annum for her to live away from her master's lot. This license was graded but all free negroes and those slaves living apart from their masters' own sight had to pay it.

George Davis was an apprentice of Bernardo's and a free negro. George was quite a musician and went through the war as bugler to the Troup Artillery. His "Band" after the war was in frequent demand and he operated a "Democratic barber shop." until his death.

For years "Old Tub" was the friend of the col-

lege boys and they recall him with his sightless eyes and his dilapidated beaver as one of the features of college life. Lewis was a slave of John H. Christy and his business was to turn the crank when the *Southern Watchman* went to press. He was emancipated by special proclamation of the President of the United States—along with others—and then took up the business of blind beggar. Tub was quite successful at this and made a fairly good living for many years, but died at last in great poverty.

CHAPTER XIX.

I do not suppose any town or city has been less inclined to toadyism than Athens. Her people never bowed the knee to greatness nor sacrificed their self-respect to adulation of those in power. Too many great men had spent their boyhood here in college and had gone in and out among the people with no great claim to worship. We were familiar with great men for a hundred years and had our own, had played with them as boys, helped them out of scrapes, lent them money when "broke," saved them from arrest; and must we stand in silent admiration when they come back in after years, though loaded with honors? And as to strangers, who were any better than our own statesmen and soldiers whose names glow in the history of the country? Were not the Lump-

kins and Cobbs and Clayton and Dougherty and Hill our neighbors? Were not Crawford and Troup and Berrien and Jenkins our frequent visitors? Have we not had Governors galore in our homes and were not our soldiers victors in a hundred battles? Did not Pierce and Palmer and Toombs and Stephens and Gordon play marbles with us in years gone by? Then to whom should we kotow? As a matter of fact the Athenian to the manner born kotows to nobody. But for genuine hospitality and courtesy to every class the old time Athenian was unsurpassed because he was a gentleman; and because he knew he was a gentleman he wasn't stuck up. It is the cad who assumes a superiority to other men and the self-confessed inferior who runs after men of renown.

Athens has been called the Classic City, not from her ancient namesake, but because she has been the acknowledged seat of learning in Georgia for many years.

She has always had the amplest school facilities. After the decline of the Manual Labor School, Mr. James Fulton taught a boy's school near the Bishop residence on Jackson Street. He was a strict disciplinarian, and believed in a free use of the birch. There are still among us some of his old pupils, who have a feeling recollection of his attentions. Mr. A. M. Scudder succeeded to his patronage, occupying the little house near the colored Congregationalist Church before he built

the "Centre Hill Academy," where he taught a flourishing school for many years, and whipped half the men in town. Prof. Williams Rutherford, before his appointment in the College faculty, taught in the room vacated by Mr. Scudder, and was followed by Mr. Thomas Seay. And there were Mr. Barrett and old man Driver and Mr. Hunt, all of whom taught the young idea with shoots.

A select school for boys was opened in 1859 by Mr. R. P. Adams—"Old Rip," as the boys used to call him—in a little house on the rear of Dr. Hull's lot. Mr. Adams was the most amiable of men, and though the boys took advantage of that fact, as the best of boys will, he was much beloved by them all. He did not believe in whipping as a punishment, and the boys unanimously endorsed him in this position. Two favorite pupils of Mr. Adams were Andrew Lamar and Henry Grady, who were so devoted to each other that they were wont to kiss each other good bye on parting, until alas! they set their affections on the same girl and no longer took pleasure in each other's charms.

Miss Emily Witherspoon began teaching in 1843 and taught for many years a school for children near her residence. Some of our most prominent citizens have learned their letters at her knee, and drawn pot-hooks under her watchful eye, advancing through the blue black speller to

the dizzy heights of Bullion's Latin Grammar. Miss Emily after pursuing the even tenor of her way, full of Christian charity, a daily blessing to many a poor neighbor, was horribly burned by the explosion of a lamp and died in January 1906.

The Athens Female Academy was first presided over by Rev. Thomas Stanley, father of the late Major Stanley, and in 1845 by Carlyle P. Martin. Later, Mrs. Coley took charge and maintained a flourishing school till the close of the war. The old house was burned in 1872. To others besides the writer does "Mrs. Coley's school" bring up memories of happy days gone by.

The "Grove School" for girls was taught in what is now the Catholic Chapel, under the direction of Mr. Cobb. Mrs. E. Bishop, Mrs. William Gerdine, and Miss Galloway, a sister of Mrs. Alex T. Akerman were successively in charge of the school, and many ladies of Athens once sat under their instruction.

There was another Grove School at a later date taught by Miss Julia Moss and I happen to have an old programme of one of her commencements. Jim Barrow spake "The two squirrels." Yancey Harris recited "I can and I can't." Johnnie Moss delivered an "Eulogy on Debt" and Gerald Green told of "The Geography Demon." All did well and gave promise of future distinction

In 1854, a communication appeared in the *Southern Watchman* earnestly deprecating the

necessity of sending Southern girls to Northern schools to be educated, and appealing to the patriotism of Georgians to found a high school for Georgia girls.

This led to action which resulted in the building of the Female High School in 1857. The communication referred to was written by Mrs. Williams Rutherford, and it was the patriotism of her brother, Thomas R. R. Cobb, all ignorant of the author that responded to the appeal. To his energy and aid was due the beginning and completion of the school, and in recognition of his work the Trustees named it, after a beloved daughter, "Lucy Cobb Institute." The exercises were first opened in January, 1859, under Principal Wright, and the May festival and concert given that year is still remembered as a most brilliant occasion.

Among the notable characters in the history of education in Athens was Dr. Alonzo Church who was President of the University from 1829 to 1859 and was for forty years a member of the faculty.

Dr. Church was a native of Vermont and a graduate of Middlebury College. Soon after his graduation he went to Eatonton, Georgia, to take charge of the academy at that place. He there met and married Miss Sarah Trippe, a lady of superior accomplishments and rare beauty. Coming to Athens in 1819, as professor of mathe-

matics, Dr. Church conducted his department with eminent success and so impressed the Trustees by his force of character, that upon the retirement of President Waddell, he was at once unanimously chosen in his place.

In person, Dr. Church was tall and well-proportioned, of dark complexion, with lustrous black eyes and hair, graceful in carriage and dignified in bearing. He was of a quick temper and absolutely fearless, but had great self-control. Well behaved students had respect and affection for him, but the disorderly feared and avoided him more than any other member of the faculty. He was a rigid disciplinarian, prompt to correct and rebuke the slightest indication of disorder or inattention in his class-room; and yet in his kindness of heart, he would help along an ill-prepared student almost to the extent of reciting the lesson for him.

It was the custom in that day to hold morning and evening prayers in the chapel. Dr. Church always lead the evening service, and it was expected that some other member of the faculty would conduct that of the morning. One morning the students were so disorderly that Professor Ward went after the President. Seeing him walking across the campus, the Professor called to him, "Oh Doctor, come here. We can do nothing with the students." Dr. Church walked at once into the chapel and looked around without

speaking a word. Death-like silence ensued. Taking up the Bible, he read a chapter, offered a prayer and without another word dismissed the students, who quietly made their exit. As an example of the discipline President Church exercised, may be mentioned the expulsion of eleven students in a bunch for riotous conduct on the campus one night. One of the condemned was Howell Cobb, who was reinstated upon the solemn declaration of his mother that she had made him retire and had afterwards seen him asleep in bed on the very night of the riot. Others who claimed to have seen him on the campus, without disputing Mrs. Cobb's statement, suggested that he might have dressed and slipped out of the window after his mother's visit to his room.

Dr. Church's family were remarkable for their personal beauty. He and Mrs. Church were a singularly handsome couple; his sons were all handsome men and the daughters were the toasts of every student of their time. Especially beautiful were Miss Julia and Miss Lizzie, afterwards Mrs. Croom and Mrs. Craig, and there no doubt lingers yet in the memory of some old student of the forties, delightful recollections of evenings passed in their parlors. To the unremitting ministrations of Mrs. Craig, then Mrs. Robbe, many a sick and wounded Confederate prisoner during

the war, owed such cheer and comfort as she was permitted to extend them.

Dr. Church, with his masterful character, had long dominated both faculty and trustees. He had views on the proper conduct of a college, which amounted to convictions. The officer who could not or would not come up to his standard, or who could not accept his views, was in his opinion not the officer the college needed. Complaints were made, without mincing matters, of incompetency or of neglect of duty.

In 1856, the President addressed the Trustees in no uncertain tone. Said he, "The number of students present at this time is seventy-nine, and I am constrained to say that even with this small number, the discipline of the institution is far worse than I have ever known it during the thirty-seven years of my connection with it."

Then he proceeds to state what he considers the cause of the decline. He referred to the want of harmony in the faculty during the past few years, the differences of opinion as to the government and course of instruction; the refusal of Professor Jones to comply with the conditions upon which he was elected; the changes in the course of study made by Mr. McCay and Dr. LeConte against his protest; the inattention of Professor McCay to his duties; the refusal of the LeContes to visit the rooms of the students

or to suppress disorder on the campus; the refusal of Professor Venable to perform the same duties; the inability of Professor Waddell to maintain order or to control his classes; the want of professional qualifications in Professor Broun. He appealed to the community, the resident Trustees and the citizens of the State to witness whether any other object than the prosperty of the college had engrossed his attention since his first connection with its faculty.

The effect of this communication was an immediate resolution that all the members of the facuty be requested to furnish the Board with their respective resignations forthwith, with a view of the reorganization of said faculty. The request was complied with, with apparent cheerfulness.

Dr. Church did not much longer remain in office. His final resignation took effect January 1, 1859, when he retired with a widowed daughter, the only one of his family left in Athens, to a residence a little out of town. There in peace and in quietude, but with failing health, he lived until during the following year, the summons of the Master came.

Two noted ladies were Mrs. John LeConte and Mrs. Craig, both women of extraordinary beauty and the reigning bells of Athens society. They gathered around them each a coterie of admirers who vied with each other in devotion

to their queen. The rivalry between the two came near splitting the town into factions. Not only men but women took sides on the momentous question. "Which is the more beautiful" and only the conservative, elderly element prevented another war of the Roses. Indeed seldom does a little town have one such woman of such surpassing attractions of person and manner as Athens claimed in these two ladies.

CHAPTER XX.

Of all the College Professors there was none more positive in character than Charles F. McCay. Mr. McCay was elected Professor of mathmatics to succeed Dr. Hull. He married a daughter of Mr. William Williams soon after coming to Athens. He was a fine scholar and an exacting teacher. He was sure to find out all the student didn't know about the lesson. He seemed to take genuine delight in "busting" a boy and showed no sympathy for him when he was down. Withal he was a conscientious professor, a strict disciplinarian and a fearless police officer. Naturally, he was unpopular with the students, and many were the attacks upon his door and the rocks that went through his windows on dark nights, when he roomed in New College. On several occasions he was violently assaulted by riotous students. In 1841,

there was committed one of those senseless outrages that students are sometimes led into without considering its criminality or its possible results. Mr. McCay was at the time Professor of civil engineering. During his absence one night, his room was forcibly entered, his books, bedding and clothing taken out and burned back of New College. There were numerous witnesses to the burning, but there was some difficulty in finding out who were the guilty parties. The students arraigned before the faculty all admitted being there, but declared they were trying to put out the fire and save the clothes. Mr. McCay strongly suspected several boys, one of them young Mr. Dearing, who, it was afterwards shown was innocent, and accused them before the Faculty. This accusation led to a difficulty and a challenge from Dr. William E. Dearing, an older brother of the accused. Mr. McCay promptly accepted the challenge and a meeting was arranged to take place at the old cemetery just back of the campus. An amicable settlement was made before shots were exchanged, but Professor McCay at once sent in his resignation to the Prudential Committee. He was requested to continue in his chair until the meeting of the Board. The matter having been brought up, a long, spirited discussion ensued, which resulted in the Professor being permitted, by a close vote, to withdraw his resignation.

One night a student provided himself with a "locust" made of a match-box with parchment stretched over the end, through which a horse hair was passed. This interesting toy, when twirled around, made a loud, rasping noise like the insect from which it took its name. Quietly climbing into the trap hole in the passage by Mr. McCay's door, he made his locust sing. As he expected, Mr. McCay at once came out into the passage, looked up and down, but seeing no one went back. The locust began singing again and immediately the Professor emerged. Simultaneously the noise ceased. Baffled again, Mr. McCay returned and stood behind his door. At the repetition of the noise, he suddenly threw open the door and the noise suddenly ceased. Then he pulled off his shoes and slipped up to the end of the hall, shutting his door rather noisily to deceive the aggressor. But as the mischievous boy was looking at him all the time, the match-box was silent. Then the professor went back to his room and the noise was repeated. Finally, he located the disturber of his peace and deliberately brought his table, lamp, and chair and took his seat outside the door, determined to catch the offender if it took all night. It did not take so long, for the discomfort of his situation and the certain prospect of spending the night in the attic, brought about an unconditional surrender of the "locust," which was followed the

next day by the usual summons before the faculty.

After Mr. McCay left the University, he became professor at Columbia, and subsequently, was made President of South Carolina College Removing later to Augusta, Georgia, he engaged in banking and insurance business and acquired a handsome property. After the close of the war, he went to Baltimore, where he spent the remainder of his days.

In 1879 Mr. McCay proved his lasting interest in the University with which he was so long connected by executing to the Trustees a deed of gift to seven thousand dollars in bonds upon the following trusts and limitations, to-wit: That the interest on this fund shall be collected and reinvested so that it shall be compounded annually until the expiration of twenty-one years after the death of the last survivor of twenty-five persons, all of whom are named and the youngest of whom was an infant at the time. "And after the lapse of the said time, the said trustees shall continue to keep the aggregate sum so accumulated on the bonds and stocks before mentioned, as a permanent fund, and shall use the interest or dividends therefrom for the payment of the salaries of professors or lecturers in the University of Geofgia, residing in Athens, Ga., where the University is located."

Some years later, by mutual consent, the bonds delivered to the trustees were exchanged by Mr.

McCay for State of Georgia bonds of the face value of $15,000. The fund now amounts to about $35,000.

It has been estimated that about one hundred years will have expired before the interest of this fund can be available under the trust. In that time, if no disaster befall, the fund will have amounted to several millions, and the University will have a large income from that source with which to pay the salaries of its professors.

More than passing notice is due to some of the Professors who severed their connection with the University in the upheaval of 1856.

The LeContes were native Georgians, both alumni and honor men of the University. Their difficulties here were by no means due to incapacity or lack of effective teaching. Both men of piety and pure lives, lovable in their characters, devoted to scientific research, they had the active talent which has put them in the front rank of America's *savants*. They, with Professors Broun and Venable, represented the advanced thought of the day. They believed the University should be at least a high-grade college, and that university methods should be introduced at Athens. Dr. Church, conservative and wise, opposed radical changes being made and declared that the university system was unsuited to the age at which students attended this college. The young professors espoused the geological doctrine of

the creation of the world. Dr. Church abhorred it as the rankest heresy. The one party were disposed to relax the exactions of police duty on the campus and to put more responsibility for good conduct on the boys themselves. Dr. Church regarded strict discipline as the foundation stone of the college edifice.

With such divergent views, a rupture was inevitable, and the Board, themselves conservative almost to "old fogyism," sustained the President when the issue was made.

The LeContes went to Columbia, S. C., and after the war, to the University of California, building an enviable reputation as teachers and scientists. Dr. John LeConte died a few years ago the president of that University. Dr. Joseph LeConte succeeded his brother and remained there full of honors until his death in 1904.

Professor Venable's connection with the University was too brief to make much of her history. He was known during the war as Adjutant to the great commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and for many years since was Professor of mathematics at the University of Virginia and Chairman of its Faculty.

William LeRoy Broun was one of the ablest men who had ever been connected with the University. He was not only a close student and exact in his store of knowledge, but a broad-minded, liberal man. He conscientiously en-

deavored to enlarge the sphere of the University and increase its capacity for usefulness. It was the divergence of their views, though both aimed at the same result, that brought on the separation betwen him and Dr. Church in 1856.

After an enviable record in the army Col Broun returned to Athens in 1866 to take the chair of physics, and in 1873 was made President of the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. In the exercise of this office Dr. Broun desired to extend the work of that branch of the University, and required all the land-scrip fund to accomplish it. He disapproved of the policy the Trustees had adopted of scattering that fund among the branch colleges, and in a public address unfortunately charged them with misappropriating it. Though he did not intend the remark in an offensive sense, it did give great offense, and at the ensuing meeting of the Board their disapprobation of his course was expressed in the strongest terms. Professor Broun, conceiving his opportunity for usefulness to be at an end, resigned.

"Little Bruin," as the boys called him, was a well-known figure at Athens. Short of statue, with an immense head and large, projecting forehead, his personnel was peculiarly his own.

After leaving Athens, Colonel Broun went to Vanderbilt and was subsequently chosen President of the A. and M. College at Auburn, Ala-

bama, which office he administered with marked ability until his death.

In 1848 William T. Brantly was elected Professor of belles-lettres and oratory in the University of Georgia, and here he spent the happiest years of his life. A charming wife and lovely children, ample means and a congenial occupation combined to make his days full of pleasure, while he enjoyed the society of the best people and the most cultured intellects in the State.

Dr. Brantly was himself an ornament to any society. Handsome and cultured, courtly in manner, a brilliant talker, an eloquent speaker, he was a welcome guest at every gathering. While a professor at Athens he also served the Baptist church as pastor. His sermons were elegant, yet easy of comprehension, and the students, as well as the poor and unlearned, flocked to hear his discourses. A polished and graceful orator, he inspired his pupils with his own love of eloquence and some of the most attractive speakers of our State learned their tones and gestures from this master of oratory.

Eight happy years, full of valuable service to the University, were spent at Athens when the connection was severed by the trustees asking the resignation of the entire faculty. Although Dr. Brantly was re-elected to his chair—perhaps, unanimously—the sense of the slight tenure of office under such methods was a potent factor in de-

ciding him to accept a call to Philadelphia. Serving the church there until after the battle of Manassas, in 1861, he resigned his charge and cast his lot with his own people in Atlanta.

The first Mrs. Brantly, a daughter of Dr. Turpin, of Augusta, died in 1866. A charming woman she was, whose beauty and attractions, with all the brilliancy of the father, were inherited by a lovely daughter, Miss Lou, the sweet-heart of half the students of the time.

In 1871 Dr. Brantly moved to Baltimore where he served the church for eleven years. On the night of March 5th, 1882 having preached as usual during the day he laid down to rest and never woke again on earth.

CHAPTER XXI.

One of the most charming men the University ever brought to Athens was Richard Malcolm Johnston who though a citizen for but a few years made so many friends and so impressed himself upon the social life of the city that it seems he must have lived here all his life.

Richard M. Johnston was born at Powellton, Ga. A lawyer by profession and a student by taste, he brought to the chair to which he was elected plenty of common sense and a thorough knowledge of boys. Full of humor, genial and kind, he attracted a student at first sight. Quick

to detect a deception, he did not hestitate to visit his scorn upon the deceiver; and, if by chance, he did any injustice to a student, he was quick to offer him the apology due a gentleman in the presence of the class. He endeavored to cultivate in the young men under him an innate love for truth and honor for their own sake. Col. Johnston was a favorite with all—young and old, students, faculty and citizens. He and Mrs. Johnston, both accompished musicians, were always in demand at every social gathering, and there was universal regret when they left Athens to open a boys' school near Sparta. Subsequently removing to Baltimore, Col. Johnston conducted a most flourishing school at Waverly. In later years he devoted himself to writing character sketches of Georgia folks, and all his "output" was readily in demand for the magazines. Though advanced in years, his heart kept young and his memory green. The news of his death was received North and South with sorrow and regret.

A fine old gentleman was Col. John Billups. He was born a few miles below Athens in the house where old John Milledge's committee met to locate the University.

Col. Billups was a typical planter of the old regime. He owned a large and fertile plantation and many negroes, made lots of money, spent what he wanted and saved some. He built a

fine old home where Mrs. Ross Crane now lives and which was destroyed by fire after his death. He lived in affluence; his boys had horses and negroes, his daughters all they desired. The Colonel was a man of influence in the community. He was an ardent Whig and was at different times in the Legislature, Speaker of the House and President of the Senate. He was for years a Trustee of the University and was prominent in every public movement. I recall him as an old gentleman of great dignity and extreme courtesy; clean shaven, well dressed, wearing a standing collar and high stock ,walking with a cane which struck the ground with an "I said it and I mean it" air. Col. Billups was of the kind of men who made the Old South the glory of America.

Georgia has had no more distinguished citizens than the brothers, Wilson and Joseph H. Lumpkin, both natives of Oglethorpe County. The one the eldest, the other the youngest of eight children, and as dissimilar as brothers could be. One a shrewd politician, the other abhorring politics; one commanding by his ability, the other persuading by his eloquence; one robust in his aggressiveness, the other fond of study; one a Baptist, the other a Presbyterian; one an adherent of Clarke, the other of Troup; one a Democrat, the other a Whig; one tall, the other short in

stature, but both men of striking presence, and both of great ability.

Wilson Lumpkin was Congressman, United States Senator and Governor of Georgia. During his administration the State Road was built and he devoted his energies to the material development of the State.

Governor Lumpkin was long the President of the Board of Trustees of the University. As he headed the procession to the chapel on commencement occasions with a tall, commanding presence, erect and dignified, with long hair brushed back from his head and falling over his shoulders in gray curls he seemed one of the most impressive men I had ever seen. He was thrice married, and built the old stone house now in the campus extension, in which he lived for many years, and where he died in the closing days of 1870. One of his children, a very bright and attractive boy of six or seven years, wandered one afternoon away from the house and lost his way in the woods along the river. Though search was made all night he was not found till next morning, exhausted with wandering and wild with terror. The horrors of the darkness of that night destroyed his mind, and though he grew to be a man of fine proportions and pleasing countenance, mentally he was never any older than the morning he was found, and forty years afterward, as though he recalled that dreadful

night, he wandered again into the woods and was drowned in the river not far from the place where they found him before.



OLD HOME OF JUDGE JOSEPH HENRY LUMPKIN.

Judge Lumpkin was a learned jurist and a finished scholar. He loved study, and was a great reader. His speeches, of which no record now remains, were full of pathos and the fire of eloquence, and his decisions while on the Supreme bench are models of clearness and elegant composition. A natural teacher, for many years he imparted instruction to the young men in his office and in the Lumpkin Law School, charming them alike by the elegance of his language and the thoroughness of his knowledge. He was a great temperance advocate, and his voice, al-

ways heard on the side of righteousness, was a power for good.

Judge Lumpkin was the first Chief Justice of Georgia. Chief Justice Bluckley said of him: "His literary power was in vocal utterance. In the spoken words he was a literary genius, far surpassing any other Georgian living or dead, I have ever known. Indeed, from no other mortal lips have I heard such harmonies and sweet-sounding sentences as came from his. Those who never saw and heard him cannot be made to realize what a great master he was." Judge Lumpkin died June 4, 1867, from a stroke of paralysis.

Although the persons of whom I am now writing lived after the war, they belong more properly to the ante-bellum period, when they were in the meridian of their powers and at the height of their influence in the community.

One of the most distinguished of our citizens was Dr. Richard D. Moore. A native Athenian, his entire life was spent among his own people, who esteemed him in his boyhood and honored him in his mature age. On every question of public interest his voice was heard, fearlessly declaring his position and actively working for the public good, and to his energy and influence the University, of which he was long an active Trustee, owes the gift of Moore College by the city. But it was in the sick room that Dr. Moore's

genius shone forth. His manner was so cheerful, his eye so bright, his smile so assuring, that his entry into the room was a tonic to his patient, and a visit from such a physician was better than medicine. He had the gift of descerning, almost at a glance, what was the matter with his patients. To illustrate this faculty, Governor Cobb used to tell a story of his being summoned suddenly to a man who had been badly hurt by an accident. Entering the door he saw the sufferer lying on a bed, and at once remarked: "You have broken your collar bone." He proceeded to set the fracture, and soon left the man tolerably comfortable. This was, of course, an exaggeration, but he rarely asked a patient how he felt, forming his own opinions from his own perceptions. Dr. Moore married first a granddaughter of Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and afterward Miss McAllister, of Savannah, who survived him thirty years. Charitable, refined and courteous, his death was felt to be a public calamity, and to very many like the loss of a near relative.

No sketch of Athens would be complete without a reference to Mrs. Gully. For years she was the only professional beggar in the place, and this exclusive privilege she enjoyed until her death. Two idiot sons were sent to the asylum. Nancy was given in marriage to Stephen Shields, and, relieved of the care of her children, she re-

duced begging to a fine art. She always asked for flour, declining the offer of meal, because corn-bread hurt her teeth. Her taste in sugar was refined, and as to sorghum, she wouldn't hear to it. Her habitation was this side of the upper bridge, but there was no beauty in it that she should desire to stay there and she didn't.

Another character was Joseph Zebenee, a Frenchman, better known as "Keno." A butcher by trade, he was ready to take up any other profession when requested to do so, and suitably rewarded for the exercise of his talents. He slaughtered goat, kid and dog, and it all became lamb in his skilful hands. He was wont to take his meats to the cook, saying her master had ordered it. After it was cooked and eaten the master, of course, paid for it. "Keno" stood greatly in awe of Betsy, his wife, who did not hesitate to whip him when she thought he deserved it. When the war began he braved the cannon's mouth to escape Betsy's, and did valiant service as cook for General Howell Cobb.

CHAPTER XXII.

No citizens of Athens were ever more identified with her interests that the brothers Asbury and Henry Hull. Coming to the town with their father, the Rev. Hope Hull, in its infancy, they lived here all their lives, one dying at sixty-eight,

the other at eighty-three. Asbury Hull was a lawyer by profession, but gave the most of his time to the administration of business affairs. Dignified, calm and impartial, he was called to preside at all public meetings of the day, and served in the Legislature, both as Speaker of the House and President of the Senate. His sincerity and piety inspired all classes with the utmost confidence in the man, and though his opinion on every question was declared without reserve, no word of aught but respect was ever uttered by his strongest political opponents. He was a fluent speaker and especially fervent in prayer. Mr. Hull was long the Cashier of the State Bank here, the President of the Southern Mutual Insurance Company and for forty-seven years Treasurer of the University. His death, occurring in 1866, was sudden and painless. He had concluded morning prayers with his family. A few minutes later his wife went in to call him to breakfast, and found him sitting in his chair with his Bible in his hands, dead.

Dr. Henry Hull was a practicing physician for ten years, and in the meantime was elected a Trustee of the College. In 1829 he was elected Professor of Mathematics, when Dr. Church was made President, and gave up his profession to accept it. He occupied this chair for sixteen years, and under his instruction some of the most prominent men of Georgia passed into public life.

Dr. Hull was a general favorite with faculty and students, and in their difficulties the latter counted on his aid and sympathy. In the class-room he was accustomed to begin the recitation by calling on the student nearest him. One day he unexpectedly called on the occupant of the other end of the bench, who said: "Doctor, I did not learn that." "And why not?" said the Professor. "Because," candidly replied the student, "I expected you would begin at the other end of the bench." The Doctor smiled and advised him not to depend on that chance in future. During his term of office Dr. Hull made the acquaintance of M. Nichoai, the French astronomer, who visited at his house and with who he became quite intimate. They made together many observations, and Dr. Hull materially aided the scientist in the objects of his visit to Georgia.

Resigning his chair in 1846, Dr. Hull passed the rest of his days in the congenial occupation of farming and study. Tall and graceful in bearing, dignified, without austerity, with the courtesy born with the true gentleman, he attracted alike the young and old. He was fond of young people, and his sympathies with their plans and pleasures drew them to him with love and affection. He lived beyond the time allotted to man, enjoying excellent health, a typical gentleman of the old school, and after a brief illness died where he

had lived nearly all his life, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Greensby W. Barber—"Wed" Barber, as he was universally known—was a rare character. I use the word "rare" advisedly. He was a man of sterling integrity, with more than his share of "horse sense," whatever that may mean. He had a keen wit and would perpetrate a joke on his best friend. His house for many years was on the hill beyond the upper bridge, and he owned all the land between the road and Sandy creek. He offered his place once as a large tract of bottom land, and when an inquirer, finding that it was mostly poor hillside, asked an explanation, Mr. Barber replied that all the top had been washed off and there was nothing left but bottom. He believed in sand as a remedy for indigestion. He said that the sand acted mechanically and held the victuals down, the tendency of the food being to rise up and return to the mouth. He declared also that it acted morally; that dyspeptics were "chicken-hearted," and the remedy put "sand in the gizzard," and converted cowardly dyspeptics into the bravest heroes. He said a teaspoonful of sand after each meal would enable you to digest hickory nuts if you kept it up, and would insure peace to every family.

Mr. Barber was born near the famous "Barber's Spring," opposite Mr. Linton's, and died in

Barbersville, in the esteem of the community among whom he had spent his entire life.

Rarely do two such men belong to the same town as Howell and Thomas R. R. Cobb. Still more rarely to the same family. Dr. Hull, who was on intimate terms with their father's family, left this sketch of the brothers:

"The question has often been asked, which was the more talented of the two? One may as well inquire which the greatest genius, a great painter or a great philosopher? There is no unit of measurement with which to compare them. So of these two brothers—their minds were of different structure. The Governor controlled men by unequalled management and tact; the General by the irresistible force of argument. The Governor was the greater politician, the General the greater lawyer. While the wonderful talents of both commanded respect, the social qualities, the genial bonhomie, the generous open-heartedness of the Governor secured your love; the commanding power of intellect prominent in all the General said or did excited the admiration. The Governor would, in commercial language, look at the sum total of an account, without regard to the items, or grasp the conclusion of a proposition without examining each step of the demonstration. The General received nothing as true that could not be proved, and submitted every question to the crucible of reason before he pronounced their

absolute truth. I do not speak of their public acts, but remember them only as boys, students and fellow-citizens. The Governor was generous and liberal almost to prodigality. When his father, from a reckless disregard of economy and mismanagement of his affairs, had allowed his debts to accumulate to an amount which could not be paid by the sale of all his property, the Governor devoted the whole of a handsome estate (left him by his uncle, Howell Cobb, for whom he was named) to the liquidation of the remaining liabilities, so that no man should say that he had beeen injured by his father. With a hand open as day to melting charity, he 'gave to those who asked of him, and from those who would borrow of him he turned not away. And many were the cases of a princely generosity and charity which were never heard of in this world, but were recorded elsewhere. The General gave as much, or perhaps more, in proportion to his means, than did the Governor, but in a different way. His benefactions were governed by the dictates of reason than by the impulses of feeling. All plans suggested for the promotion of the good of the public received his efficient and hearty support. He took a lively interest in everything connected with the prosperity of the town, University, schools and churches. He was the founder of the Lucy Cobb Institute, and contributed more of his time, influence and money to insure its success

than any half-dozen men put together. He was prominent in every association of which he was a member. A man of the most wonderful versatility of talent, he would concentrate the power of his wonderful mind on the propriety and necessity of secession, on some intricate and abstruse point of law, on the best manner of conducting a Sunday school or on any subject that men thought of and talked about, with equal facility, and as if the matter under discussion was the only one he had ever studied, and with a rapidity of transition from one to another, the most dissimilar, that was startling. The patient and long-continued investigation of the most abstruse subject was pastime to him, and after such labor he would meet you with a cheerful smile on the brightest face, and 'crack his jokes' as if he did nothing else all his life. He surely was the most remarkable man of his day."

Thomas R. R. Cobb made the first political speech of his life before the Georgia Legislature in November, 1860. The effect of it was what we may suppose followed the great peroration of Patrick Henry, when he exclaimed: "Give me liberty or give me death!" Men went wild with enthusiasm, and the speaker was the idol of the day. He entered that campaign with the fiery zeal of Peter the Hermit, arguing, demanding, threatening, entreating by pen and speech, until his audiences were won to enthusiasm for secession.

As a soldier he was without fear. In battle he was cool and tenacious. General Lee wrote of him: "As a patriot and a soldier his death has left a gap in the army which his military aptitude and skill render it hard to fill." In the battle of Fredericksburg his brigade was stationed behind the stone wall, the target for six successive attacks of the Federal army. In an interval of the attack General Cobb had dismounted and was walking up and down the road, encouraging his men, when a piece of shell struck him, severing the femoral artery. He lived but a short time, and when the news of his death was known in Athens there was sorrow in every house and tears in every heart.

Howell Cobb was a genial, warm-hearted, lovable man, loving a good joke, even if it was on himself. He would go to extreme lengths to aid a friend, and harbored no animosity to an enemy. Indeed, he had no enemies, unless political oppenents could be called so, and his antagonism toward them was against groups rather than individuals.

In 1862 General Cobb—then Colonel—met an officer on General McClellan's staff near Richmond, to agree upon a cartel for exchange of prisoners. After business was dispatched they engaged in some very pleasant conversation, during which Colonel Cobb said that the two greatest calamities which ever befell the human race

were the fall of Adam and the landing of the Mayflower. The officer repeated it to McClellan, who enjoyed it immensely.

General Cobb was very stout—almost Falstaffian in proportions, and physically was unfitted for the activity of military service. It was probably due to this fact that he was transferred from the Virginia army to Georgia, where the soldier's life was not so strenuous.

After the war General Cobb was disfranchised, but joined General Toombs and Benjamin H. Hill in advising the people not to accept the reconstruction acts of Congress. Their great Bush Arbor speeches are a part of Georgia history, in which they took the position that the South had been conquered, but her people should still maintain their honor by refusing to ratify acts which not only were offensive but had been passed while they were allowed no part in the legislation.

In the mountain counties of Georgia the Union men had waged a civil war with Confederate sympathizers, in which the bushwhacker made assassination his occupation. Colonel J. H. Huggins' house was burned,and he did not dare to go back. Colonel Andrew J. Young had hung and shot so many men without mercy that his life was no longer safe in Georgia.

When it was arranged that General Cobb should speak at Homer, certain parties threatened to shoot him if he should go. Nevertheless he

went, but he refused to sleep in any house, and permitted no one to sit behind him on the platform, saying if there was to be any shooting he wanted no innocent persons shot. General Cobb spoke his mind fearlessly to a great crowd, but there was no shooting.

When on a visit to New York in 1868 General Cobb was stricken with heart failure as he was ascending the stairs in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and died immediately.

CHAPTER XXIII.

From its earliest days Athens has not suffered from want of military ardor. But the first organization of which we have any record, not counting the company of students—the "Franklin Blues"—was in 1831, when the Georgia Guards was organized, with Nathaniel A. Adams, Captain, R. B. Houghton, James C. Edwards and Eli K. Clark, Lieutenants. They were uniformed and armed in time to celebrate the glorious Fourth in great style in the Baptist church, and afterward drink it down at Captain Brown's tavern.

In 1836 a company of men was formed for the Seminole war with James Lyon, Captain, and William E. Jones, Burton, Hicks and Randolph Harden for Lieutenants.

William E. Jones was the editor of the *Athens Whig*. He was very smart and a warm adherent

of the Troup party. While a student in college Dr. Singleton, a Clark man (the father of Mrs. F. W. Lucas), was a candidate for Congress from the State at large. About a month before the election Jones wrote to the *Augusta Sentinel* a notice of Dr. Singleton's death, and paid a beautiful tribute to his worth. It was copied in the Savannah, Milledgeville, Macon and Columbus papers, each adding a word of regret for his untimely death. There being no railroads or telegraph in those days, and only weekly mails, no opportunity was afforded to deny the report before the election was held, and Dr. Singleton was unanimously defeated. Jones sold the *Whig* to his brother and went to Texas. While attending a court near the Rio Grande some of Santa Anna's pickets crossed over, captured judge, jury and lawyers and marched them off to a Mexican prison. While they languished there in durance vile they devised a plan for escape by tunnelling under the wall, but were discovered. Their jailer was a fat old Mexican of rotund proportions, whom the prisoners had dubbed "Gutsy." When they were asked who gave them the means to work with, Jones promptly replied, "Gutsy." The utter amazement and indignation of that individual at the unjust charge may be imagined. The Mexicans determined to convert them to the Catholic faith, and twice a day marched them to the Cathedral to hear mass. The incorrigible

Jones, who had previously primed his companions, immediately after prayer gave the command, "Single wiggle!" at which every man stood up facing the priest, placed his thumb to his nose and wiggled his fingers with the utmost gravity. After the second prayer the order, "Double compound action!" brought all hands to their feet, with both hands extended from the nose and fingers wiggling furiously. After this further missionary work was abandoned.

The Georgia Brigade was commanded by Gen. Burwell Pope. A dinner was given the General and his staff on leaving for the seat of war, at Mr. Hancock's "Planters' Hotel," at which a hundred guests were seated and toasts were drunk in "Georgia wine." The College company, Capt. Benj. C. Yancey, escorted the volunteers across the river and fired a salute on parting from them.

In 1840 another company was formed the name of which does not appear. W. B. Wells beat Ben Perley Poore for Captain. John S. Linton was made 1st Lieutenant, Dr. William Bacon, 2nd Lieutenant, and Thos. M. Meriweather, Ensign. This company was mustered into the State militia.

Ben Perley Poore was sent to Georgia from Massachusetts by his father to grow up with the country. He came to Athens and purchased and edited the *Southern Whig*. A man of education and refinement, he was admitted to the

best society of the town, and became fairly popular with the citizens. Poore, after awhile, began to exhibit abolition tendencies, and his intimacy with negroes caused him to be ostracised. He gave an entertainment at his house, to which he invited some negroes. This even more than now was an unpardonable sin, and hints of tar and feathers were heard. Mindful that discretion is the better part of valor he returned to his native state, where he was next heard from as trundling a wheelbarrow from Newburyport to Boston in payment of a lost wager on Fillmore's election. Poore afterwards was Paris correspondent of the Boston papers, then Librarian of Congress, and was during the war a well-known newspaper correspondent at Washington, but it is said would never speak of his early sojourn at the South.

In 1845 the "Clarke Cavalry" was organized for the Mexican war, with William E. Dearing Captain, Henry Hull, 1st Lieut., William H. Crawford 2nd Lieut., James Colt, Cornet. The company was armed and equipped, but their services were not accepted by the government.

I do not know in what way our young men worked off their thirst for war until 1854, but in that year the Athens Guards was organized with the following officers: Captain, C. B. Lombard; 1st Lieut, Miller Grieve; 2nd Lieut, Habersham J. Adams; Ensign, Wm. G. Deloney;

1st Sgt., John C. Turner; 2nd Sgt., Edward P. Lumpkin; 3rd Sgt., Thomas U. Camak; 4th Sgt., Wm. J. Morton. The Guards were the pets of the town, and dressed in their uniforms of blue coats with red trimmings, white trousers and plumes of red and white, paraded the streets on all public occasions, keeping step to Asa Cobb's fife and Wilson Hull's bass drum, and preceded by old man Bridges as a self-appointed Drum-Major, with an escort of little negroes and boys. Captain Lombard was an accomplished dentist and a genial man. He was a fine officer, a tall, handsome soldierly man, but drink ruined him and finally, a pensioner upon his friends, he met a drunkard's death.

A few years later, in 1859, the "National Artillery" was organized by Capt. Frank Hill, known in after years as the "Troup Artillery." Both these companies did gallant service in the war.

A. A. Franklin Hill was a familiar figure in Athens. After leaving college he studied medicine and served as surgeon in the navy. Then he read law and essayed planting. Coming back to Athens he edited the *Southern Banner* until the beginning of the war. Col. Hill was interested in everything that was going on. He was Captain of the Fire Company, belonged to the Guards, organized the Artillery, chaperoned picnics, lead the dances and filled a large place

in the social life of the town. He wore his hair long and parted in the middle and his beard long and pointed; in fact he was distinguished by having the longest beard of any man in town. He was a great beau in society and a very general favorite.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As early as 1850 the propaganda of abolition of slavery began to arouse the antagonism of the Athenians, but the cloud seemed a long way off and the muttering of the thunder was very faint, and we did not worry much over it. But when the Republicans, as the Free Soil Party called themselves, put out a candidate for President it became interesting, and when the Democratic Convention split at Charleston it became acute. It was then evident to thinking men that the Abolitionists would elect their candidate. In that event what should the South do? It was this question which produced a conflagration that swept the country and stirred Athens from center to circumstance. Leading Democrats openly declared there could be no other course but to secede from the Union. Conservative Whigs hoped for an adjustment which would preserve the Union and in the hearts of all there lurked the hope that Lincoln would be defeated.

When the telegraph announced the certainty of

Abraham Lincoln's election there was intense excitement in Athens. A mass meeting was held in which all parties united and Mr. T. R. R. Cobb made a stirring address in which he first declared for secession. Before this Mr. Cobb had taken no part in politics but had assiduously addressed himself to the practice of law. But from now on all his energies were devoted to the salvation of the South from what he believed to be the destruction of all her liberties and to the preservation of her independence.

Travel then was comparatively slow, the mails were irregular, the telegraph uncertain. Every passenger brought news from the North. Rumors of impossible conditions were rife and were repeated from mouth to mouth and with every repetition gained in sensation. Strangers were looked upon with suspicion, Northerners were looked at askance and spies were talked of and spotted here and there. A man living about four miles from town promulgated his free soil sentiments for which he was arrested and tried in the Town Hall by the citizens before Intendant Lyle. The prisoner badly frightened, declared he didn't know it was any harm, recanted his opinions, and was released. Meetings were held almost daily and groups of men gathered on the streets to discuss the news. The Legislature was in session and by invitation Mr. Thos. R. R. Cobb addressed the members on the situation.

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HOME OF GEN. THOMAS R. R. COBB

That speech was one that lives in the history of the State. His voice was for immediate secession.

After enforcing his reasons with all the logic at his command he closed with these words: "On the night of the sixth of November I called my wife and little ones together around my family altar and together we prayed to God to stay the wrath of our oppressors and preserve the Union of our fathers. The rising sun of the seventh of November found me on my knees begging the same kind father to make that wrath to praise him and the remainder of wrath to restrain. I believe that the hearts of men are in His hands, and when the telegraph announced to me that the voice of the North proclaimed at the ballot box that I should be a slave, I heard in the same sound the voice of my God speaking through his providence and saying to his child, "Be free! Be free!" The effect upon his audience was indescribable. Men went wild with enthusiasm and from that hour it was determined that Georgia should no longer remain in the Union of States. Soon after this Hon. Howell Cobb resigned the office of Secretary of the Treasury, under President Buchanan and came home.

The Legislature called a convention of the State to which Asbury Hull, Thos. R. R. Cobb and Jefferson Jennings were elected delegates from Clarke County. In the meantime news

was received of the secession of South Carolina which produced the greatest enthusiasm. The event was celebrated by a great torchlight procession in which a thousand men took part. Secessionists were known by the blue cockade, and every day added to their ranks. In anticipation of troublous times the Troup Artillery offered their services to the Governor. Conservative Union men were powerless in this gathering storm, and felt their helplessness in the face of increasing excitement.

The Convention met in Milledgeville and a great debate ensued. Mr. Stephens made what has been considered the greatest speech of his life against secession. Ben Hill threw all the eloquence of a great orator into an appeal for the preservation of the Union. But if any speech was needed to confirm the determination of the Convention it was the impassioned utterance of Thos. R. R. Cobb, urging and entreating and demanding by turns that Georgia and her children should be free. On January 19th, 1861, the Convention passed the Ordinance of Secession. With the solemnity which characterized the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but with no fear for the future, each delegate signed his name with a new pen.

When the news was received in Athens, the Troup Artillery fired a salute of a hundred guns. A great unrest pervaded the community; nobody

knew exactly what to expect. Some predicted war, others scouted the idea. The declarations of Mr. Lincoln were pacific, and yet the people began to gather themselves together, and the military companies began to drill and furbish up their arms. The ladies made a flag for the Athens Guards, which was delivered by Dr. Lipscomb in an eloquent speech, and another flag was presented to the Troup Artillery.

CHAPTER XXV.

The seceding states called a Congress to meet in Montgomery, Alabama, for the purpose of organizing a new Confederacy upon the lines of the old Union. In the appointment of delegates to this Provisional Congress to which Georgia sent ten, two Athenians were selected, Howell and Thos. R. R. Cobb. Another, Benj. H. Hill, had married an Athens girl and after the war became a citizen of the place. Of the remaining seven , five, Toombs, Stephens, Wright, Bartow and Nisbet had been students at the University and imbibed its spirit with their coming manhood. What city then can claim with equal reason so commanding an influence in the formation of the Confederate States as Athens?

At that Congress Howell Cobb was made President, and next to Mr. Davis was the choice of the Congress for President of the new Confederacy.

During the session of the Congress and indeed during the whole intervening time until the battle of Fredericksburg not a day elapsed without Thomas R. R. Cobb writing to his wife. In these letters he spake what was in his heart as he would have done in the privacy of his chamber with no thought that other eyes than hers would see them. They are therefore of the greatest value in depicting the history of those times as he saw it.

To show the belief of the best informed public men of that day we quote "The chances are decidedly aaginst war. There may be a little collision and much confusion, but no bloody or extensive war. The action of Virginia decides the question. Peace is certain on her secession;" and this, "Gwynn of California wires that Seward told him there would be no war;" and as late as April 19th, "many are of the decided opinion that there will be no war. Howell insists that this is the true view of the matter." And yet, the military ardor of the South was never so high. Companies were organizing everywhere. Men of wealth were equipping companies and arming regiments out of their own pockets. Governor Brown was besieged with tenders for military service. Officers had resigned from the old Army and Navy on the secession of their States and offered their services to President Davis. Although there had

been no declaration of war, every preparation was being made for war.

Congress adopted the flag of the Confederacy in March and Hope Fire Company raised over their engine house in Washington street, the first one that flung its folds to an Athens breeze. The same afternoon the *Southern Banner* raised another over its office on Webb & Crawford's corner, which was saluted by the Troup Artillery in proper form.

With the fall of Fort Sumter everyone prepared for war. Ladies were busy making clothes,, knitting socks, gloves, wristlets and comforters for the soldiers to take with them. Oil skin havelocks, needle cases, pin cushions, combs and pocket looking glasses were much sought after. The State of Georgia, through Adjutant General Henry C. Wayne announced that if would furnish soldiers "one coat, two handkerchiefs, two pairs pants, one black necktie, one cap, two flannel shirts, two pairs drawers, three pairs socks, one pocket knife, one tin cup, one spoon, one knife, one fork, two pairs boots, and one flannel band to tie around the stomach when exposed to the damp." What a pathetic contrast that soldier presented four years later, toiling along through rain and snow, barefooted, and in rags that barely covered his nakedness, but with the courage and hardiness, that made him the admiration of the world! At the State

Bank in Athens subscriptions to the Confederate loan were opened and $25,250 were taken. The first Confederate bond sold for 120, while the first United States bonds were taken at 93.5. However, these prices were not maintained.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On April 24th the Troup Artillery left to go into camp at Savannah with seventy-four men:

Captain, Marcellus Stanley; 1st Lieut., Henry H. Carlton; 2nd Lieut., A. F. Pope; 3rd Lieut., Edward P. Lumpkin; Ensign, Pope Barrow; 1st Sgt., Geo. J. Newton; 2nd Sgt., C. W. Motes; 3rd Sgt., George A. Homer; 4th Sgt., R. H. Pridgeon; 5th Sgt., H. B. Swann; 1st Corp., Lee M. Lyle; 2nd Corp., L. C. Cooper; 3rd Corp., Thos. F. Baker; 4th Corp., Wm. H. Jones.

Privates, Sam'l T. Aaron, Geo. B. Atkisson, Jos. A. Blackman, Thos. A. Barrow, Geo. P. Bennett, Rich'd G. Bearden, John M. Bostwick, James M. Brown, Benj. Culp, Robert Childers, Bart. R. Cain, Hedges Conger, Howell Cobb, Hinton C. Dillard, James F. Dillard, Robert F. Dorsey, A. S. Dorsey, John C. Deavours, Wm. H. Dicken, John W. Edwards, Elijah T. England, L. D. Furgusson, John O'Farrell, Robert Flournoy, Joseph H. L. Gerdine, John J. Griffeth, Wm. A. Hemphill, John H. Hughes, Jas. M. A. Jackson, Chas. M. Lumpkin, Frank Lumpkin, Absalom E. Lee, H. L. Mullins, E. M.

Maxey, David McDonald, John J. McConnell, Wm. P. Mealor, Isaac S. Moon, Robert Moore, H. D. Muller, John F. Murray, Thos. A. Murray, Jas. A. Moore, Almon L. Nance, Aug. C. Patman, J. E. Pittman, John A. Parks, John H. Patrick, E. W. Porter, Anderson W. Reese, E. Richardson, James Pledger, James T. Sansom, T. H. Shaw, Jas. C. Strickland, Ben. P. Taylor, O. Vincent, John O. Waddell, Grant Wilkins, George C. Williams, Thos. D. Williams, Henry F. Winn.

The company was escorted to the Georgia Railroad by the Athens Guards, Oconee Cavalry and the Fire Companies. At the depot then on the hill across the river two thousand citizens had assembled to say goodbye, and Chancellor Lipscomb addressed the departing company with characteristic eloquence and in a strain of the highest patriotism.

After a brief service at Tybee, where they found nothing worse than sand flies to fight, Troup Artillery was ordered to Virginia and formed part of Cobb's Legion at Yorktown. Afterwards being detached from the Legion they were sent to West Virginia. Captain Stanley resigned in 1862 and Lieut. Carlton was elected Captain.

Troup Artillery was known as Carlton's Battery later in the war, since Captain Carlton commanded it from 1862 to the surrender at Appo-

mattox. It was attached to Cabell's Battalion, Longstreet's Corps. It participated in nearly all the severest battles in Virginia. In the West Virginia campaign, where they saw their first real service, the men suffered terribly. They were at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and Petersburg.

First and last there were 267 men enrolled in Troup Artillery. Of these Lieut. Motes, George Atkisson, Joe Gerdine, W. H. Jones, John O. Waddell, W. J. Pittman were wounded and Ben Carlton killed at Sharpsburg.

At Crampton's Gap J. J. Kenney was killed and John Waddell wounded.

At Fredericksburg Capt. Carlton, T. M. Hughes, T. S. Aaron, William Jennings, T. S. Richards, Marion Stovall, were wounded and T. E. Dillard killed.

At Gettysburg Capt. Carlton, Lieut. Henry Jennings, W. A. Hemphill and W. E. Biggers were wounded, Richard Moore and J. H. Adams killed.

At Spottsylvania Lieut. T. A. Murray, J. H. Belcher, Hedges Conger, G. P. Bennett, T. M. Hughes, J. W. Ledbetter, John Lilly were wounded, Absalom Lee and Elisha Porter, killed. W. P. Mealor lost a leg at Dam No. 1 and H. Murphy was killed there.

The fatalities from camp diseases were no fewer. In 1861 the deaths were B. W. Cain, Champ Conelly, F. Miller, Harrison Thurmond, J A. Parks. In 1862 J. C. Ayres, Willie Billups, Jas. M. Bone, E. M. Butler, J. L. Butler, Jos. L. Dillard, R. O. Hale, Alsa Huggins, Geo. Jennings, S. D. Jennings, J. J. Johnson, M. McLain, Zach Sikes, Richard Sikes, R. J. Tuck and J. C. Tuck. In 1863 Lieut. Geo. Newton, J. M. Brown, T. S. Aaron, William Cooper, J. C. Deavors, W. H. Lee, J. A. Moore, P. N. Neese, R. B Richardson, J. M. Sikes, and in 1864 J. W. Echols, J. W. Harris, Jesse Palmer, W. H. Stapler, J. W. Stephenson and H. C. Dillard.

In addition to those who went out with this famous battery and who escaped to survive the war were Steve and Willie Dearing, Paddy Ware, Andrew Lamar, Sid Franklin, Robert Hemphill, W. F. Brittain, Bob Brittain, Joe Barry, W. F. Crane, J. R. Crane, Jim Frierson and others besides whom I cannot now recall.

A few days after the Troup Artillery left Athens, the Tugalo Blues from Franklin County and after them the famous Banks County Guards, clad in gray jeans and armed with squirrel rifles passed through on their way to the camps. They were met at the upper bridge with great enthusiasm and escorted to the depot with military honors.

CHAPTER XXVII.

On April 29th, the Athens Guards left for Virginia, with the following roll of men:

Captain, Henry C. Billups; 1st. Lieut.; Thomas M. Daniel; 2nd Lieut., David B. Langston; Ensign, George E. Hayes; 1st. Sgt. George A. Carlton; 2nd Sgt., A. M. Wyng; 3d. Sgt., A. S Mandeville; 4th Sgt. Samuel L. Alexander; 5th. Sgt. John S. Williford; 1st Corp., Richard H. Hughes; 2d. Corp., Robert A. Whitman; 3d. Corp., R. M. McAlpin; 4th Corp., H. M. Delacy.

Privates.

H. M. Aiken, R. A. Bristol, Willis Bone, William Bone, Dave H. Bailey, W. Bearden, J. L. Buford, J. B. Burpee, Mike J. Clancey, J. S. Colbert, W. H. Culberson, Charley Dean, Reuben T. Durham, Geo. C. Daniel, Thos. H. Frierson, Geo. S. Graham, Stump Greer, John W. Gilleland, H. M. Gilleland, Sam Hayes, P. W. Hayes, John Harris, Sid Hughes, I. W. Hallam, J. R. Ivy, J. J. Karnes, W. D. Luckie, W. R. Lambert, Wm. Ledbetter, Thos Ledbetter, Miller G. Lumpkin, C. P. McAllister, Jos. H. McCleskey, R. P. McWhorter, W. H. Morton, C. W. Murray, John P. Mason, Daniel McKenzie, Thos. G. Macon, P. M. Neese, J. W. Nabers, J. J. Parr, Geo. H. Palmer, G. R. Porter, G. W. Ramey, R. K Reaves, S. M. Stark, A. C. Smith, M. G. Simmons, J. J. Sims, E. C. Thomas, Jas. D. Thomas,

John W. Tenney, S. Fisher Tenney, J. T. Thurmond, A. A. Winn, Geo. D. Whitman, D. P. Williams, W. H. Vincent.

Other recruits during the war brought the total enrollment up to 140.

The Athens Guards was known as Co. K., 3d Georgia Regiment, Wright's Brigade, Hill's Corps. The history of the Company shows some hot fighting and heavy casualties. Their first engagement was on Roanoke Island where they defeated an Indiana regiment which they were destined to face in battle on two other occasions.

Capt. Billups was promoted to Lieut. Colonel and Lieut Daniel resigned. Lieut. David B. Langston became Captain and commanded the Company all through the war. In the battle of Malvern Hill, C. P. McAllister, Jno. W. Nabers, J. H. Dunahoo, Jack Sims, Noah C. Strickland were wounded and W. L. Griffeth and Joe McCleskey killed.

At Second Manassas F. M. Doster was killed and Daniel McKenzie, W. H. Morton, and Wm. A. Wright, now Comptroller General of Georgia were wounded.

At Sharpsburg David A. Bailey, Jim Dorsey, J. H. Reaves, S. F. Tenney, Adolphus Wamaling and A. A. Winn were wounded, and George Graham and Walter Perry killed.

At Chancellorsville, Capt. Langston, W. W.

Cook, Stump Greer and Jack Sims, were wounded.

At Gettysburg, S. M. Barber and George Porter, were wounded. Tom Frierson was wounded and captured. W. A. Wright was wounded again and captured. C. W. Dean, J. E. Dickson, M. B. Locklin, Dave Moncrief, and Noah Strickland were killed. W. S. Griffeth was killed at Fredericksburg.

Geo. E. Griffeth, Geo. H. Palmer, J. W. Whatley were wounded at Spottsylvania and W. H. Jackson, C. A. Barber and R. A. Bristol, killed.

At the Crater at Petersburg Lieut. George E. Hayes—then Major of the 3d Georgia—William Nabers, Zach Nabers, and Sam Reynolds, were killed. Lieut. Dalton Mitchell, W. L. Barber, Robert Dougherty, James O'Farrell, C. W. Reynolds, Rich Robertson, A. C. Smith and W. A. Sims were wounded. F. W. Hazelhurst was captured.

Before Richmond T. W. Long and Trevor Rice were wounded. F.M.Chandler was captured at Deep Bottom, J. G. Evans was wounded at Hatcher's Run and J. R. Barber, W. H. Bearden, William Bone, Sam Hayes, H. C. Cook, Geo. C. Daniel, J. S. Durham, A. W. Thornton, S. B. Haygood, A. L. Mitchell, D. E. Sims, H. J. Simmons were wounded but in which battles is not now recalled.

Twenty-one members of the Guards died in

service from diseases—J. D. Chandler, David C. Cook, W. F. Cook, Elijah Craft, P. W. Hayes, Irving Hinesly, J. J. Karnes, Zero Kitchens, Charley Lucas, J. B. Mason, C. W. Murray, W. A. Raines, I. K. Strickland, J. W. Tenney, John Thurmond, F. Thurmond, T. M. Tuck, W. T. Walker and G. A. Witt.

On May 29th the Clarke County Rifles left, under the following officers:

Captain—Isaac S. Vincent,; 1st Lieut.—J. W. Hendon, 2nd Lieut.—J. J. McRee, 3rd Lieut.—F. Crenshaw; 1st Sgt.—J. P. Cheney; 2d Sgt—Lindsay Durham; 3d Sgt—J. H. Reaves; 4th Sgt.—Sanford Whitehead; 1st Corp.—Arthur M. Jackson; 2d Corp.—J. N. Ridgeway; 3d Corp.—Wm. A. Elder; 4th Corp.—H. P. Fullilove.

Captain Vincent was taken ill before going into camp and died in Raleigh. The company was assigned to the 3d Georgia Regiment and fought side by side with the Athens Guards throughout the war under Captain McRee.

The casualties in this Company were as follows:

At Malvern Hill Lieut.Crenshaw, Jos.C.Elder, Zach Jackson and Thomas Wright were killed S. D. Hardigree, J. T. Launius and E. E. Carter wounded. A. Millican was wounded and T. G. Redmond killed at Second Manassas.

At Sharpsburg William Fullilove, H. P. Fullilove, David M. Elder were killed and J. L. Hen-

son, W. P. Hendon, J. S. Jones, Thos. B. Middlebrooks, W. H. Rutledge wounded.

W. F. Turnell, J. T. Turnell, J. S. Hale, J. P. Millican, were wounded at Chancellorsville and Warren Carter, Willis Fullilove killed.

William Loring was killed at Sawyers Lane. J. W. Bradberry, Jno. H. Elder, Asa M. Jackson were wounded and F. G. Elbin, J. W. Hardigree, killed in the battles around Richmond. Jeff Delay was wounded at Hatcher's Run.

At Gettysburg G. H. Blair was wounded and captured and so was Asbury Cooper who died in prison. J. H. Donahoo, W. Joe Elder, W. P. Epps, Jno. H. Giles, W. H. Hale, A. M. Maxcy were wounded and John Hardigree, J. S. Hardigree, F. J. Hill, were killed.

At Spottsylvania S. Allen, W. S. Anderson were killed, and A. B. Delay, Thos Davenport, D. E. Elder, V. Allen and John Simpson wounded.

At Petersburg Capt. McRee was killed and William Eades, James Nowell, W. C. Nunnally, F. H. Stewart, Lindsey Wilson, also, while J. M. Allgood, S. D. Hardigree, John J. Giles, Dawson Elder, J. P. McRee, William Nowell, J. W. Turnell and W. C. Wood were wounded.

James Carter was killed at Fredericksburg, J. W. Allgood was severely wounded three times. Richard S. Jones was wounded at Yellow Tavern, Hatchers' Run and Sharpsburg, and captured in the last.

John Peeler was wounded at the Wilderness, Dave Stephens at Cold Harbor, Jacob Benger, Tony Daggert, A. Elder, D. S. Elder, William Jones, J. L. LeCroy, C. W. Little, Elijah, John and Stearns Mauldin, N. Plunkett, S. M. Stark, H. J. Thomas in other battles.

Those who died in service were : I. Daniel, George and Thomas Daggert, Silas East, David G. Elder, David H. Edward, A. and Edward L. Griffeth, W. H. Lowe, William Middlebrooks, J. F. Ragsdale, T. J. Robertson, William Spencer, James Ward, Fleming and Weldon Wise.

Clarke Rifles enrolled 150 men during the war, a small remnant of whom were surrendered at Appomattox.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Georgia Troopers, a cavalry company, was next organized, and left July 16th, 1861, to join Cobb's Legion, composed of the following officers and men:

Captain, William G. Deloney; 1st Lieut., James R. Lyle; 2nd Lieut., Thomas C. Williams; 3rd Lieut., Jerry E. Ritch.

In the Ranks—Stephen Arnold, Thomas J. Ash, A. Baker, Cicero Brooks, Thomas Brooks, Alonzo Brooks, Jno. H. Bulloch, Green Chandler, D.P. Camp, N. B. Cash, Thos. J. Dunnahoo, Stephen T. Dent, Aleck T. Dent, Henry Dough-

erty, Wm. Davis, Jas. A. Epps, A. F. Hardy, Geo. Harper, W. C. Hood, J. P. Hill, S. W. Hill, Moses Hill, Jas. T. House, Frank R. Howard, S. E. Jackson, E. C. Lay, G. W. McElhannon, M. C. Martin, J. B. O'Shields, H. P. Park, Oliver H. Prince, Isham H. Pittard, Jno. C. Rutherford, Q. H. Smith, T. A. Smith, W. H. Simpkins, M. S. Simmons, W. B. Tuck, J. I. Tuck, T. J. Shackleford, J. N. Pinson, Jno. Hewett, J. C. Oliver, S. B. Weir, Hoyt Weir, Phillip Wray, Walter Wray, J. C. Welborn, Burwell H. Yerby, W. J. Matthews, Wm. Nabers, T. J. Moon.

Captain Deloney was promoted to Lieut. Colonel, Lieut. Lyle resigned, Lieut. Williams was made Captain, Lieut. Ritch after a year returned home and raised another company which he commanded throughout the war.

The Georgia Troopers was an integral part of Cobb's Legion but was later detached just as the Troup Artillery was and belonged to Hampton's Cavalry, but the men insisted on retaining the name of "Cobb's Legion Cavalry." They enrolled first and last 168 men.

Of these, A. Bruce, W. F. Early and E. S. House were killed at Hanover C. H.; R. Barrett, Thos. House, Adjutant J. Frank Jones and N. C. Strickland at Gettysburg; H. P. Parks at Jack's Shop; Lt. Col. Barrington King at Fayetteville, N. C.; J. W. Daniel in a skirmish.

Col. Deloney was wounded at Jack's Shop,

captured and died in Old Capitol Prison in Washington. Capt. Ritch, W. Bryant, R. J. Hancock were wounded at Brandy Station; W. H. Early and F. W. Walter at Dispatch Station; C. R. Harris and J. W. Daniel at Gettysburg; J. H. Abercrombie, W. C. Howard at Reams Station; W. C. Orr at Deep Bottom; T. R. Tuck at Wilderness; Marcus D. L. Pittman at Culpepper.

Bryant, McCurry and S. S. Parks were captured and died in prison. R. L. Nash, D. O. Conner, J. C. Oliver were captured and M. Anderson, N. Anderson, F. Chandler, E. W., J. M. and S. D. Cowan, A. B. Dinsmore, W. Hilton, John Hill, M. Hill, W. H. Poss, W. Pinson, James and Robert Tuck died of disease.

Capt. Ritch's company was also of "Cobb's Legion Cavalry." Isham H. Pittard was 1st Lieut. and was captured at Ely's Ford. T. J. Smith was 2nd Lieut.

C. C. Brooke, 3rd Lieut., was killed at Gettysburg. Lieut. Tom Dunnahoo was killed at Reams Station, A. C. Baker, L. W. Barrett at Gettysburg; B. H. Carter, A. F. Hardy and N. C. Weir at Brandy Station; T. H. Brown at the Wilderness; J. A. Alexander, J. A. Epps, H. Simmons, E. J. Wilson were wounded, and T. F. Todd (living still in Athens) was wounded eight times; George McElhannon and W. B. Tuck and E. J. Wilson died in service.

This company enrolled 147 men.

Next in order of time after Deloney's Company came the Mell Rifles, which Dr. P. H. Mell had raised for enlistment, but domestic affliction detaining him at home, he resigned the command to Capt. Thomas U. Camak.

This company was attached to Cobb's Legion and was known as Camak's Company. The following is its muster roll on leaving for Virginia:

Captain, Thos. U. Camak; 1st Lieut., John B. Cobb; 2nd Lieut., Robert H. Goodman; 3rd Lieut., Richard J. Wilson; 1st Sgt., James F. Wilson; 2nd Sgt., William A. Winn; 3rd Sgt., William A. Gilleland; 4th Sgt., Samuel P. Kenney; 1st Cor., G. W. Barber; 2nd Cor., J. F. Mattox; 3rd Cor., Benjamin Mell; 4th Cor., I. H. House.

Privates—E. J. Aiken, — Abbott, A. Adair, I. J. Barrett, J. L. Barrett, W. J. Brittain, B. L. Butler, Thos. Butler, Jack Benton, Wm. Bradberry, Jud Bird, Wm. Crow, W. T. Carter, Jos. Cook, H. Cook, C. D. Cook, Simeon Crow, E. Croft, M. B. Caldwell, H. J. Childers, Jno. Doster, W. T. Delay, Joel Dean, F. Doster, Jack Edwards, G. C. Fitzpatrick, H. H. Freeman, Cody Fowler, J. W. Gilleland, J. G. Gray, J. S. House, A. G. Haygood, G. T. Highland, Sam Hudson, J. T. Hale, T. Ivey, J. R. Johnson, J. W. Johnston, J. O. Jarrett, Whitson Jarrett, W. H. Kirkpatrick, J. F. Kenney, W. H. Led-

better, Thos. Ledbetter, Lucas H. Lampkin, J. LeSeur, J. C. Mattox, J. F. Moon, W. L. Martin, Thos. Mabry, James C. Newton, Alonzo C. Newton, Q. L. Nabers, E. Nunn, T. Nunn, W. D. Payne, C. H. Payne, W. P. Pittman, Jno. Park, J H. Smith, M. B. Smith, J. M. Smith, W. Stapler, Henry Sims, B. Spinks, Jas. Sikes, A. F. Tolbert, W. O. Tolbert, F. Tiller, T. H. White, N. F. White, W. J. Wilson, Jas. W. White.

This company's first engagement was at Crampton's Gap, where as part of Cobb's Brigade they suffered heavy losses. In this battle the wounded were Capt. Camak, S. P. Kenney, M. B. Caldwell, Henry Childers, A. F. Tolbert, and the killed were Ben Mell, M. Cody, Cody Fowler, J. E. Croft, A. G. Haygood, G. T. Hightower, J. F. Kenney, J. McHarmon and Burwell Yerby.

At Chancellorsville, Lieut. Gilleland lost an arm, J. Benton, W. S. Martin, John Parks and Lieut. Dick Wilson were wounded. E. J. Aiken, W. T. Delay, T. Ledbetter, Zach L. Nabors, J. P. Ridling were killed. G. W. Freeman was killed at Sharpsburg.

At Gettysburg, Capt. Camak and Frank Tiller were killed and J. T. Mattox and W. T. Carter wounded.

At the Wilderness, J. S. House, J. O. Jarrett, E. Nunn and E. Sharpe were killed.

At Spottsylvania, Joel Dean, W. D. Payne

were wounded and J. Edwards killed. W. J. Brittain and W. H. Kirkpatrick were captured at Fisher's Hill and died in prison. B. L. Butler and F. H. White were killed at Horseshoe.

W. H. Ledbetter was killed at Chickamauga.

At Knoxville, Capt. W. A. Winn, Thos. Butler G. C. Fitzpatrick were killed and Lieut. James F. Wilson and A. Adair wounded. W. Stapler, Jr., and W. Suddeth were killed and J. H. House and John W. Gilleland captured. Jerry G. Gray was captured at Front Royal.

I. J. Barrett, J. Benedict, J. Cook, J. Doster, H. H. Freeman, J. C. Glower, J. LeSeur, W. Ledbetter, Alonzo C. Newton, W. Nix, T. Nunn, James Sikes, N. Thornton, G. Tiller, J. Sweeney, W. A. Sims, J. A., J. H. and J. M. Smith, W. Stapler, Sr., W. Williams and W. J. Wilson all died in hospital.

This company enrolled 134 men.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Perhaps no company in the army saw harder fighting than the Johnson Guards, commanded by Capt. Samuel P. Lumpkin and attached to the 44th Ga. Regiment, Doles Brigade.

Its officers were Sam. P. Lumpkin, Captain; W. B. Haygood, 1st Lieut.; Asbury H. Jackson, 2nd Lieut.; J. W. Reaves 3rd Lieut. It enrolled 145 men.

Its lists of battles comprises everyone that was fought after their arrival in Virginia. Its list of casualties is so great that I hesitate to write it down. Of its officers, Capt. Lumpkin was promoted to Colonel, and was mortally wounded at Gettysburg. Captain Haygood was wounded at Sharpsburg, lost an arm at Gettysburg, and was captured. Lieut. Reaves was killed at Gaines' Mill. Lieut. N. B. Durham was wounded at Chancellorsville and captured at Spottsylvania; Lieut. W. C. Williams killed at Chancellorsville; Lieut. E. B. Spinks captured at Fisher's Hill; Lieut. Moon at Spottsylvania.

At Gaines Mill, D. H. Malcomb, Lewis Lester, J. R. Aycock, L. C. Cooper, W. M. Elder, S. Garden, T. M. Hall, W. B. Jones, G. A. Nolan, and A. C. Osburn were wounded. In this same desperate fight W. F. Adams, J. M. Butler, Jas. H. Daniel, H. Doolittle, J. Glover, H. M. Kidd, John Murrah, W. A. Robertson, R. E. Royster and P. M. Stewart were killed. M. Mooney was killed and J. E. Thomas wounded at Malvern Hill.

At Sharpsburg, G. W. Autrey was wounded and captured and W. M. Elder. W. W. Hunt wounded. N. L. Johnson was killed.

At Gettysburg, W. H. Bishop, Lewis Lester, J. W. McRee, F. M. Daniel, Ed Gleason, W. T. Osburn, Henry C. Poss, W. Pullnot were

wounded. Geo. Tiller was captured and died in prison.

At Chancellorsville, W. P. Bearden, W. L. Biggs, C. L. Burger, J. W. Davenport, David B. Elder, Ed Gleason, A. D. Griffeth, Tolbert N. Lester, J. W. Miller, T. J. Moseley, W. P. Moseley, A. J. Pickerell, T. J. Simonton were all wounded and G. W. Klutts, D. W. Griffeth, H. Maxcy, Jno. B. Daniel, killed.

At the Wilderness, W. J. Whitehead lost a leg; W. P. Bearden, L. C. Cooper, J. J. Griffeth, N. F. Hunt, J. B. Langford were wounded.

A. L. Beavers was killed at Front Royal; T. J. Moseley at Cedar Creek; G. W. Nunnally at Petersburg; T. J. Simonton at Gettysburg.

At Spottsylvania, W. N. Autry, N. J. Daniel, C. A. Dicken, W. E. Elder, D. E. Huff, J. P. Huff, W. W. Hunt, B. C. Langford, E. S. Lester, F. M. McRee, J. R. McRee, W. H. Bishop, P. W. Miller, W. C. Nunnally, H. C. Poss, J. B. Fulnot, L. Whitehead, D. J. Willoughby were captured and Hunt, Nunnally and Whitehead died in prison. C. Sanders and J. W. Vickers were wounded and H. Whitehead and S. T. Maxcy killed.

F. M. Daniel was killed at Winchester; R. B. McRee captured at Strasburg; W. Montgomery at Hagerstown; J. J. Thornton was wounded at Thornton's Gap; J. Pulnot at Winchester; N. J. Daniel was killed and N. F. Hunt

and J. W. Miller wounded at Cedar Creek.; W. P. McRee was wounded at Snickers Gap and at Petersburg.

Of the enlisted men, J. H. Jackson, J. A. Adams, J. P. Biggs, A. Burger, D. R. Butler, H. F. Carter, W. East, W. B. Edwards, W. T. Giles, J. W. Hunt, W. P. McWhorter, B. T. Owen, J. J. Owen, H. Simonton, T. J. Thompson, A. Whitehead, S. J. Wilcoxson and W. W. Willoughby died from disease and all of them died in the first year of their enlistment.

The Highland Guards were officered by:

Captain, William S. Grady; 1st Lieut., John R. Hayes; 2nd Lieut., John M. Phinizy; 3rd Lieut., B. F. Jackson; 1st Sgt., C. A. Jones; 2nd Sgt., H. W. Edmondson; 3rd Sgt., Wm. Marr; 4th Sgt., Peter Weil; 5th Sgt., W. B. Bass; 1st Corp., A. Adkins; 2nd Corp., J. W. Queen; 3rd Corp., I. H. Schevenell; 4th Corp., F. M. Hadley.

This company enrolled 135 men, about fifty of whom came from Western North Carolina, where Captain Grady was well known. The company was attached to the 25th N. C. Regiment, Ransom's Brigade.

Capt. Grady was promoted to the rank of Major and was killed at Petersburg. Lieut. Hayes resigned on account of disability and John M. Phinizy became Captain.

The reports of casualties in this company are

very meagre. Lieut. Jackson was wounded at Malvern Hill, and A. Adkins, G. Garland, C. Lackerby, W. Runyon, were killed

At Petersburg, R. Barton, Lorenzo Bird, Sanders Colbert, W. Gales, L. Harris, T. McAllister, M. Parks, W. J. Weatherford, J. Williams and George Wright were killed. J. Blackburn, and G. Raison were killed at Fredericksburg.

The 25th North Carolina did some stubborn fighting and the casualties in this company must have been much heavier than we have any record of. In its ranks were Peter Weil, George Center, George Bass, Tom Childers, Leonard Schevenell and W. D. Williams. Tom Tolbert was wounded five times once in a very peculiar way.

CHAPTER XXX.

When Chattanooga was evacuated by the Confederates the situation began to look serious for Georgia and the "stay at homes" began to organize for defence.

One company was formed from the operatives in the factories and machine shops. They elected for their Captain, James White, and for Lieutenants, Peter Culp, E. J. McCall and J. V. Adkins. They numbered 110 men and R. L. Bloomfield, Reuben Nickerson and W. J. Morton were privates.

Edward P. Lumpkin organized the Wilson Lumpkin Artillery, known as Lumpkin's battery, composed for the most part of disabled men, exempts and boys not yet old enough to enlist. The officers were: E. P. Lumpkin, Capt.; Cicero Weir, 1st Lieut.; W. H. Morton, 2nd Lieut.; Sam Pruitt, 3rd Lieut. W. H. Hodgson, Bernard Franklin, J. J. Turnbull, E. R. Hodgson, John Billups, John Frierson, Singleton Lucas, Jack Weir and Columbus Wilkerson were among its members.

Major Ferdy Cook organized the men who were employed in the Confederate armory into a battalion. They numbered about two hundred.

The "Oconee Rangers" was a company of cavalry commanded by John C. Turner, Captain; James R. Lyle, 1st Lieut.; J. O. Thrasher, 2nd Lieut.; J. J. Thomas, 3rd Lieut.; Stephen Elliott, Jr., and Sergeants, W. J. Morton, W. H. Hull, W. C. Weir. It was attached to Toomb's Regiment.

The "Lumpkin Artillery" never went further than the hill at Princeton Factory, but they saved Athens from a hostile invasion, as the following incident will show:

Gen. Horace Capron met John H. Christy in Washington after the war, and learning that he was from Athens, said "I was once at Watkinsville, but never at Athens." "Why, how did you

get to Watkinsville without going through Athens?" said Mr. Christy. "Well," replied Gen. Capron, "In 1864 I was one of Stoneman's brigade which was scattered through that country and we came to a river near Athens, on the other side of which a battery of artillery was placed which fired at us. We supposed it was supported by a strong force and retired."

The "Lipscomb Volunteers" was formed mainly of the resigned artillery men. F. W. Adams was elected Captain, and the Lieutenants were: John C. Moore, Robt. H. Goodman and G. W. Barber; Sergeants, William King, A. G. Turner, Thos. Crawford, T. N. Epps, T. A. Adams; and Corporals, W. H. Hodgson, E. S. Hull, G. A. Gilmore and B. W. Parr made up the non- commisioned roll.

Among the privates were A. A. Lipscomb, W. H. Waddell, Henry Beusse, L. Flisch, John Hampton, W. V. P. Hodgson, Prince Hodgson, W. L. Jones, D. M. Kenney, A. J. Lamar, H. A. Lowrance, G. W. Mason, W. T. Moon, J. M. Nicholson, C. W. Parr, John Potts, William Rutherford, W. N. White, P. Wray, E. H. Vonderleith and A. M. Scudder.

Of these companies I shall have something more to say.

Besides those already enumerated, there were about one hundred men from Athens enlisted in other commands. There were Lamar Cobb,

Robert Thomas, John A. Cobb, John W. Nicholson, R. L. Moss on Gen. Cobb's staff, and Doctors James Camak, Crawford W. Long, R. M. Smith, Joseph B. Carlton, Cicero Holt, E. D. Newton, surgeons in other regiments. Frank Hill was Colonel of the 1st Ga. Regulars. Blanton A. Hill was Major of an Alabama Regiment and was killed at Deep Bottom, Va. Thos. C. Billups, William Henry Hull and John Bird were in the 5th Georgia Cavalry; James M. Hull was in the Chatham Artillery and died in 1864; Brainerd Palmer and S. M. Hunter in 1st Ga. Regulars; Frank A. Lipscomb was in a Maryland regiment and A. L. Hull and Victor Smith in the Engineer Corps.

Prof. Wash joined Morgan's Cavalry and Willie Chase was killed with the Mississippians at Franklin. Edward W. Hull was Lieutenant in the 8th Georgia and afterwards on Gen. Bate's staff. Harvie Hull was Captain in Stovall's brigade. James Barrow, who was a cadet at West Point when the war began, was Lieutenant Colonel and was killed at Ocean Pond. Jim McCleskey was a Lieutenant in the Georgia Cadets. Jep Rucker and Tom Hamilton were in the same battallion and Tom was wounded at Oconee Bridge. Fred Lucas enlisted with Breckenridge's Cavalry.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Some of my readers may find this long array of names not interesting. Not so with me. Many of those men I knew and the mention of their names bring up memories of other days which throw a halo about them. I recall how they looked as they marched, new uniformed,with alert step, full of life and vigor, and how they stopped to speak the good-bye word; how, afterwards, they toiled on the forced march tattered, half shod, half starved; how they went bravely into battle and how some came out bloody and faint, and some lay dead.

I know of no published record of the muster rolls of these companies, or of their casualties. It is due these brave men that their names should be preserved. It is a great honor to have been a true Confederate soldier, and I deem it a privilege to aid in recording these names where posterity may read them.

The population of Clarke county, according to the census of 1860, was 11,218. Of these 5,679 were negroes and 5,539 whites, and of this number at least two-thirds were women and children. According to this estimate, there were 1,513 white men and boys in Clarke county, of whom 1,300 went into the army. Sixteen per cent. of these were wounded, eleven per cent. were killed and ten per cent. died from disease—thirty-six per cent put *hors du combat.*

Summary of Losses in Companies from Clarke Co.

Company.	Enrollment.	Wounded.	Killed.	Died.	Captured.
Troup Artillery	267	25	8	39	*
Athens Guards	140	46	17	21	6
Clarke Rifles	150	54	29	16	4
Deloney's Cavalry	168	14	11	14	7
Ritch's Cavalry	147	5	8	2	4
Mell Rifles	134	16	30	22	7
Johnson Guards	145	51	30	18	21
Highland Guards	135	*	14	*	*
Other Companies	100	4	6	2	2
Total	1386	218	153	134	51

* Unknown.

And yet these percentages were low as compared with the losses in some regiments during the war. The 1st Texas lost 83 per cent. at Sharpsburg. In a charge at Gettysburg a part of the 1st Minnesota lost 82 per cent. and in the 26th North Carolina at Sharpsburg only 84 out of 87 men escaped, a loss of 95 per cent. These are instances of the desperate fighting between

men of valor in the great war.

Athens gave to the army two Major Generals, Howell Cobb and M. L. Smith, and one Brigadier General, Thomas R. R. Cobb, and if we count Henry R. Jackson, who was born and spent his boyhood here, we may claim another.

Of the commands which went from this county, Samuel P. Lumpkin, H. C. Billups, W. G. Deloney, Thos. U. Camak, Frank Hill, Barrington King and P. H. Mell became Colonels. Cobb's Legion was originally composed of soldiers in the three branches of service artillery, infantry and cavalry. Col. Cobb mustered in at Yorktown one battery of artillery, seven companies of infantry and four troops of cavalry. The Legion was in fact a brigade and the Colonel had pretty hard work when General Magruder ordered a dress parade to drill his men in three different kinds of tactics.

Cobb's Brigade was commanded by Gen. Howell Cobb until he was ordered to Georgia, when Col. Thos. R. R. Cobb, whose Legion was a part of that brigade, was promoted to its command.

When General Lee's army was scattered from Harper's Ferry to Hagerstown, Gen. McClellan sent 14,000 men to relieve the former place by way of Crampton's Gap. Cobb's Brigade, with Troup Artillery and a few Virginia cavalry, in all 2,200 men, were ordered to hold the Gap.

They were attacked by 6,500 Federals. It was a sacrifice made necessary in order to delay the enemy until General Lee could get his scattered divisions together. The brigade was badly cut up but held their ground until they were overwhelmed and driven back. But they saved Lee's army from being cut in two. At Fredericksburg Cobb's Brigade defended the position behind the stone wall from which fourteen Federal brigades were successively driven back with a loss of eight thousand men. There Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb was killed.

At Fredericksburg Troup Artillery fired the signal gun which opened the battle and to that company too was assigned the honor of firing the signal gun which preceded Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. At Crampton's Gap the company lost eighteen horses and nearly all its guns were disabled.

Cobb's Legion Cavalry were splendid fighters and General Hampton said of them with pardonable pride, "It was the best regiment in either army, North or South." At Brandy Station as Gen. Lee was preparing to advance into Pennsylvania, twelve thousand Federal cavalry attacked Jeb Stuart and were about to overwhelm him. His batteries of horse artillery had been captured and the fight had assumed the character of a melee with every man for himself against two or three of the enemy.

At this juncture Pierce Young came upon the field with Cobb's Legion Cavalry and charged at full speed, cutting and slashing with sabres drawn, carrying everything before them. The repulse became a rout and in wild disorder the Federals fled to the refuge of their batteries. One of the most gallant of their soldiers was Willie Church, Adjutant of the regiment. He was struck nineteen times during the war, and no less than nine of the enemy are said to have fallen under the strokes of his sabre.

At Trevillian's, Col. Deloney fought a duel with sabres with a Federal sergeant and unhorsed him, but at Gettysburg he was attacked by four of the enemy and would have been killed but for Henry E. Jackson, who came to his relief and saved his life.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Professor William D. Wash and William M. Chase both enlisted in Mississippi regiments. Both behaved with conspicuous bravery at the battle of Franklin where Willie Chase was killed on the top of the breastworks. Mr. Wash joined Morgan's cavalry and at Cynthiana and Gallatin was noted for his gallant conduct. He was captured in 1863 and died in prison. A comrade wrote of him, "He knew no fear. I have no hesitation in saying he was the bravest man I

ever saw, as cool in battle as if he did not know what was going on. At Cynthiana, Ky., he went ahead of his command amid a shower of bullets and minded them no more than a summer shower. At Gallatin, Tenn., he distinguished himself by coolness and bravery."

Major Grady was a prosperous merchant and a man of great integrity of character. He was converted in the revival of 1857 and became an earnest Christian. The writer was sent to him early one morning with a message and found the family at prayers and the Major praying with unction. Breakfast was ready at home and the pangs of hunger got hold upon me, but Mr. Grady would not let up. I could hear him distinctly in the next room. He prayed for everything in town, then for Europe, Asia, and the Islands of the sea, and I remember wondering if he had old Mitchell's Atlas and was taking it page by page. Major Grady was a fine officer and all Athens grieved with his family when he was killed in one of the attacks on Petersburg.

At the battle of Fredericksburg Dick Saye, while serving one of the guns of Troup Artillery, saw a shell with a lighted fuse fall in a few feet of him. With the utmost coolness he picked it up and pitched it down the hill where it exploded, saving by his bravery his own life and doubtless the lives of many of his comrades.

A. C. Sorrell, another member of that com-

pany, was promoted from the ranks for gallantry on the field and made a staff officer.

Dr. Edwin D. Newton, that genial comrade, was present at the cradle and the grave of the Confederacy. He saw President Davis take the oath of office in Montgomery and was surgeon in charge of the last field hospital at Appomattox.

Gen. Martin L. Smith was a graduate of West Point, a classmate of Gen. Longstreet, and an officer in the old army. He married Miss Sarah Nisbet, of Athens, and when he resigned from the United States service made his home in Athens.

For gallant conduct at the capture of the City of Mexico he was brevetted with Lieutenants Beauregard, Bee, U. S. Grant, and Captains Joseph Hooker and Robert E. Lee. With them he was one of the founders of the Aztec Club.

After the fall of New Orleans, Col. Smith was made Brigadier General and placed in command of Vicksburg. He fortified the position so well that when Farragut and Porter with seventy-seven ships of war and five thousand men attacked, he kept them at bay with less than one thousand men. For this gallant defense Gen. Smith was promoted to Major General. Of his work at Vicksburg, General Pemberton wrote to the President, "To Maj. Gen. M. L. Smith the defenses of Vicksburg have been entrusted and he

is entitled to the highest credit for the disposition of his troops and the arrangements for defense which rendered the places almost impregnable." At the capture of Vicksburg General Smith was paroled and returned home. After his exchange he was ordered to report to General Lee and was made Chief Engineer of the Army of Northern Virginia. He established the lines on which the battle of the Wilderness was fought, and the battles of Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg were all fought on the lines which he had laid out. At the Wilderness he was asked by Gen. Longstreet, who had just come upon the field, to find a route by which he might flank Hancock and was then ordered to lead the attack. The flank movement rolled up Hancock as he himself said, "like a wet blanket," and was one of the most brilliant strokes of the war.

The "Bloody Angle" at Spottsylvania was on a part of the line which Gen. Smith had advised should be abandoned for a stronger one in the rear, and it was from this rear line that two days later Gen. Lee drove back twelve thousand Federals before they got within rifle range of the works.

General Smith was one of the handsomest of soldiers, rather reserved with strangers, but among friends was genial and winning, though never undignified. He had been elected Pro-

fessor of Civil Engineering in the University, but died in 1866 in Rome, Ga., while Chief Engineer of the Alabama and Tennessee Railroad.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

To recur to the days when the enthusiasm of the people was at its height, in those spring days of 1861, business of all kinds was utterly demoralized. Students quit college, boys ran away from school, clerks resigned their places, merchants closed their stores, farmers left their crops, to volunteer. All political parties had united in one and with one consent, determined to uphold the independence of Georgia. No one had to be begged to volunteer. What they begged was arms for the volunteer and the volunteer begged to be assigned to duty. Not many remained behind. Men over age, invalids, some unfit for military duty, public officers, physicians and a few, a very few, skulkers.

As the war progressed, times grew harder. Merchants began to refuse credit and distress and want appeared among the poor. Public meetings were held for their relief. Dr. R. D. Moore advertised that he would attend families of soldiers, making no charge for medical services.

The Paper Mill was burned—a loss of $16 000—throwing many out of employment. The

Judges of the Inferior Court authorized the issue of $15,000 in bonds by the County to relieve destitute families, and the ladies organized a Working Society with Mrs. Franklin, President, and Mesdames Stovall, Lipscomb, Hoyt, Hull, Childs, Nickerson, Rutherford, Mitchell, Brittain, J. H. Newton, H. Cobb, Baxter, Rucker and Miss Colt as Directors. Mrs. Franklin was a most ardent Southerner, taking up the lead pipe of the fountains in her beautiful yard to mould bullets for the soldiers. This Ladies' Aid Society continued throughout the war, furnishing clothing to soldiers and helping the destitute in every way, and the soft hands of delicate girls who had never been taught to work, were busy sewing on rough cloth and knitting socks to send to the boys at the front. The good these patriotic ladies accomplished cannot be estimated.

To show the unanimity with which men volunteered during the war, there were six Hemrick brothers, seven Bradberrys, twelve Elders, eight of them brothers in Clarke Rifles, and ten Thornton brothers in the army from Clarke county. Old Mrs. Bone had ten sons in the army in Virginia. She wrote to General Lee in 1863, asking him to let one of her boys come home to make her crop and the General replied in an autograph letter under date of April 18th, and after acknowledging the receipt of Mrs. Bone's letter said, "You have set a noble example in devoting

your ten sons to the service of the country, and in encouraging them to defend their homes. We need every good soldier we have in the army. If we allowed all to return who are needed at home we should soon have no country and no homes. I sympathize with you in your anxieties and privations, but I trust your kind neighbors in the patriotic state of Georgia will not permit you to want while your brave sons are doing their duty manfully against the enemy.

I am respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE."

By the autumn of 1862 every man between 18 and 45 years of age had gone to the army except a few exempts, and many had gone who were both below and above those ages. The absentees were replaced to some extent by about 200 operatives of Cook's Armory, which had been erected across the river—now the Check Factory.

Ferdinand Cook and his brother, under commission from the Confederate Government, built and reorganized here the manufactory of arms which had been destroyed with the capture of New Orleans. Guns, pistols, swords and bayonets were made there until the close of the war. Major Cook, whose family occupied the late home of Mr. F. W. Lucas, was a most hospitable man and kept open house for the refugees. At the siege of Savannah he recklessly exposed him-

self, standing on the breastworks and firing shot after shot at the enemy with fatal accuracy, until he himself fell shot through the head.

Some young negroes, relieved of the authority of their masters, became troublesome, and Hope Fire Company formed themselves into a home guard, and the boys from 12 to 16 organized two companies among themselves. The "Georgia Rangers" thirsted for blood under command of Capt. Peyton R. Hutchins, and the "Davis Life Guards," under Capt. John G. Dent, were equally defiant of the foul invader. Both companies paraded religiously in all the processions and escorted to the depot every troop that left for the army. In one week in March 1862 seven companies marched through Athens to the seat of war. To all of them the Rangers did the honors of the town. A banner was presented to the Rangers by Prof. Wm. H. Waddell, in behalf of the young ladies of the town, and was received with a patriotic response by Carlton Hillyer, a member of the company.

The only case of mob law which ever occurred in Athens was in July, 1862. A negro belonging to Dr. Macon assaulted the wife of the overseer who had gone into the army, was arrested and brought to town for trial, in the old Town Hall. Esquire Kirkpatrick bound him over on his own confession for trial in the Superior Court. No sooner was the decision uttered than the crowd

surged toward the prisoner, a rope was thrown around his neck and he was led across the bridge, a great crowd following, and hanged to a pine tree, about a mile down the Georgia Railroad. The recollection of that wild procession marching down Broad Street, the leader with the rope in his hand and the negro dumbly following is as fresh as the occurrences of yesterday.

A little more than a year ago while excavating for the Empire Fertilizer Works, the bones of this negro were dug up and recalled the only hanging this county in its present limits has ever known.

The newspapers reached Athens in those days about five o'clock in the afternoon. Everybody was accustomed to assemble on the street, and when the omnibus came over bringing a paper, it would be given to a good reader, who, standing on a dry goods box, retailed the contents. When news of a battle came, the scene was intensely dramatic. Fathers and brothers waited breathlessly to hear if their boy's name was among the killed or wounded, and if no mention, sighs of relief told of the relaxed tension, though anxiety still clouded their faces. Many can remember when the news first came that Joe McCleskey was killed and J. W. Reaves and George Graham, and Ben Mell, and Ben Carlton, and General Cobb, and Colonel Delony, and Colonel Camak, and many another brave

fellow who had left a happy home never to return alive.

The wonder is how the people endured the strain. The safeguard of the women was work. The wants of the soldiers, the poverty of the country, the absolute destitution of all the comforts of life, not to speak of luxuries, made it necessary to resort to every shift to support life.

Business was utterly demoralized, and all enterprises were at a stand-still, excepting the cloth mills; the merchants demanded cash for their goods and there was great destitution. In the face of this condition of things there were men who hoarded corn and wheat and demanded enormous prices for them, until the Legislature passed an act to prevent extortion.

The Southern woman learned to do without and became most resourceful in devising ways and means. Old attics were ransacked for cast off garments. Old clothes were turned and dyed, and silks of ancient pattern and homespun cotton dresses were equally fashionable. Bonnets were made up of old silk dresses, adorned with feathers from a rooster's tail. Thick leather shoes replaced the dainty slipper, and knitted gloves and stockings were highly prized. Persimmon seeds were converted into buttons and thorns were used for hair pins.

Chicory and ground peas, potatoes and rye, were substitutes for coffee, sorghum for sugar

and sassafras for tea. Vinegar was made from persimmons; pens were made from goose quills; ink from oak galls and the sumac berry.

Commercial medicines were extremely scarce, and herbs and decoctions were resorted to for the sick. Old smoke houses were leached for salt; nails and cotton thread were current articles of exchange. Dirt from beneath old houses was drawn out and leached for nitre to make powder. Old lead pipes and valleys were contributed for bullets; linen sheets went to the hospitals for bandages; letters were written on paper which would be thought now not fit for wrapping paper. The oil lamp gave way to the tallow candle, and that in turn to the "dip," a wick string dipped in hot tallow and wax and wound around a bottle or a corn cob.

Sewing and knitting with busy fingers, weaving, making lint for wounds, suffering, hungry, sick, the Southern woman kept the home, helped the needy, entertained the stranger, and strengthened the absent soldier by her patriotism, longing for his safe return, and without a thought of peace except with honor.

Thomas Nelson Page in one of his essays relates the story of a letter which was found in the pocket of a Georgia soldier killed near Richmond. It was from his sweetheart—poorly written and badly spelled—and she said if he would get a furlough and come home she would marry him.

And there was added a postscript, "'Don't come without a furlough, for if you don't come honorable, I wont marry you." And that was the spirit of the Southern women.

And they not only financed the family's support without money, but they managed the family's business without it, for Confederate money soon became as plentiful as blackberries in June, but worth less. It became a basis rather than a medium of exchange, and its value so constantly depreciated that no one knew when he took it today what it would buy tomorrow.

Farmers who had the products of the farm, had no inducements to sell them for cash, though they were quite ready to exchange them for other commodities. Nails, leather and factory thread always commanded an exchange. The following quotations look startling when compared with those of today. They are prices actually paid for the provisions .

Bacon, per pound $7.00; Lard, per pound $6.00; Tallow, per pound, $4.50; Peas, per bushel, $15.00; Sweet Potatoes per bush. $15.00; Onions per bushel $50.00; Flour per bbl. $300.00; 1 Ham, $40.00; Beef, per lb, $2.00; Butter per pound, $6.80; Brown Sugar, $6.00, Corn, per bushel, $20.00; Wheat, per bushel, $25.00; Irish Potatoes $20.00; Meal, $30.00; Fodder, per 100 lbs., $15.00; Salt, per peck, $1.00.

Early in 1865 the writer was sent to Augusta

with dispatches for Gen. Rains, and on the way bought for a lunch a pint of ground peas for $2 and five ginger cakes as big as biscuits for $5. A grey jackett of woolen cloth (not jeans), cost $150, and the only way to get a pair of boots was to capture them. It used to be said that a woman went shopping with a wheelbarrow to carry her money in and brought her packages home in her pocketbook. It may be imagined what destitution prevailed among the poor and what suffering among those of the better class who could not labor and yet whose support was gone.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

None but those who passed through those years of want can imagine the distress of the poor Confederates. And yet as compared with many other communities, Athens was the home of plenty, for though the Federals were all around us at different times, the town was never in their hands until after Lee's surrender. Many refugees sought homes here when driven from other cities. The Hugers, the Holmes, Crawfords, Kennedys, Wilkins and Deas from New Orleans, Gen. Martin's family from Mississippi, the Trezvants from Memphis, the Postells and Screvens from Savannah, and the Schlatters from Brunswick, the Barnwells from the Coast,

and many others, found a welcome in our midst, and the exercises of the College having been suspended the dormitories were thrown open to the refugees.

Many of these ladies were attractive additions to the society of the town, and despite the cloud that hung over the country many inexpensive but charming entertainments were given them.

Stern cynics condemned this gaiety at a time when the country was full of sorrow and sometimes in the midst of the cotillon the news of a battle and the mortal wound of a brother or some dear friend was heard. But had there not been some relaxation of the strain, women would have become insane. And these little pleasures enabled them to enter upon the next day cheerfully and with a new energy to take up the work which the necessities of the times forced them to do.

After the retreat from Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg and Chattanooga, the people of Athens became alarmed for their own safety. Public meetings were held and a Committee of Safety was appointed empowered to organize the remaining citizens into companies for home defense. This committee was composed of John Billups, Asbury Hull, Dr. Henry Hull, Junius Hillyer, Williams Rutherford, J. H. Christy, W. L. Mitchell, R. D. Moore, H. R. J. Long, S. Thomas, F. W. C. Cook.

Dr. P. H. Mell was requested to act as Colonel. The "Wilson Lumpkin Artillery," Captain E. P. Lumpkin, the "Lipscomb Volunteers," Capt. F. W. Adams, and the "Oconee Rangers," Captain J. C. Turner, were organized, besides two companies of the detailed men in the Armory to which reference has been made.

These companies were mustered in for six months for the defense of the State—the infantry in Col. Mell's regiment and the cavalry in Col. Toombs'—and went into camp.

After digging trenches at Rome for awhile against which they protested because it made their backs ache, the Governor sent them to Savannah, and after they were well rested, they came home. Besides the companies named, a battery of artillery under Dr. R. D. Moore as Captain was organized, and of the camps on Carr's Hill, and Sandy Creek ridge, and Holsey's hill, and the marching to and fro of this battery, the writer has a distinct recollection.

The two companies from the Armory did some good fighting at Griswoldville and Savannah while ineffectually opposing Sherman's raid through Georgia, and lost several men killed and wounded. They were complimented for their behavior by Gen. Gustavus W. Smith in his official report.

A number of others were enrolled in a company attached to Col. Andrew Young's regiment,

of which Clovis G. Talmadge was Adjutant and John E. Talmadge, A. G. Elder and R. B. Hodgson members. Col. Young, a man of great firmness, commanded this regiment of State troops, encamped for a time at the old fair ground. He had need of a portable forge and smith's tools for shoeing his horses, and the only one to be found was owned by Mrs. J. C. Orr. Under his authority to impress such things for military use the Colonel sent a demand for the forge. His report to Gen. Howell Cobb in relating this incident says: "Mrs. Orr refused to surrender the forge and said I could not have it except across her dead body. I have sent a wagon for the forge with orders to shoot Mrs. Orr if necessary to get it." Then a postscript: "The wagon has come with the forge, the necessity of the case not requiring the shooting of Mrs. Orr."

In July, 1864, part of Stoneman's brigade trying to rejoin the Federal Army, came within a few miles of Athens, but being followed by a brigade of cavalry under Col. W. P. C. Breckinridge, afterwards a distinguished member of Congress from Kentucky, were captured in Jackson County, and 430 men with horses and arms were brought into town, and for three or four days kept under guard on the Campus before being sent to Andersonville. This was a time of great excitement. It was the nearest approach to war the town had ever known. Soldiers

and camps and Yankees, with all the accompaniments, left no room for anything else, and the whole community turned out to spread a banquet in the chapel for the gallant Kentuckians, the scraps from which were sent down to the prisoners, who were glad enought to get them. An incident in connection with this capture is indelibly impressed upon my memory. For a week after the Kentuckians had gone, prisoners were brought in one at a time from the country around and among them was an Irishman fresh from the Emerald Isle. The Provost Marshal's office was on Broad Street over McCurdy's beef market. While this prisoner was seated on the steps very much exhausted by hunger and exposure, patiently awaiting his fate, there came blustering up a man clothed with the brief authority of a bomb proof position and gave the poor Yankee such a cursing as I never heard before or since and ended by kicking him as he went up the steps. Boy as I was I boiled over with indignation and I felt like apologizing to the prisoner for the whole State of Georgia; and I never saw that man afterwards—and he lived twenty years after the war—that I did not say to myself "there goes a coward."

Shortly after this, Athens became a military post, Gen. A. W. Reynolds taking command. Gen. Reynolds had an able staff of volunteer aids, who were conspicuous at all the entertainments.

He observed bank hours strictly, and would attend to no business before 9 or after 2 o'clock. The only thing he ever did was to recover an old horse which was stolen from a citizen. It was his good fortune, however to have been assigned to so quiet a town as Athens.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The "Mitchell Thunderbolts" was a home guard company named like the "Lipscomb Volunteers" from a distinguished private in the ranks.

It was an unique organization. They organized strictly for home defense and positively refused to obey orders from anybody. They recognized no superior officer. The right of criticism was reserved to every member of the Company and objections to the tactics were freely offered and discussed.

Umbrellas and walking canes were permitted in ranks and one at least of the privates brought his negro man along to carry his gun and cartridge box. The company was named for Mr. William L. Mitchell, who though a private freely gave advice to the officers and by the originality of his suggestions made pastime of the perils of war.

The admirable sketch of the Thunderbolts written by Mr. Thos. W. Reed some years ago

is so descriptive of this historic company that I take the liberty of inserting it here.

The civil war brought forth a number of unique organizations, but none more so than a military company formed in the classic city of Athens Ga., and known as the "Mitchell Thunderbolts." From the name one might readily infer that it was a company made up of fierce and savage men, eager for the fray and ready at all times to ravage and slaughter; yet such was not the case, for in all their eventful career no harm was done to a human being, no property was seized and not one drop of blood stained their spotless escutcheon.

The Thunderbolts at the close of the war prided themselves on a history possessed by no other company on earth. They had performed their every duty and hence their consciences were clear; they had carried every purpose for which they were organized and were consequently one of the few companies to whom absolute success came; they had handled firearms, it is true, but had never shot one single time at a human being; they had heard of the enemy, but no bluecoat had ever poked a gun in their faces; not a single member had been killed, wounded, or found missing, and no man for one moment could question their undoubted bravery. Although they discharged their duties fully their names never found their way to the pension roll, and not a

penny was ever drawn by them from the state funds set aside by the commonwealth of Georgia for the relief of the veterans of the Confederate armies.

Nearly all of the members were over fifty years of age when the company was organized; a few were physically disabled, and a few were less than fifty years of age, but compelled to stay in Athens for various reasons. At any rate, of that famous command, so far as the records at hand show, not a single veteran remains in the land of the living. Hence, whatever may be written here concerning them, is written as lovingly as a son would write of his father and with patriotic appreciation of the motives that inspired them in their every action. While in life they used to laugh and tell of their connection with the "Thunderbolts," of the many humorous incidents of those days, and one of the most illustrious members had almost completed a history of those times when death removed him from the stage of action.

During the early part of the war between the states the Classic City sent to the front the very flower of her young manhood. They followed the lead of the gallant Cobb, the intrepid Deloney and other chivalric leaders, and gave to the army of Northern Virginia as valiant service as any band of soldiers who ever donned the trappings of war. When the demand for recruits became

quite pressing the older men began to enlist in the army and in 1863 the city of Athens had been almost depopulated of its male citizens. Few were left besides those whose advanced age required them to stay at home. In fact, only a few scores of soldiers were left to protect the city against any invasion that might be made.

It was under such circumstances that the older gentlemen of the city, recognizing the need of Athens in the way of increased military protection, resolved to throw themselves into the breach and defend their native heath against all comers.

Thus from their patriotism sprang the "Thunderbolts," a company whose deeds must live in order that history may be complete, whose fame, though not blazoned to the world in song and story, is yet of such a character as to entitle the names of its members to be inscribed alongside those "that were not born to die."

The Confederate Congress had enacted a law allowing the organization of companies in the different cities of the south for the purpose of local defense, and the law provided that such companies were not to be called into any service save that of defending their localties. The wisdom of such a law was at once apparent, for almost any city could muster a company of old men, who, if the occasion should arise, could fight as bravely as any of the soldiery of the south, and in order to protect them against the

sterner and more exacting duties of the camp and the march, the privation of the siege or the mortal tedium of the trenches, it was provided that they should not be called away from their specific localities.

Under the provisions of this act the Thunderbolts were organized for the defense of Athens, after a thorough and profound discussion of the matter by all the old gentlemen who desired to become members. No record is in existence within the knowledge of the writer that would give the exact details of the organization, and no roster of the company is extant. Yet it is known that the rank and file of the company were gentlemen of the old school—men who were distinguished for their many virtues and who had carved for themselves their fortune and fame by dint of perseverance and ability.

Colonel John Billups was chosen captain of the Thunderbolts. He was a splendid old gentleman and an admirable commanding officer.
able commanding officer.

Mr. Richard Schevenell, a talented and intrepid Frenchman who had served in the war with Mexico, was chosen first lieutenant, and at the request of the company acted as drill master on account of his having considerable knowledge of military tactics.

As far as can now be obtained the other members of the company were Colonel William L.

Mitchell, a distinguished lawyer, for whom the company was called the Mitchell Thunderbolts; Dr. Henry Hull, father of Mr. Augustus L. Hull, of this city; Mr. William Hope Hull, a member of the same distinguished family; Judge Junius Hillyer, an eminent jurist and the father of Judge George Hillyer, of Atlanta, and of Mr. Carlton Hillyer, of Augusta; Dr. Edward R. Ware, Captain W. H. Dorsey, father of a number of our best citizens; Judge Young L. G. Harris, for so many years President of the Southern Mutual Insurance Company; Colonel Stevens Thomas, for equally as long a time Secretary of the same company; Chancellor Andrew A. Lipscomb, of the University of Georgia; Mr. Asbury Hull, Mr. John H. Newton, Uncle Jack O'Farrell, Mr. J. W. Medlin, Mr. Elizur L. Newton, Mr. Peter A. Summey, Mr. John Crawford, Mr. John Gilleland, Mr. Thomas Bishop, Dr. R. D. Moore, Dr. H. R. J. Long, Mr. Patrick Barry, and Mr. John Wilson, all of whom were well known and highly respected citizens of Athens in those days. There were a number of others but their names have slipped the memory of the present generation just now.

Lieutenant Schevenell, immediately upon the assumption of his duties, perceived the necessity of putting the company through all the movements and evolutions of the regular army drill, for although each member was rich in the ex-

perience of many years of life, all were as little children in the science of war.

So one fine afternoon the "Thunderbolts" were drawn up in line on the lot just in front of the present residence of Hon. W. J. Morton and alongside the campus of the University of Georgia, and everything was got in readiness to instruct the old gentlemen in the alphabet of war.

The members of the company did not arrive as properly as the precise Frenchman would have had them do, but came sauntering along with all ease and grace, just as if there was no such thing as stern and rigid discipline. Some of them brought with them their umbrellas, some their newspapers, and nearly all of them their spectacles. The sable Prince Albert coat, the light and airy alpaca, the common everyday business apparel, all combined to make the assemblage a striking and picturesque one. Some came puffing and blowing after a long and dusty tramp over the hills of Athens, and here and there one dropped in a-straddle of a mule of the genuine Georgia variety.

It took several drills to unlimber the joints and train the muscles of the members, but soon they were able to take on the regular drill with guns, and one evening came fully armed to the parade grounds. The guns were of all kinds, some muskets, some rifles, some shotguns, but all deadly looking weapons—warranted to kill on the least

provocation from a blue coat. The appearance of the company may have been a little off, but what the members lacked in uniformity they made up in earnestness.

Lieutenant Schevenell was a hard drill master and every now and then one of the members would hand his gun to his trusted slave near by, take his umbrella, leisurely raise it over his heated brow and stand in ranks until disposed to take up his gun again.

As time rolled by the members gained knowledge of military tactics, and it is recorded that at nearly every regular drill some member would halt the captain or the lieutenant when an order was given that didn't seem exactly correct, and then there would ensue a heated discussion as to the mooted question, for the "Thunderbolts," not being subject to any military authority on earth, save themselves, fixed their own rules, and one of these rules was that each member retained in its entirety his individual liberty. The regular army might have a court martial, but with the "Thunderbolts" each member was the guardian and judge of his own conduct.

As one of the finishing touches Lieutenant Schevenell put the company through a kind of skirmish drill that required the members to lie down on the ground, roll over and fire as they went. Such might be fun to the average soldier, but to the members of the "Thunderbolts" it was

the consummation of absurdity as well as an outrage upon their dignity. They rebelled at the orders given them and for a while it looked as if a regular mutiny would occur, but they were finally persuaded to obey the orders. Down on the ground went all the members and with guns in hand began their dangerous evolutions. The scene that followed beggared description. Some shot at each other, some at the ground, some at the trees and some at the sun. Such an indiscriminate mass of rolling humanity was never before seen, and when they had completed the drill, they vowed they would never try it again, and they kept their vow. That drill passes into history as the most unique of its kind from the days of Joshua to the present time.

In 1854, Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge captured a number of yankees near Athens and brought them here for safe keeping.

Here he struck up with the famous "Thunderbolts" and wanted them to guard his prisoners on the university campus. Dr. Henry Hull said such service was contrary to his habit of life and he didn't expect to reverse it; others said the duty of the "Thunderbolts" was to protect Athens from invasion and if the yankee prisoners tried to fight they would given them a round; while others were perfectly willing to serve as guards just for the privilege of pointing their guns at the yankees and making them behave themselves.

It is recorded that Dr. Edward R. Ware would sit for hours at a time on the campus fence with his gun in hand and make the yankees stretch themselves out on the ground and remain perfectly quiet.

Recorded among the traditions of this company is a story to the effect that at a certain muster of the company Judge Young L. G. Harris brought down a powder horn that he prized very highly, and going to each member, insisted on sprinkling his gun with a little of the finest powder he ever saw, and when the command, "Fire" was given, only two guns in the whole lot discharged. This incident was a standing joke enjoyed by Judge Harris as long as he lived.

There was one hobby upon which all the members agreed. They stood squarely upon their individual rights and refused to do anything that they considered ought not to be done. So one day when the company was drawn up on the parade grounds, Colonel William L. Mitchell came riding along on his pony "Lightning." Behind him came his negro with a table on his head. Within the table was a large Bible and a roster of the company. Everybody wondered what was going to happen.

Old Willis set the table down and laid the Bible in the center. Colonel Mitchell took up the roster of the company, asked Captain Billups to indulge him for just a moment, and then pro-

ceeded to swear each member to support the constitution of the Confederate States and the constitution of Georgia. All the members took the oath, but when the name of Private Hillyer was reached the gentleman stepped forward and refused to take the oath, saying that he was already a member of the company and that Private Mitchell was not armed with the requisite authority to administer such an oath, as the company itself had not passed any order upon that subject, and no other authority had a right to control his actions.

But the culminating outrage on the company occurred when General Howell Cobb sent Captain Pope Barrow to Athens, in 1864, to inspect the "Thunderbolts." The members considered it outrageous to be inspected by a mere stripling like Barrow, and in addition they maintained that under the law of the Confederate Congress, General Cobb had no jurisdiction over them.

So, when Captain Barrow arrived in Athens and made known his intentions, Dr. Henry Hull politely informed him that if he wished to inspect him, he would find him on his front porch at his home every morning at 9 o'clock.

Captain Billups informed Captain Barrow that he wished he would disband the old company, as it seemed as if General Cobb couldn't let the members live in peace without inflicting such foolish-

ness upon them as the red tape of an army inspection.

Finally, however, as a courtesy to Captain Barrow, and not as any mark of recognition of the authority of General Cobb in the matter, the company agreed to be inspected. When the time approached for the inspection, Private Junius Hillyer stepped to the front and read the following salty and solemn protest:

"Athens, Ga., July 4, 1864.—Dear General: I regret that our conversation at the insurance office was interrupted before I had an opportunity of giving you my views about our company, and I intended to renew the conversation at your house Saturday night, but had no opportunity of doing so. Permit me to repeat what you already know, that the organization of our company was the result of a popular movement, and was intended to enable us to render such service as we had the strength to perform in the defense of our homes. It was never contemplated by us that we could by any possibility be brought into the Confederate service under the command of army officers and subjected to the 'rules and articles of war. I took an active part in getting up the company; I urged others to join, assuring them that what they feared above all things was, under the clear language of Congress, impossible: to-wit: that whenever the government got a shadow of pretext, all laws and rights

would be disregarded and we would be forced into service. When I found that the government was assuming to take control of us beyond what our rules and regulations warranted, I felt called upon to make good the assurance which in several public speeches I had given to the people. And when I asked that company that a committee might be appointed to examine the law and report the opinion of the military status of the company, and our rights and obligations under the law, I only did that which I think it was, under the circumstances, my duty to do.

"Without troubling you with an argument, may I ask you to permit me, as in a friendly conversation, to give you the conclusions arrived at by the committee:

"1. We are not subject to the 'army regulations.'

"2. We are not subject to 'the rules and articles of war,' as other volunteer companies are expressly declared to be.

"3. We are not to be called into service.

"4. We are required to perform no specified duty.

"5. We are organized to defend our locality, and we are permitted to do it in our own way—according to 'rules and regulations' prescribed by ourselves.

"6. We are an independent company, not required to be attached to any battalion or bri-

gade, and to be commanded by an officer of our own choice, and even its own officers must govern the company according to its own rules and regulations,

"If you can find it within the scope of your power to issue an order to Colonel Young to call on Captain Billups for such service in the defense of Athens as he believes his company are able to render, you will command for the defense of our town the utmost effort within the power of the company to make. But any attempt to govern us without our consent will in my opinion, utterly demoralize our company and render it worse than useless. For myself, I will say that I had rather see Athens sacked and burned than that our company should be forced to do any act which they do not choose to do. Colonel Young may by force carry us to any point he chooses, but all the powers of earth can't make us fight nor prevent us from becoming an element of absolute weakness. If the course is adopted of requiring any service of us beyond what we choose to render I shall feel that I have been an instrument of deceiving others. We have been entrapped into the Confederate service, which we never intended to enter except so far as we chose to act.

"We do not wish to be disbanded. We only ask that we may be permitted to do what the act of Congress authorizes us to do; to defend

our town in such a way as we think is within our strength. Your suggestion that our remedy is to prefer charges against the officer who abuses his power is not adequate. We are too old and feeble for that; we will sink under the wrong. Our patriotism brought us together; upon that the country may safely rely. But it can gain nothing by any degree of force that may be brought to bear against us. We may be destroyed but nothing good can be got from us against our consent.

"General, I have given you very briefly the views entertained by our company with almost entire unanimity. In a conversation I might have enlarged and amplified a good deal upon the question so as to make our views stronger. We make no point upon you nor upon Colonel Young. Our position is one of principle. Very respectfully, your friend,

JUNIUS HILLYER."

Soon after this occasion the starry cross sank to its last defeat at Appomattox. The Thunderbolts laid aside their weapons with which they had armed themselves for local defense and throughout the years of reconstruction gave loyal and worthy service to Athens and to the state.

One by one they have entered rest and now they have all pitched their tents upon the camp-

ing ground of eternity. The story of their connection with this unique military organization always was the source of much merriment and enjoyment to them as they recalled the funny scenes and incidents of those days.

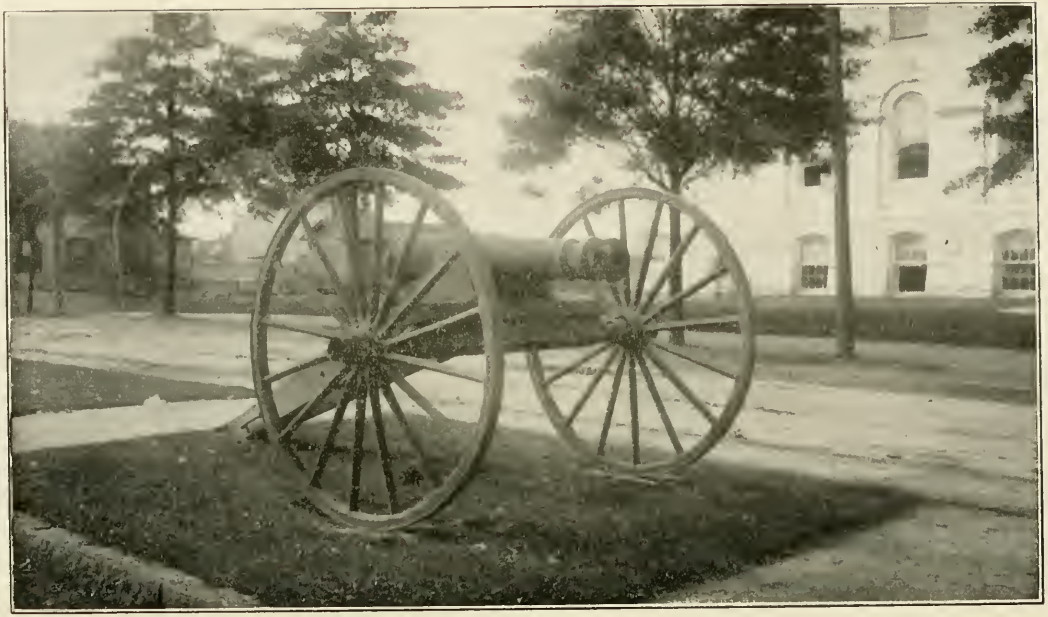
Yet with all the fun and humorous situations, with all their dignity and personal liberty, who will rise up and say that, had the occasion arrived for action and the necessity arisen for fighting, they would not have fought as bravely as any soldiers who, throughout that ensanguined struggle, followed the leadership of the knightly Jackson or the peerless Lee?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mr. John Gilleland, one of the Thunderbolts, conceived the idea of making a double-barrelled cannon. His plan was to load the cannon with two balls connected by a chain, which when projected would sweep across the battlefield and mow down the enemy somewhat as a scythe cuts wheat. The cannon was cast at the Athens Foundry, duly bored out and mounted, and on the appointed day was taken for its trial trip on the Newton's Bridge road beyond Dr. Linton's. A wide track was cut through the pines and a target of poles set up side by side. A company of interested spectators, among them the writer, watched the proceedings from a safe distance in the rear. The

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The Double Barrelled Cannon

gun was loaded and the balls rammed home with their connecting chain. The signal was given, and the lanyard pulled. One ball went out ahead of the other, snapped the chain, which flew around and diverted the course of the missile into the standing pines. The other shot wide of the mark, and the poles which represented the hostile army stood uninjured. The experiment was a failure. The cannon was taken from the field, and was only used in after years to celebrate Democratic victories. It stands now near the Confederate monument, the only weapon of its kind in the world.

In this connection it may be remarked, Athens is the only city in the world which has a double-barrelled cannon, a tree which owns itself, and a fire engine which got burned up. The last was the old "Independence," afterwards christened "Relief No. 2," the first engine we ever had, which had been turned over to the negroes, and did good service under Capt. Randall Morton and Capt. Mat Davis. While quietly reposing in a wooden shed one night it was burned with the shed before any of the company suspected its danger.

The aforesaid tree stands at the foot of Dearing Street, and is a magnificent white oak. The following is taken from a paper now many years old: "There is a tree at Athens, Ga., which

is a property holder. In the early part of the century the land on which it stands was owned by Col. W. H. Jackson, who took great delight in watching its growth and enjoying its shade. In his old age the tree had reached magnificent proportions, and the thought of its being destroyed by those who would come after him was so repugnant that he recorded a deed, of which the following is part: "I, W. H. Jackson, of the County of Clarke, State of Georgia of the one part, and the oak tree, (giving the location) of the County of Clarke of the other part, witness, that the said W. H. Jackson, for and in consideration of the great affection which he bears said tree, and his desire to see it protected, has conveyed, and by these presents does convey unto the said oak tree entire possession of itself, and of the land within eight feet of it on all sides."

However defective this title may be in law, the public recognized it, and this splendid tree is one of the boasts of Athens and will be cared for by the city for many years to come. A generous friend to Athens, in order to show his interest in this unique freeholder, has at his own expense, placed around the tree granite posts connected by chains, replaced the earth which the storms of a century have washed from its roots, and neatly sodded the inclosed area with grass.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The negro was such a factor in war times that I cannot refrain from giving him his due here. He was the immediate cause of the war on both sides, that is to say if there had been no negro slaves at the South the war would have waited another generation at least.

There is such a vast amount of ignorance among the younger people who never knew what slavery at the South was, that I am tempted to relate what came under my own observation at home.

I was a lad when Georgia seceded, only old enough to take part in the last six months of hostilities, but at an age when impressions are most vivid and details are fixed in the memory for life. It was my father's daily habit to ride on horseback to his plantation, overlooking and directing the work, hearing the report of the overseer and listening to the complaints and petitions of the negroes.

At the home place in town there were four families, comprising sixteen negroes. Two women—one aged—were cooks, one was the laundress, one the nurse, three sempstresses, a housemaid, a carriage driver who was also the gardener, a one-legged general utility man and a lot of children. In addition to these my sister had a maid, my older brother a valet. Four

negroes were hired out. Two excellent carpenters were hired by the month, my father feeding and clothing them; two were hired to the Railroad company as firemen, and a woman as housemaid to a Northern family residing in Athens.

Our own family consisted of four adults and three children. It will be seen then that we all had plenty of waiting on. Indeed on looking back at the number of servants it seems a wonder that there was any development of character in those days or any promotion of energy. As to that however, the history of these same people for the next decade will answer. But with so many servants there was no idling away the time. There was no busier woman than my mother. She was out in the morning before breakfast giving instructions for pruning fruit trees or planting seeds, or cultivating or gathering vegetables each in its season. After breakfast work was cut out for the sempstresses, an interview with the cook was held, the work of the housemaid inspected, or arrangements were made for pickling and preserving or putting up meat for the year. But this was not all. The young girls must be taught to sew, and the plantation hands must be provided with clothes. All this material passed through the housewife's hands. She was the dispenser of food, clothing and medicine for a large family of dependents whose claims and duties absorbed her waking hours.

On the plantation each family of negroes had its own home. The mother cooked and made the clothes for the family, they ate together at their own table and had their personal belongings. The unattached single men had their rations cooked for them. The plantation was a community itself. One man who had been injured made and mended the shoes and harness. Nearly all supplies were made on the place; wheat corn, syrup and tobacco for man and ample grain and forage for beast.

There was fruit in abundance and every negro had his "watermelon patch." The hours for work were from "sun up" to "sun down," with an hour for dinner. The negroes never complained of work. They were always cheerful when well. Sometimes the overseer reported one as idle to my father and a reprimand followed. I do not remember my father to have whipped a negro but once, and then he was requested to do it. "Jim Wood" had been guilty of some misdemeanor and had the option of being whipped by the overseer or the town marshal. It was considered a disgrace by a self-respecting negro to be whipped by the overseer, and Jim dreaded the stout arm of the marshal, so he asked as a special favor that "Mas Henry" would whip him, promising the most irreproachable conduct in future if he would. He got off with a light punishment. There was in fact, very little whip-

ping of slaves when we consider that they were like untutored children and subject to like passions as we are without the strength of character to resist temptation. One of the boys a little older than myself was my playmate. He was not whipped half so often as my mother whipped me, and he was not so good a boy, either.

My father never sold but one of his negroes. I well remember the occasion. Bart, one of the plantation hands, came in one night on a pass, (every negro had a pass at night to escape arrest and detention. I have written hundreds of them "Let Sam pass. H. Hull.") and said, "Mas Henry, I've had a fuss with my daddy, and I can't stay on the plantation no longer wid him. I want you to sell me." His daddy was the foreman on the field. My father enquired into the trouble and told Bart to stay in town the next day and think better of it. The next night he still asked that he be sold. My father told him to go and find a new master. When Bart came back he said: "Mas' John says he'll buy me." "Mas' John" was my brother in law. So Bart was sold to him and made him a faithful servant until he was freed.

There was no effort at missionary work among the negroes in the country that I remember. In the town were two churches for negroes, one Baptist and the other Methodist, both served by white preachers. The negroes from the

country within reach came regularly to them. But the servants were trained in habits of virtue and gentility, and several of them could read. Not one of our negro women gave birth to a bastard child. Three of them, handsome mulatto girls born in wedlock of mulatto parents, grew up virtuous and respectable women, and are now mothers of families standing among the first of their class.

My father inherited five negroes from his mother. They were all of one family, about his own age and lived with him for sixty years. The warmest affection existed between them and he bought the wife of one and the husbands of the two women that they might be together. The other two men were the carpenters referred to whose wives were servants in the town. These negroes became the forebears of large families, and their prepotency is shown to this day in their descendants in the fourth generation. One of them, a noisy, good natured fellow, was jocularly threatened with arrest, when he said: "Look here, boss, don't you know who I is? I'm one of dem Hull niggers."

The care of slaves was a burden to a conscientious man, and my father regarded the possession of his as a trust to be administered as a divinely imposed duty. It was only by the most careful management that the income of their labor could be made to pay their expenses. There was no

business except planting at which negro labor could be made profitable, and it is not every man who can manage a plantation with success. Very many lost money year after year in the endeavor to support their negroes and could only recoup by selling one or two of them.

The Southern man will not therefore be thought insincere when he says he is glad that slavery is at an end, and that emancipation was a greater relief to the master than to the slave.

The conduct of the negroes during the four years of the war of secession is a monument to the fidelity of the race. When we recall the conditions which existed in the South we cannot believe that any other race of men would have made such a record as the negro. Every able bodied man was in the army. None were left but the aged, the infirm and the diseased. Even the boys had gone. On many plantations there was not a white male. The whole South believed the North was fighting to free the slave and the negro believed it as well. And yet faithful to his master and his duty, he worked as he had always done, providing food and clothing for the family and guarding his mistress and their children with jealous care from every intrusion.

The negro when justly treated learned to love his master. He looked up to him as his protector, guide and friend. There were comparatively few cases of harsh treatment of the negro by his

master, and those were attributable always to the temper of the man. There are men who treat their wives and daughters with outrageous cruelty and the same men would be cruel to their slaves. No man with that sense of honor which impels him to protect a woman was ever harsh to his slave. And in this relation there grew up an affection, strong and confiding on the part of the negro, compassionate on the part of the master, which abided until death. I am speaking now of those negroes who came into personal acquaintance with their masters. There were some plantations with hundreds of negroes controlled by an overseer. Between these there could be no affection.

The negro claimed an ownership in everything on the place. It was "our" cotton and "our" cows. My father's riding horse was "Mas Henry's horse, but the carriage was "our" carriage, and the team was "our horses." He was so identified with his master that his master's interests were his interests. It is not strange that during the war he spoke of "dem Yankees" and how "we whipped 'em" in one battle, or "dey beat us" in another. It was esteemed a great privilege to be selected as body servant to accompany the master to the army. A young negro who had been given to me by my father always looked forward to the time when he should go with me to the army. But when that time came

the day of body-servants had passed and it was 'nip and tuck" for the soldier to find food for himself.

It was a mortification to a negro to belong to a "poor" man, that is, one below in the social scale. Wealthier men were frequently approached by such negroes with the request that they would buy them. This was a natural ambition, since they would fare better and stand better among their fellows. I have still in my family the woman who belonged to my wife's father and nursed her when a child. She even now speaks of "niggers that have no raisin'. They belonged to po' white folks." As for the man who was too poor to own a negro they looked with ineffable contempt on such "po' white trash."

As the war progressed the comforts of living decreased. The carriage horses gave way to mules; the linen went to the hospitals; the generous table was scantily supplied with corn bread, bacon and vegetables. Sorghum syrup took the place of sugar and parched potatoes were substituted for coffee. The garments for the family were made from cotton raised on the plantation, spun and woven by the women. Home made clothing and home made shoes and home made bonnets replaced the products of foreign markets. The sick were treated with stews and broths and root teas. In these privations the negro shared—cheerfully and without complaint.

Many a delicate woman went hungry in those days. Her negroes also went hungry, but they did not complain to her. There was everywhere that patient submission to whatever the day might bring forth so characteristic of the race.

The confidence reposed in some of the negroes by their masters was almost unlimited. When the Federal army was making its way through Georgia and a raid on Athens was expected, my mother got all her silver and fine cutlery together and a small keg of fine brandy which she was saving for some unknown occasion, and gave it to old Billy to hide away,none but she and Billy knew where. All were safely recovered except the brandy. Billy said that had "leaked some." It was believed to be a case of Bro' Rabbit and the butter, but Billy was never told so.

The emancipation proclamation of Mr. Lincoln had no effect on the negroes at the time, although they were generally told of it. After the surrender of General Johnston there came a brigade of Federal cavalry in search of Mr. Davis. It was the signal for the disruption of the old regime. My father called up the hands on the plantation and told them they were now free and must take care of themselves; if they chose they might remain on the place until they should decide what to do. The effect was curious. The younger men left at once to enjoy their new found freedom with a happy-go-lucky lack of

forethought, not knowing where they were to get their suppers. The men with families remained. The realization that no more rations would be issued to them, that they had no longer a home and the feeling that the friend who had thought for them and planned for them all their lives had now cast them off saddened and oppressed them.

At the home in town the negroes had already heard the news. Some one said to the old cook, "Aunt Betty, don't you know you are free?" "Mas' Henry ain't told me so yit," she replied. When my father told her she replied "it don't make no difference to me," and it didn't. She lived with every comfort, cooking for the family until she laid down and died. Of the other negroes the sempstress and her daughters moved off the lot into a little house belonging to my father, getting enough work to support them. The nurse and her family moved away to another part of the town where they were not so comfortable but felt less restraint. The carriage driver got employment with a livery stable. One of the carpenters died of smallpox, that scourge of the negroes after the war, but old Billy insisted on sticking to his master who supported him, and took to making tubs and buckets for ready cash to buy his dram and tobacco.

One of the plantation hands came to my father to buy a piece of land. When he came at night—

all their visits were made at night—he took out a little bag and emptied on the table fifty dollars or more in every conceivable coin that would pass. There were Mexican dollars and Spanish dollars, thrips and dimes, sixpence and copper cents, ha' pennies and quarters. He had been saving them for years doubtless with a vague idea of some day buying his freedom. Old Uncle Mike who was foreman on the plantation, a man of unusual intelligence, and who had been my father's playmate, bought on credit a few acres about two miles away and built him a rude cabin and moved into it. He worked hard all the rest of his days and had very few comforts. When the first election occurred my father met Mike coming into town to vote. He undertook to explain the situation to him and advised him. He said, "Mike, you have known me all your life. Don't you believe I would tell you what is right?" "Yes, Mas Henry, I know what you say is right." But he voted the other way all the same. The negroes were told that their masters would put them back into slavery unless they would vote with the Republicans and the question admitted of no argument with them. Yet they would consult their old masters on every other subject and always come to them for help in time of trouble.

In spite of the bitterness which those infamous reconstruction days engendered between whites

and blacks, the love and affection of the individual never waned. From the youngest to the oldest whenever they met "Mas Henry" or any member of the family, the eye yould light up and a smile of welcome come over the face. And at his burial after many years they came from a radius of ten miles around to look once more on the face of him who had ever a kindly word for them. A year ago the last of the old negroes died Many a time she had baked me a hoecake and brought fresh butter and sweet milk from the cool drywell when I came in weary from a tramp over the plantation. When I met her last with a clean bandanna bound about her head and a white kerchief crossed upon her bosom, she dropped me an old time courtesy and said: "How d'ye my young master." I thought then, and I believe now that I shall not see her like ever again.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

In the spring of 1865 the blight of four years of desolating war lay upon the South. Lonely chimneys stood sentinel over the ashes of the home; fences had been burned, groves cut down, gardens trampled; new made graves were scattered all over the land. The remnants of the companies that had gone out so proudly stepping to the music of drum and fife, soldiers of

Lee and Johnston, came straggling in by rail, on foot and horse, ragged, footsore, emaciated with hunger or disease, forlorn, bringing poverty to want, to find their business destroyed, their people paupers, but proud still and with unconquered spirit. The sun shone brightly, and the birds no longer the sportsmen's prey, sang blythely over the scene in strange contrast to the pall of sorrow which hung over the widow and the orphan, and the hunger and hopeless ness which had set their mark upon every face.

In the general desolation the town of Athens had escaped. In her isolated position she seemed secure from the torch of the invader. The invading foe had not come in sight of her spires. Neither fire nor pestilence had visited her. Refugees from every Southern state had sought safety here and had found repose in her hospitality. She was an oasis in the desert track of a ruthless fate.

But though in contrast with the surrounding distress she presented so bright a picture, what was the real condition of this little town and what had four years of war's privation left her? A few old men, some chronic invalids, a dozen soldiers maimed for life, a few citizens exempt from military service, a lot of half grown boys, and women sorrowing for their dead and struggling to support life. The older boys, the seed corn, had gone into the army; the

younger ones demoralized, dragged their unwilling steps to school and looked forward to the day when they too could enlist. Bright girls in homespun or perhaps in mourning for the lost, went to and fro on errands of duty or mercy.

The streets were unlighted, washed into gullies or overgrown with grass. No new houses had been built, no old ones repaired. Broken windows were covered with paper, broken fences propped with stakes. One marshal preserved the peace. One train a day brought an ill-printed weekly paper or a week old copy of a daily, which contained the "news." There was complete stagnation in business. A desultory country trade was done under the old firm names of Grady & Nicholson, Sansom & Pittard, Pitner & England. T. Bishop & Son and L. P. Hoover sold family groceries; F. W. Lucas and T. H. Wilson dealt in dry goods; Mrs. T. A. Adams retrimmed the ladies' old hats; P. A. Summey offered the remains of an antebellum stock of hardware; Hodgson Bros. mended the old carriage, and W. P. Talmage shod the family horse; William N. White occupied the book store corner while Mr. Vonderlieth and his excellent wife provided the fashionable clothing of the day for both sexes. But all the merchants dealt in everything from fruit to frying pans. A one-horse wagon would have held the entire stock of any

one of them. The factories and mills alone showed any sign of life—the one wearing out its spindles and looms to supply the demand for thread and cloth, the other grinding the toll of corn and wheat to give the people bread.

The old town hall no longer rang with the stirring eloquence of the past. Underneath, its calaboose sometimes detained a truant negro, while the adjoining market smelled to heaven with sour and flyblown beef. Trout & Clower dispensed skins and steaks at this attractive place, while Joe Keno, tired of the hardships of an army cook, and claiming his citizenship in France, delivered his lamb and kid which sometimes was dog, at the kitchen door.

The faithful slave alone remained unchanged. Simple, obedient and cheerful he pursued the even tenor of his way with unquestioned faith in his master and with nought but contempt for "dem Yankees." Factory thread was the medium of exchange in large transactions. Confederate money had lost its value and dollar bills were only good in peanut trades. There were rumors of certain folks having somewhere hid away a hundred dollars in gold, but such extravagancies were not generally believed.

It is strange with universal destitution staring them in the face that the Southern people should have still hoped for success; and so in Athens the news of Lee's surrender was re-

ceived with that dumb amazement which might follow the going out of the sun at noon.

The confirmation of the surrender of Lee and Johnston was followed by the feeling of relief that the war was over. The knowledge that all had been done that could be done, their pride in the Southern soldier though surrendered; the welcoming his return on every hand took away the keen edge of defeat from the South. The balmy days of spring, the restful feeling of being home to stay, no reveille, no forced march, no night attacks, no shrieking shell, no ping of the minie ball followed by a thud and the fall of a comrade; this blessed repose took away for the time every regret that the labors of the past four years had come to worse than nought.

And so we entered upon a new life.

A quantity of Confederate commissary stores had been placed in what is now Eppes-Wilkins store, under the charge of Major John W. Nicholson, a government officer. When it was evident that the Federals would fall heir to these supplies a crowd of returned soldiers, boys and negroes opened the house and sacked it. Bolts of cloth, salt, tin kettles and pans, bacon and leather were appropriated and carried off. As a matter of course this could not be done without friction, in the way it was done. There were several fights, and a soldier shot old George, the negro shoemaker belonging to Dr. Joe Carlton,

breaking his jaw bone and spoiling for life the symmetry of his face and his articulation. From this raid the youths of Athens obtained white flannel enough to clothe them for the summer, and flannel suits became the popular fad.

For a few months anarchy reigned, but without disorder. The laws were in force without anyone to enforce them. Judges, sheriffs and other officers were disqualified until they had taken the oath. The only exercise of autocratic authority during the hiatus was the issuance by Thomas Crawford, a leftover postmaster of the Confederacy, of a private postage stamp bearing his name, and one of these stamps is now valued at far more than the entire salary of the postmaster then amounted to.

In the meantime a brigade of Federal cavalry under General Palmer—not the one who ran for President—in search of Mr. Davis, invaded the town, sweeping everything before them . In spite of the terms of surrender the Georgia Railroad train was thrown from the track and plundered, smokehouses were rifled, houses forcibly entered and robbed, jewelry and valuables of every kind stolen and the best of the horses taken in exchange for broken down animals. Ladies were stopped on the streets and the horses taken from their carriages. Gentlemen were robbed in the open air. One respected citi-

zen was told to deliver his watch. Surprised and indignant he was thrown off his guard and said "I have no watch." "Don't tell a lie. I see it in your pocket," said the soldier, and proceeded to appropriate it.

General Palmer had his headquarters in the house where Mr. Henry Hull lived, now the Imperial Hotel. It is fair to him to say that he did all he could to protect the citizens and to restore their stolen property. It was our first experience with the Yankee, and when he bid us adieu he left an abiding impression which will never fade from our remembrance.

The following extract from a letter received from Mrs. P. H. Mell to the writer about these days will be interesting to the reader:

"The Federal troops came to Athens Thursday, May 4th, 1865. They came without a note of warning. We were at school; Miss Lipscomb was called hurriedly from the room about ten o'clock. Of course we suspected something wrong, and rushed to the windows, although this was forbidden, and to our utter horror saw the street in front of the Lucy Cobb full of blue-coats. I will never forget my terror. Miss Lipscomb came in very quietly and with no emotion (but with a very pale face) she dismissed the school. She arranged us in bands for our mutual protection and sent us home. Because I lived in the country (where the Country Club

is now) and would have to go home alone, she advised me to accept Susie Hill's invitation, and I went home with her and spent Thursday and Friday. On Saturday things were more quiet, and my father came for me in the carriage and I returned home. I remember well the incidents of those days. Ed and Jim Thomas returned Thursday from their command and stayed with Mrs. Hill for our protection; Welborn Hill was also there.

The Federals took possession of the Watchman office, and issued on Saturday, May 6th, an extra which they sent to all subscribers. I have a copy of it now, preserved through the thoughtfulness of my father. It is very funny, for it represents the editor as writing the most dreadful things about the South. It also gives fictitious extracts from the Carolina Spartan and Salisbury Watchman to the same effect. The next issue the editor took charge again, and it was truly amusing to read his earnest denial of everything that the extra made him say. I give the following extract from the extra, which will prove that my dates are correct: 'The Federal forces under the command of Brig. Gen. Palmer entered our place on the 4th inst. The conduct of the troops since their occupation of the town has been good, and reflects great credit upon General Palmer as a strict disciplinarian. We hope that our citizens will endeavor by kind

treatment towards the soldiery to encourage a continuance of the protection which they seem willing to afford.' People in Athens who remember how those soldiers behaved on Thursday and Friday will regard the above extract as bitter irony." Very truly,

Annie W. Mell.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

In May 1865 a garrison entered the town, taking up quarters in the college chapel and dormitories, and Capt. A. B. Cree of the Iowa troops assumed command as Provost Marshal, with headquarters in the Phi Kappa Hall. A few weeks later he was superceded by Major M. S. Euen of the New York volunteers. It is but just to these officers to say that they did everything they could to maintain order in the town. They gave no encouragement to the negro to abuse his newly gotten freedom. Capt. Cree made a speech to a large crowd of negroes who had gathered from town and country, in which he told them that freedom did not mean license to steal or loaf upon the streets, and that so long as he was in command labor should not be taxed to support idleness. He advised them to go to their homes and work for their former masters for such wages as they would pay them. His address had a salutary effect upon the freed-

men for the time, but the delights of freedom and the immunity from work were met by demands from the inner man which were most easily satisfied by nocturnal raids upon the henhouse. The facility which develops with practice made thieving a popular business, and in one week 150 negroes were arrested for stealing. Some odd penalties were devised by the Provost Marshal for these criminals. Some were tied up by the thumbs standing tiptoe. One young negro, a well known character, Mose Rumney by name, was taken and one side of his head shaven clean from the middle line down, the wool being left untouched on the other side. A barrel with sleeve holes cut in it was slipped over his head, and on it the words "I am a thief" plainly painted. Another negro was similarly treated, and the pair were thus marched through the streets with a fife and drum to the tune of the "Rogues' March," a file of soldiers following and a hilarious crowd of boys and negroes surrounding them. At another time four negroes were made to stand each on an upturned barrel for twelve hours from six in the morning till six in the evening with placards hung from their necks—one with "I will steal," and his companion "I will too." A guard with a musket prevented any attempt to escape or even to sit down.

There was a widespread belief among the negroes that at Christmas all the land was to be

divided out among them and each negro to be given forty acres and a mule. Awaiting this generous Christmas gift they were indisposed to hire themselves, and the coming of winter gave promise of much destitution among them. Indeed, so well assured were they of the promised division that General Tilson came from Augusta to deny it and addressed a mass meeting of negroes on the campus, advising them to go to work and telling them that the expected mule and the acres would not be forthcomning.

The relations between the citizens and the soldiers were not cordial. The ladies would cross the streets to avoid meeting a Yankee and if one could not escape she would draw her skirts aside as she passed, as if he were some foul and loathsome thing. The young men of spirit resented the authority assumed by the military, and walked about with chips on their shoulders.

A proclamation was published by the Provost Marshal requiring,

1. That paroled officers and men non--residents should leave the town in twenty four hours.

2. That any person found on the streets after June 3rd dressed in the so-called Confederate uniform wouuld be arrested and tried for misdemeanor.

3. That all firearms and ammunition should be delivered to the Provost Marshal unless spe-

cial permission was given in writing to retain them.

Later all permits were revoked and all horses and mules with the U. S. or C. S. A. brand were required to be reported to the Provost Marshal. There were no mails, and all letters had to go through the Marshal's office. The ladies especially objected to this order, and some of the girls were known to fumigate their letters before opening them. The attitude of the North toward Mr. Davis and the requests from discharged Federal soldiers to President Johnston to be allowed to hang him, the requests accompanied with sundry coils of rope to be used at his execution—all irritated our people to exasperation.

In Richmond a woman could not be married without taking the oath of allegiance. A little incident recalled to mind shows the sentiment towards the Federals. Major Euen had a fast horse which he used to drive to a buggy with a good deal of style. One day he drove up to a store on Broad street, jumped out of his buggy and saying to Jim Saye who was sitting by the door, "Watch my horse until I come out," went into the store. Some mischievous fellow nearby clucked to the horse and off he went up the street. Euen came running out and said to Saye "I thought I told you to watch my horse." "Well," said Jim in his slow way, "I--did--watch

--him--until--he--went--around the corner, --and I-- couldn't--see him--anymore--then."

While there was some friction only one difficulty occurred. One of the soldiers when off duty had some words with John Billups and Bernard Franklin. George Mason took part in it, and knocked the Yankee down. The soldier called his friends and went for satisfaction. There was a rally of the old Confederates and some shooting was done on College avenue, but nobody was hurt except Ed O'Farrell, who was shot in the side by Robert Moore, one of our own men. A squad of soldiers was sent out from the barracks which dispersed the citizens and arrested the Yankees.

In response to a request from Dr. Lipscomb, General Steadman evacuated the buildings on the campus so that they could be put in order for the reopening of the College, and transferred the garrison to the Rock College. The removal of the soldiers from daily contact with the citizens had a salutary effect, and while they remained there was no further trouble. The chapel was left in a woeful condition. The benches had been burned, the windows smashed, the walls jabbed with bayonets and the old columns made a target for pistol shots, pleasant reminders of the late tenants.

The University was once in the possession of the archives of the Confederate Executive. An

officer in whose charge they had been placed, coming to Athens in 1865 and anxious to be rid of them, turned them over to Chancellor Lipscomb to be held for the University—neither of them appreciating their ultimate value. When Mr. Davis was threatened with trial for treason, it was believed by some of his friends that the Executive documents would be evidence in his favor, and upon their advice the papers were delivered to General Wilson upon his receipt to be deposited with the proper authorities in Washington. It is presumed that they are now there.

The summer of 1865, if I remember aright, was marked by two accidents—one fatal, the other almost so. Ed Talmage, a son of William P. Talmage, was bathing in the river above the lower bridge with other boys. A quarrel took place, when Jim Kittle picked up a shot gun lying by and poured the load into Talmage killing him instantly. Kittle fled and did not return for many years. The other accident happened to Thomas M. Daniel, who was riding in a buggy when the mule ran away. Daniel attempted to jump out from behind, and was thrown to the ground near the Methodist church upon his head, from which he never recovered entirely.

The travelling to and fro of returned soldiers and freed negroes scattered smallpox broadcast

over the South. It appeared in Athens in the summer of 1865 and though strenuous efforts were made to stamp it out, 180 cases were reported by Dr. Moore, who had charge of the hospitals, of which ten cases died. Among these were Robert Gardner, a well known printer, John Yarborough, and two negroes, Davy Hull and Ned Holbrooks, both of whom were highly esteemed by all the white people.

John Yarborough was one of the worst men who ever cursed a community. He had sounded all the depths of every form of vice and depravity. He was by turns a gambler, a barkeeper, a niggertrader, a proprietor of a disreputable house, a drunkard and a thief. Smart and active he attracted young men only to debauch them as the candle attracts the poor moth only to leave it blackened and disfigured. His most notorious den was the "Forks of the Road," just this side of the Normal School, and in the nightly orgies which distinguished it he defied the laws of the State as well as the moral sentiment of the town. He deserted his wife and consorted with a gang, amongst whom when stricken by the fatal malady he died miserably, rotting it is said, while he was yet alive.

With all their resources dissipated, business of every kind destroyed, their circulating medium rendered valueless, our people had to begin at the bottom to make a living. Cotton, which except

in the Federal lines had been almost unsalable now became a marketable commodity in active demand at 43 cents per pound. It was the salvation of the South as it was afterwards almost its curse. Everybody who could command credit bought cotton. Ninety per cent of the people began planting cotton. The returned soldiers repaired the old fence and with his cavalry horse, or some old mule which the Yankees had left behind, or in lieu of better, an ox, bedded the land and planted his crop.

This gave him a start. The stock of cotton which had accumulated for want of purchasers now became a mine of gold for the owners and an alluring temptation to the speculators. Fortunately it brought ready money enough into the community to set the wheels of trade and manufacture in motion again.

To meet its own expenses the town of Athens issued $5,000 in promisory notes. The National Bank of Athens was organized, with Henry Hull, Jr., President, and F. W. Adams Cashier. Several new firms began business; E. B. and J. Cohen, from Charleston, Childs & Nickerson, Nicholson, Reaves & Co., Lucas & Dearing and Huggins & Dobbs. Col. Huggins had distinguished himself in the battle of Olustee, and Col. Dobbs was a returned Kentucky soldier.

The Southern Express Company refitted the telegraph line to Union Point, which it operated

for several years until it became a part of the Western Union.

The influx of new money was attended by unsettled values and rapid fluctuations of prices. Cotton would vary as much as two cents in twenty-four hours, and the difference between New York and Athens quotations was from 10 to 13 cents. It brought the extravagant price of 43 cents a pound in July 1865. In January 1866 it was 40 and in February 35. Bacon was then 25 cents, corn $1.75, flour $18 per barrel, and this was in greenbacks. While a farmer saw that with one mule, on average land he could raise five bales of cotton, which would bring him $900 in cash, none need be surprised that the whole South went wild with the idea. The value of cotton lands appreciated, mules were bought in the West, and plows in the North; neither land nor time could be spared for corn, wheat or grass. And so it went even when cotton dropped to 20, and to 18, and to 15, and 12 and 10, while the farmer got poorer and poorer.

Boler Moon, who had served as marshal of the town for twelve or thirteen years, and had gone to Marietta to deliver one of the murderers of Capt. Tew, on his return home attempted to jump on the car, but slipped and fell beneath it. His legs were crushed and he died in a few hours. Robert Moore succeeded him, being pushed closely in a popular vote by George Ma-

son, whose courage in the affair with the Yankee soldiers had won for him many supporters. William Shirley became the deputy marshal and for many years he and the town mule were familiar and equally inoffensive figures upon the streets.

The year 1865 closed with the exhibition of the first circus which had appeared in five years. It was old John Robinson's and had been well advertised through the country. The tent was pitched on the then open lot whereon the Deupree block now stands. The attendance was immense. Everybody who could get hold of 75 cents went. Religious scruples on the part of church-goers were for the most part thrown aside. Rev. Harwell Parks, who was stationed in Athens at the time, made earnest efforts to awaken the Methodistic consciences of his members, and the clown impudently thanked him in the circus for the advertisement; but it had been so long since the people had been in earshot of a show, that they had so long been oppressed by troubles of various sorts, that the opportunity was not to be lightly thrown away. It was estimated that the company carried off with them $10,000 as the receipts from two performances, though I suspect the amount was exaggerated.

As soon as possible after quiet was restored, schools were opened for the much-needed education of the young men and boys. Prof. Ruth-

erford and his son, Capt. John C. Rutherford, had many scholars; Col. Magill, who had lost an arm and had been commandant before the surrender, and Prof. Waddell, too, had pupils. The Lucy Cobb Institute began a successful career under Madame Sosnowski. Judge Lumpkin resumed his law school. Arrangements were made to reopen the college. Dr. Lipscomb, Dr. Mell, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Waddell and Dr. Jones were in their places on January 5th, 1866, and the session opened with seventy-eight students present. For a few years after the war, the class of students was unlike any that had ever attended college before. Many of them were grown men and most of them had been through the costly experience of a four year's war, with all its lessons of endurance and self-denial. They had not come for pastime or to idle away their time. They were in dead earnest. It was a question of food and raiment, a struggle for existence. Poorly fitted for a college curriculum, it was only by hard work that they kept up with the requirements. But those were the men who a few years later swayed the sceptre of the State and redeemed Georgia from the blighting curse of the carpet-bagger.

CHAPTER XL.

Let us look back at the topographical charac-

ter of Athens at this time for many changes have occurred since then.

The Georgia Railroad was the only one connecting us with the outside world. Its depot was on top of the hill beyond the lower bridge, where it remained for fifteen years longer, necessitating many a tiresome pull in going to and fro. On Oconee street a little above the church, Deputy Marshal Shirley lived in a two-story frame house, and on the opposite triangular lot was the old ice house. How many of my readers remember the painfully plain old red Shirley house? Mr. Shirley was town marshal, street commissioner, city engineer and chief of police all at once. Mr. Bloomfield once criticizing the city administration charged that the entire street force consisted of "Old Man Shirley, the town mule and a negro woman in a red flannel petticoat." And what is more it was exactly true. Mr. Shirley was a mild-eyed amiable man, who couldn't treat a convict harshly, however much he deserved it. He remained "on the force" until 1876, when infirmity unfitted him for duty.

Between Shirley's and the corner was the old hotel, then abandoned to the rats, and connected with the Franklin house by a bridge across the street. On Broad street next to the Dorsey house was the old house occupied by the family of Major Grady. In that rambling old hotel Henry Grady spent his boyhood and the deserted

old ball room was the field where on rainy days he and the Hodgson boys worked off their exuberant vitality without disturbing anybody but themselves.

Where the Deupree block now is, on the corner stood a couple of little groggeries high off the ground and in the center of the lot the old Thomas dwelling, at that time a boarding house kept by Sam Pruitt. The Southern Mutual corner was occupied by the Lombard house, vacated by the death of its tenant, a victim of intemperance. The old brick house was built by the Masons, who held their meetings on the upper floor. At this time the Southern Banner had the first floor.

Dr. R. M. Smith's residence stood adjoining on Clayton street. This will be remembered as the handsomest residence in town in 1810. Col. John A. Cobb lived in it when he first came to Athens. Mrs. Eliza Pope's house stood where Talmage's hardware store now is. Beginning at the Franklin House corner where Childs & Nickerson had just begun business, one would pass by L. P. Hoover, Colt & Colbert, R. M. Smith's drug store, J. R. and L. C. Matthews, Huggins & Dobbs, Summey & Newton, A. K. Childs and F. W. Lucas, to T. Bishop & Son on the corner. Going back to Nicholson & Reaves corner and passing Pruitt's boarding house, we find Pitner & Seymour, Jas. S. Eng-

land & Orr, Pittard & Sansom, the Bank of Athens, I. M. Kenney, Crane & Barry; then crossing the street, the Bank corner, the Southern Mutual Insurance office, Mrs. T. A. Adams, White & Ritch, Long's Drug Store, M. Marbury, A. S. Mandeville, White's Book Store. Around the corner were Lumpkin & Hemphill, McDowell, Vonderlieth and the postoffice. Opposite was Wm. A. Talmadge's jewelry store, M. Myers, E. B. & J. Cohen and the Newton House office on that corner. Mr. Bloomfield's residence stood opposite Dr. Smith's on Clayton street and next to him on the corner was Burpee's carriage shop.

The space around the old town spring was all open and wagoners from the up country used to camp there. Alas, that bold spring where thousands have quenched their thirst, shaded by grand old oaks under which great men in Georgia used to loll, is covered up by Dozier's lumber yard and its once limpid waters seep through the soil into a dirty drain below.

The streets were in a bad condition. Deputy Shirley with the town mule and a negro, endeavored to fill the holes and keep them passable. The few lamps lit by gas made from poor pine were little better than the tallow dip and on a still, starlit night the foot passenger in crossing a street was as liable to alight in a pool of water as upon the spot he thought comparatively

dry. Cows were pastured on the streets and at night herded at will upon the sidewalks. Hogs ran at large, dispensing sweet odors on the evening air and bearing their young unblushingly by the front gate. The primitive custom of dumping all the trash and refuse of the household over the back fence was in vogue, enriching but not ennobling the adjacent soil, and along the fence where there was no sidewalk, the weeds grew in thickets dense enough to hide a company of sharp-shooters.

From the Northeastern depot to the river was a virgin forest known as Dr. Ware's woods, and this side the depot were cultivated fields or pastures. Newtown was an old pine field. Back of the houses on Oconee street were woods and corn fields, and the boys bathed in the river at any point between the bridges secure from the public gaze. Indeed, "the Lake" on Trail creek and the "shallow hole" and "Dearing's fence" on the river, were the successive stages in the swimmer's education. After graduating at "Dearing's fence" a boy might go in "Carr's pond" at will and learn to swim around "the pines," which, storm-scarred and dead, stood sentinel at the head of the pond. "Moore's branch" was a dangerous, though popular place. Several boys have been drowned there who were ambitious beyond their ability to swim.

Cobbham was a town in the woods. Forest

trees stood here and there in the streets, which ungraded, rose and fell with the undulations of the adjoining lots. Every lot had its garden and the family cow was ubiquitous. No clattering milk-man nor hacks, nor early trains disturbed the slumbers of the early morn. The only train of the time, the "Athens Branch," left at the genteel hour of nine and returned at five. There was no need of haste and life was lived at leisure.

The year 1866 witnessed a general revival of business, of education and of religion. New firms infused new life in all places of business. The influx of students of both sexes added life and income to the town.

The first observance of Memorial Day occurred May 4th, when an address suitable to the occasion was delivered by Gen. Wm. M. Browne.

The first commencement—after the war—was held July 4th. The old interest in this day revived and the attendance was increased by the adoption of the day by the freedmen as their independence day, and the report that had been spread among them that every one would be fined $5 who didn't come to town. Great crowds flocked to the campus and were with some difficulty kept out of the chapel. The commencement music was furnished by local colored talent, and Billy Holbrooks, Tom Reed and Wes Brown

with fiddles and clarionet, dispensed the same old tunes, made familiar at many a dance. On commencement day, however, they were required to bring out their brass horns, an act which produced the keenest regret in the audience.

A revival of religion in the fall of 1866, which was begun and carried on in the Methodist church during the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Parks spread throughout the community and more than eighty converts joined the church.

The old store on Broad street long ago occupied by Baynon & Ritch, but then by L. A. Dugas was entirely consumed by fire in that year, but Mr. Bloomfield with characteristic energy began to rebuild before the bricks grew cold. The gas works were renovated and lamp posts put up on the principal streets. The complaint was made that in locating the lamps the committee placed one, then went until they could no longer see the light from that, and set the next one.

A fast train to New York was put on over the W. & A. R. R., which made the trip in 67 1-2 hours, and the freight on cotton to New York was reduced to $5.80 per bale. In spite of this and a Federal tax of 3 cents a pound cotton sold readily at 35 cents in September.

The new firm of Reaves & Brumby began in business which a little later became Center & Reaves and for years did by far the largest business of any firm in Northeast Georgia.

The year 1866 was prolific in deaths of prominent citizens of Athens. In January Mr. Asbury Hull died suddenly while reading his Bible at his home. Mr. Thomas Bishop, an old merchant, died in April, and Mr. Abijah Conger died of paralysis, aged 84. July was marked by the death of Dr. Hoyt, pastor of the Presbyterian church. Dr. Hoyt came to Athens in 1830 and for thirty-six years ministered to his flock sharing in their joys and their sorrows. Many of them he held at their baptism, heard the peal of their wedding bells and listened to their funeral toll. He was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Burkhead. Gen. M. L. Smith also died in July. Mr. Ross Crane in October and Madame Gouvain in November. In the first half of 1867 Prof. James P. Waddell, Capt. W. H. Dorsey, Mr. Thomas Moore and Judge Joseph H. Lumpkin died.

The people of Athens were just settling down to the new order of things and the negroes were adjusting themselves to their new relationships, when the Reconstruction Acts fell upon the South like a fire-brand in a powder magazine. This iniquitous legislation awakened all the passions which had slumbered after four years of war and rapine. Where had been cold dislike now sprang up bitter hatred and malignant scorn. The fires which were kindled then burned long and fierce, and alas! the embers are still smoking.

Athens shared in the passions which those diabolical measures provoked. In the ebullition of that period the mean "poor white" came to the top, like scum upon the pot. He associated with the negro on terms of equality and in most cases the negro was the more respectable. Defying the scorn of his former friends and associates, he hob-nobbed with the Yankee soldier and the scalawag to manipulate the negro and control his vote. The respectable element being disfranchised, the rascally triumvirate held the reins of authority.

Early in this period of oppression the Union League made its appearance in a procession which paraded the streets, headed by a negro on horse-back with sash and sword, while a horde of ignorant blacks with a mixture of renegade whites tramped behind. Making their way to the old "Harden Shop," they obediently transacted the business of their leaders. With all the impressiveness of surrounding coffins, skulls, and cross-bones, and brandishing of swords and pistols, the negroes were sworn with great oaths to "vote the ticket."

Later political meetings were held there and in one of them Alf Richardson made an incendiary speech which led to his being killed by the Ku Klux. Subsequently the old shop became the repository of broken down aristocratic furniture awaiting the rejuvenating hand of Antonio Gara-

Baldi, and much horse hair, velours, silk damask and such like which had been very near to tender professions of love and revelations of political schemes, was ruthlessly torn away and consigned to the rag pile there.

Under the forced registration law the whites were greatly in the minority, and under the ruling of General Pope which made the county courthouse the only precinct, but few of these cared to go seven miles to vote. However, at the last moment, Col. Daggett changed the polling place to Athens.

The first election for the legislature in the era of reconstruction resulted in the choice of Madison Davis over James T. Sansom. Mat Davis was then, a leader of his race; to his credit be it said he was always on the side of law and order, and his influence among his people was always for peace. Mat was to all appearances a white man. Indeed, when negroes were expelled from the legislature in 1868, Mat was not disturbed in his tenure of office. Once when in Washington City Mat went to a hotel and before registering said to the clerk "I think I should tell you sir, that I am a colored man." Whereupon the clerk said "If you had not said so I would have assigned you a room, but since you tell me you are colored you cannot stop at this hotel." So Mat strolled on until he came to a hotel for negroes. But as he proceeded to

register the clerk said to him: "You cannot stop here; this hotel is exclusively for colored people." "But I am a colored man," said Mat. "You may be, but you are too white for this hotel," said the clerk. And but for an Athenian in the city who knew him and took him in, Mat might have walked the streets of Washington all night looking for a place to sleep.

CHAPTER XLI.

Those who did not go through the period of reconstruction cannot appreciate the condition of affairs in those troublous times. Thomas Dixon's Clansman is not exaggerated. The insolence of the lately freed slave was intolerable. Idle, venal, often bestial, encouraged to self assertion by white renegades and backed by the power of the Freedman's Bureau, he was a menace to society. If we appealed from his rascality it was to a corrupt Judge. If we punished his insolence we paid a fine to the Freedman's Bureau. If we resorted to more serious reprisals we were carried under arrest to Atlanta and probably jailed.

In the towns the aggregation of white men held in check the negro, but in the village and in the country they were fast becoming a terror. Women feared to go out alone and every man went armed. To check this growing evil this threatening horror, the Ku Klux Klan was or-

ganized. This was no body of fantastics out for a frolic. It was composed of bands of earnest men bent on serious business, determined to maintain the integrity of their homes, to rid the community of dangerous characters and restore peace and good order to their country.

In Clarke County the Ku Klux comprised some of whom are now living in Athens and are well known to the writer. They were aided and abetted by older men of character and means, members of the various churches and esteemed for their worth. They were organized in bands of twenty or thirty, each under a Captain. When there was work for the band to do a notice was mysteriously nailed to the stable door to meet at the usual place at such an hour. These notices were phrased in mysterious words which the member understood well enough but which might well appall the uninitiated who should read them. Assembled at the meeting place in disguise the word was passed in secret what was to be the night's work. This usually consisted in visiting the house of some idle negro who had made himself obnoxious, terrifying him with ghostly scenes, whipping him into submission, then warning him that unless there was a radical change in his conduct a second call would prove more disastrous.

Only one such visit in this County is remembered to have resulted fatally. Alf Richardson,

a negro, who had been counted in a member of the Legislature had made himself extremely obnoxious to the white people, swelling with insolence and inciting other negroes to devilish deeds. One night the Ku Klux about forty strong went to his house and called him out. He retreated to the attic and the door was broken open with an axe. A match was struck and the negro located and on his refusal to come out he was shot. Leaving him for dead, the detail came out, but as the last man came down the narrow stair the wounded negro reached for his gun and shot him. He was a handsome young fellow, popular and brave. He died and was buried that night. The negro died several days later.

Many things were done in those days and for a long time afterwards in the name of the Ku Klux which would have been better left undone, and with which the real organization had nothing whatever to do. Sometimes when called out for serious work they had their fun. For instance when Myer Stern, then a recent comer from the fatherland, was doing a peripatetic trade in notions, he unhappily met a band of Ku Klux all in regulation disguise. They ordered him to lay down his stock in trade and bring water from a spring while they sat on their horses and told him to hurry up. He declares

to this day that every man of them drank a full bucket of water.

The day of the Ku Klux has happily passed. Lawless it was if you please, but those who pretended to administer the law in that day were still more lawless and there are occasions when the written law must yield to the instincts of self preservation.

But while occasional riots, some bloodshed and a few homicides occurred, none of those violent measures to protect society were adopted in Athenns, which seemed necessary in other places, and we managed to maintain fairly good order in the town.

It is rather remarkable that with 150 hotheaded students at the State University so little trouble occurred. Albert Cox's commencement speech it is true brought down the direst threats from General Pope, and the chief income of the college was for a while withheld.

The intense political excitement of the reconstruction period was at its height in 1867. Mr. Benjamin H. Hill had finished that remarkable series of letters, "Notes on the Situation." Governor Brown had cast his lot with the Radicals, who were arraigned against the intelligence and integrity of the State.

At the commencement of that year during the exercises of the junior class, Albert H. Cox, of LaGrange, came upon the stage. Handsome,

with a clear voice and graceful manner, he soon caught the attention of the audience. His subject was "The Vital Principle of Nations." Having delivered his introduction, he entered upon his speech, which, for true eloquence, close reasoning and pure audacity, has never been equaled by the production of any other student on that stage. He arraigned the Republican party and scored the scalawag without mercy. Without using his name, he attacked Governor Brown and held him up to the gaze of the audience as a traitor to his people, turning to him as he sat with the trustees on the stage and pointing at him in scorn. The whole audience was with the young speaker, and, with glowing faces, gave him unstinted applause. Mr. Hill sat near him and visibly encouraged him by voice and gesture. Governor Brown across the stage sat placid and unmoved. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and when Cox retired from the stage amid a storm of applause and a shower of bouquets, he went with more reputation made during that brief half-hour than many a man makes in a lifetime.

This audacious speech threatened to be more serious in its consequences than anyone dreamed at the time. Georgia was under military control, and General John Pope, of "Headquarters in the Saddle" fame, commanding at Atlanta, issued an order closing the college and withholding the payment of the eight thousand dollars by the

State. Chancellor Lipscomb visited General Pope and secured a revocation of the first order. It was intimated that if Mr. B. H. Hill, who had made himself especially obnoxious to the oppressors, would resign his trusteeship and the professorship of law to which he had been recently appointed, then the displeasure of the autocrat would be appeased and he might permit the current to resume its flow. A correspondence ensued between General Pope and General Grant in relation to the matter. Mr. Hill visited President Johnson and General Grant in the interest of the college, and it was not until a special meeting of the board had been held to issue an address to the authorities at Washington, that the appropriation was restored.

As an illustration of the dictatorial measures which the District Commanders assumed, General Sickles who was in command in Charleston, entered a street car smoking. The conductor approached and said in a respectful manner: "It is against the rules of the company, sir, to smoke in this car." "Oh well," said the General, "you may consider the rules superceded until I am through smoking." The arbitrary commands of military satraps were received with ill-concealed discontent, and there was much irritation especially among the younger men.

A certain Major Knox, an agent of the Freedman's Bureau, and whose name has been handed

down to colored posterity in Knox Institute, shared in the contempt which invested the carpet-baggers. In a difficulty with Tom Frierson, he shot the latter in the thigh, but was acquitted on the plea of self-defense, though it was shown that Frierson was not armed. However, the conservatism and good sense of the citizens of Athens prevented any serious collision and in the course of a year or two they had complete control of their own affairs.

CHAPTER XLII.

In 1867 some sales of real estate gave promise of more life to the town. The home of the late Mr. Asbury Hull was sold for $9,000, and Mr. Benjamin H. Hill bought the John T. Grant house it was said for $20,000. The University sold the triangle between Broad and Oconee Streets, whereon the old "ice house" was situated, for $250. It is now covered by Billups Phinizy's warehouse and is worth many times that sum.

The population of Athens according to a census taken in March 1867, was 4,203, of whom 150 were students. The taxable property returned that year amounted to $1,037,000. Of this $212,100 was stock in trade, $65,400 household furniture, $22,700 horses, $15,900 carriages and $721,800 real estate. The healthfulness of the town was never better demonstrated than in

the death-rate the following year, which according to the report was 20 whites and 47 blacks.

The first evidence of material growth after the war was the building of Deupree Opera House. Mr. Lewis J. Deupree, a wealthy citizen of Lexington, purchased the old Thomas place for $10,000, and erected the three-story building on the corner which bears his name, Captain John W. Brumby supervising it and George Manes doing the work. The stores in this building were considered the finest and choicest in the town. They were in the heart of the business portion. Soon afterwards the rickety old hotel of two generations back which once entertained a President of the United States, when vacated by the family of Major Grady, was torn down and gave place to new stores built by S. C. Dobbs and J. W. Collins.

The lower bridge, which had been washed away by the freshet of 1865 and and replaced by a toll bridge, was now rebuilt and thrown open to the public. That bridge was adapted to railroads but not to wagons; and after a few years it careened to one side and was condemned.

The town sustained a loss in 1867 in the removal of Mr. Henry Hull to New Orleans. Mr. Hull was not only one of the handsomest of men, but there was an elegance in his manner and a charm in his conversation, which few persons possess. He resigned the presidency of the

National Bank to accept a similar position in New Orleans. Mr. Hull was a public-spirited citizen and prominent in every department of social life. He was one of the builders of the Lucy Cobb Institute, a Trustee of the University, and one of the promoters of the Oconee Cemetery. He died suddenly in a street car in Savannah, where he had for some years been a prominent banker.

A greater loss was the sudden death of General Howell Cobb, who died in New York on the 6th of October from heart failure while ascending the stairs in Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The funeral services of General Cobb were held in the college chapel on October 15. The immense crowd of citizens and the many visitors from other cities, who attended, atttested the love of his people for the dead statesman and friend. It was a singular coincidence that General Cobb and William Hope Hull, former law partners, and always warm friends, should both have died suddenly while visiting the same city—the one in a hotel at the side of his wife, the other alone upon the door-step of a stranger.

William Hope Hull was born in Athens in 1820 and graduated with first honor in 1838 in the class with Williams Rutherford, Ferdinand Phinizy, Shelton P. Sanford, Benjamin R. Palmer, and John LeConte. The last survivor of that

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William Hope Hull

class, Dr. Lewis G. Anderson, of Appalachee, is the oldest living Alumnus of the University.

Hope Hull was in his early days active in politics and was a fluent and eloquent speaker. He was an eminent lawyer but was without any ambition for office. He accepted the office of Solicitor of the U. S. Treasury at the urgent request of Howell Cobb, the then Secretary, but declined an appointment on the Supreme Court of Georgia. In his younger days he loved a lady who was warmly attached to him, but her father forced her to break the engagement on account of his habits. The disappointment affected his whole after life. He reformed his habits, became an ardent advocate of temperance, but never married. Mr. Hull was a man of great humor and many stories are told of him and Howell Cobb who was his law partner and intimate friend. Once Secretary Cobb was flooded with invitations to make addresses on various occasions and Mr. Hull coming in he said, "Hope, I declare I am bothered to death with these invitations to make speeches. What shall I do to stop it?" "Make one," was the reply. Mr. Hull died suddenly in New York in 1882. He had gone to the theatre and feeling badly left the house. About midnight he was found sitting on the steps of a house near by, dead, and so passed away one of the greatest lawyers at the Georgia bar.

A good citizen was Lewis J. Lampkin, quondam sheriff, trader, auctioneer and hotel keeper. He was amiable and full of humor and therefore popular, slow of speech and shrewd. As an acutioneer he was inimitable and had a way of inveigling a bidder to raise his own bid that no other auctioneer could equal. Mr. Lampkin was a good Methodist and took a professional interest in "raising" subscriptions to church purposes. After many ups and downs he died quite well off, owning besides other property half the block where his son Cobb is now in business.

But recurring to 1867 the old Confederate Armory was sold by the Cook's to the Athens Manufacturing Company, for $20,000. Mr. Bloomfield foreseeing the expansion of the company's business removed all the looms to this building and converted it into a weaving mill. He built a number of cottages for the operatives, and that their bodies should not be provided for at the expense of their souls, he also built St. Mary's church, naming it for Mrs. Mary Baxter, a stockholder in the factory, who had recently died. It was said that Mr. Bloomfield located the lines for the walls, put the masons to work and being called away from town told them to build them straight up until he should return. Being detained longer than he expected, when he came back he found four walls about twenty

feet high without a sign of a door or window in them.

The Adams family who lived below Mrs. Harden were singularly handsome people. The father died early but Mrs. Adams lived sometime after the war a very dignified, very handsome and it was said a very high tempered old lady. As I remember them her children all resembled her with classic features and steel gray eyes.

Habersham Adams became a preacher of influence in the Methodist Church.

Flournoy W. or Ferdy Adams as he was generally known was Cashier of the National Bank and a most capable officer. He was extremely courteous and very quick tempered. With him it was a word and blow. Once several of us were sitting on the steps of the old Post Office waiting for the mail to open when Major Adams came out of the door. As he passed down one of the party asked "Who is that fellow?" Immediately Major Adams turned and said "You called me a fellow, sir!" and catching him by the collar jerked him down the steps and a fight was prevented only by both being held down. Mutual friends brought about mutual apologies and averted a challenge to a duel.

Major Adams went to New York about 1872 and engaged in business. He always had a horror of smallpox and strange to say died of that disease.

CHAPTER XLIII.

But while the politics of the State was in the last stage of decomposition and adventurers were fattening on the treasury, our people were improving their material condition and especially giving more attention to new methods of farming.

The Southern Cultivator, then owned and edited by Dr. Wm. Louis Jones, was the only agricultural paper published in the South. It had a large circulation, with subscribers in Australia and New Zealand, and it was the ultimate authority on Southern farming. The little brick house near the northwest corner of the campus lately torn down by Mr. Edwards, was built for its home, and Rev. Ellison Stone, with a little help, did all the printing. The Southern Cultivator, I may remark in passing was first published by Dr. James Tinsley in 1842 and afterwards edited by Dr. Daniel Lee and Dr. James Camak. Then it was edited and owned by William N. White, and it was his pride that it was the only periodical in the South that never missed an issue throughout the four years of the war. Mr. White was a well known writer on gardening and sold out a prosperous book business to devote himself to that congenial pursuit.

A wheat club was formed by a dozen gentlemen of Athens, the members contesting for a silver pitcher costing $125, which was to be awarded

to the largest yield of wheat on a single acre. Dr. Hamilton won the prize with 45 1-2 bushels, and Mr. Edward Bancroft was a close second with 44. A few years later Mr. Bancroft raised the yield of an acre of cotton on his town lot with the enormous result of 5 1-2 bales. This being published abroad, created a demand for "Bancroft's seed," which for years paid him a good income.

The first illustration we had of a farm equipped with latest machinery and conducted on modern and Northern lines was John A. Meeker's. John Meeker's father came South in 1857 and John grew up with "us boys." He inherited a nice property and took to farming. He bought about 200 acres including the old field out on Milledge Avenue. He built barns, tore up the Bermuda sod with two horse plows, harrowed and rolled it and put on tons of manure. He introduced mowers, horse rakes and sulky plows. He built hay mows and big wagon frames, and raised clover hay, and pigs and Jersey cows. His oats and wheat were something to see and hardly a day passed but some old ante-bellum Hayseed visited Meeker's farm to admire the progressive young farmer.

John was an enthusiastic farmer and it was fortunate that he had capital to offset losses and that he was not dependent on his farm for a living. The farm did not pay in dollars but it did

in fun and it wasn't until bills became due which John couldn't pay that he sold his place and moved to Virginia where he died two years ago.

When the Trustees had become ashamed of the appearance of the Campus authority was given the Prudential Committee to improve it. Mr. P. J. Berckmans, of Augusta, generously contributed many shrubs and plants and John Meeker was engaged to do the work. He did it well. He plowed and crossed-plowed it, harrowed and rolled and dug down and filled in; he laid out the walks, planted the shrubbery and sowed grass. After he had finished it up some of the boys went to one of the drug stores bought its entire supply of turnip seed and sowed them on the ground. The season was propitious and in time there was as pretty a crop of salad on the Campus as anyone could wish to see. And yet the critics say the boys at the University know nothing about agriculture.

Speaking of Meeker's farm in the spring of 1868, the boys held a tournament on the old grass covered field just back of Dr. W. A. Carlton's house on Milledge Avenue. About twenty college boys rode in the glittering costumes of the days of Front de Boeuf, saving the armor. A large concourse of citizens in carriages and boys on foot had gathered to witness the contest, and girls whom the knights had chosen for their ladies fair were all aglow with excitement, each

one confident of being elevated to the throne of love and beauty before night.

At the trumpet's call the steeds fired up under influence of spur and bit, and the modern Crusaders let go in turn. Taking a good start they dashed down the course, cutting and slashing at wooden heads and punching at elusive rings to the plaudits of the admiring crowd of spectators.

Jep Rucker resplendent in silver and blue rode a big gray. Ben Hill in glittering costume rode his bay singlefooter. George Goetchius rode Dr. Hull's "Slick," and Buford Davis got a tumble from Mr. Burkhead's sorrel. Ham Yancey, Walter Gordon and Reese Crawford and a dozen others made it interesting and after each knight had had his turn came Timmy Rucker trotting down the course on an ox.

The successful knights were Peter Meldrim Baxter Connell and Alfred Alfriend in the order named. The best man crowned as Queen, Miss Mary Lou Yancey, while the others chose as Maids of Honor Misses Belle Hardeman and Saida Bird. During the evening the beautiful Queen received the homage of her subjects at her fathers residence at a delightful impromptu reception and with such gracious dignity that the disappointed candidates for the throne were made to feel if they were not queens they were at least princesses of the blood.

CHAPTER XLIV.

To the patriotism and unflagging energy of Mrs. Williams Rutherford the Ladies' Memorial Association owes its organization, and to her persistent efforts is due the erection of the Confederate Monument. The first observance of Memorial Day—not Decoration Day, which is a Northern appointment—occured in May 1866 and Gen. W. M. Browne delivered the oration.

For forty years the day has been kept with varying degrees of interest, but without omission. The number of Veterans who attend the services diminish year by year, and with feebler steps and forms more bent, the survivors march to hear the defense of their cause and the eulogies of the Southern soldier.

The corner stone of the monument was laid with impressive ceremonies on May 5th, 1871. A long procession of all the dignitaries of the city assembling at the College Chapel marched around to the site and after an address by Albert L. Mitchell Esq., a soldier who had lost an arm at Kennesaw, the Masons concluded the exercises. The monument was not built without frequent appeals and hard work. Suppers and shows and concerts swelled the receipts from private contributions until finally the last dollar was paid.

In 1870 the Athens Street Railroad was incorporated, with W. P. Dearing as builder and mana-

ger. The primary object of this railroad was to facilitate the transportation of freight from the Georgia railroad depot across the river—then the only port of entry. The drayage charges were a great burden to the merchants, and Gann & Reaves who owned the line of drays grew rich in the business.

The street cars which were nothing more than flats pulled by mules, delivered freight at the merchant's doors as far as College avenue. Eventually the drays underbid the railroad and the latter fell into desuetude and twenty years later the rails and crossties were removed in order to give place to the improvement of the street.

About the same time the old livery stables on Lumpkin street which had been occupied by the Confederate government, were torn down and replaced by a cottage built by James P. Dorsey.

The growing membership of the Methodists necessitated the building of Oconee Street church and the retirement of the seceders from the old church was followed by the purchase of an elegant new organ for that building. Mr. Ferdinand Phinizy who professed a perfect horror of musical instruments in churches, withdrew his contributions to the First Church and promised a larger sum to the Oconee Street Church so long as they had no organ.

The location of the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at the University in Athens in

1873 brought forth the gift of Moore College from the city. Dr. R. D. Moore was the active spirit in this movement and in recognition of his work the building was named for him. Col. Charbonnier drew the plans and M. B. McGinty received the contract.

The building of this College brought McGinty to Athens. He came just in time to meet an increasing demand for builders. Mr. Crane had died some years before, Mr. Carlton had retired from business, the Witherspoons took no work, and there wasn't a man here to contract for a chicken coop. McGinty soon had his hands full and in a few years was worth $50,000. He built every house in Athens of any pretensions from 1874 to 1890.

In that year the time-honored custom of before breakfast recitations was abolished and the hasty morning toliet, the hurry and scurry to answer at morning prayers was henceforth but a memory of the past, no doubt to the delight of both students and professors. It may be doubted whether the early prayers ever found the students in a devotional frame of mind. Many a boy had appeared in the chapel two minutes out of bed, *sans* socks, *sans* trousers, *sans* coat, his slippers and dressing gown alone saving him from the charge of indecency.

The early morning recitation used to be a great trial to Professor Wash. He rarely got out to

prayers and often the class would have to wait for his appearance in the recitation room. One morning the Freshmen finding him not in, all slipped off their shoes, intending to steal softly out and "cut" the recitation. Their unusual quiet aroused the suspicions of Mr. Wash, whose room was adjoining. He opened the door to find half the class tiptoeing down the hall, every man with his shoes in his hands. "Come back, gentlemen," said he quietly, "and put on your shoes. I will be in directly." It might have been imagination, but the lesson seemed unusually hard that morning and Mr. Wash unnecessarily exacting.

The annual commencement, which had been advanced to July, was now restored to its old date in August. This action of the Board, it was said, was due to the ladies of Athens. As one of the Trustees said, "it was a question of watermelons." The hospitable housekeepers said they could get nothing to eat for their guests so early in July, and they insisted that commencement should be held when peaches and watermelons were abundant.

Several ineffectual attempts to reorganize the Athens Guards had been made, but the old soldiers had had their fill of that sort of work, and it was not until the boys who were too young for the war had grown up, that enough would enlist to commission the company. For a few years under the successive commands of Captains Dal-

ton Mitchell, J. H. Rucker, C. G. Talmadge and John Hope Hull, the Guards maintained their organization and then yielding to the prevailing weariness with the military, disbanded.

Indeed, without disparagement to the military spirit, there has never been an occasion since the hottest period of reconstruction, when there was any necessity for a military company in Athens, at least for local defense. At the time of the Rountree killing the excitement among the negroes threatened trouble, but they were soon quieted without a collision. That the traditions of the old company which once gaily kept step on the holiday parade and afterwards tramped mile after mile to meet the shock of battle, will be kept alive by succeeding generations is assured by the later reorganization of the Guards and its reputation as one of the very best companies in the State Guard.

It has been said sententiously that young people will be young people. Observation has shown it to be true. Relieved of the exactions of the war the young people of Athens of whom the College boys are always an important part, threw care to the winds and enjoyed themselves. They formed clubs and societies which were only excuses for bringing them together with their friends. There was a Chess Club and a Dramatic Club, and a Shooting Club and a Musical Club. The last was quite popular and lived through

several years under the able Presidency of Miss Susie Hill, but abandoning music for gossip and "gab" it was finally left without a quorum and disbanded.

The skating rink was an intsitution which gave much pleasure both to the skaters and the lookers-on. Capt. Henry Beusse first introduced it here, and night after night Depuree Hall was a scene of life and laughter; a festival of falls.

It will interest the cyclists to know that the first bicycle which ever appeared in Athens was made in 1869 by old Mr. Richard Schevenell and was ridden by Len Schevenell on Broad Street. It is not claimed that this primitive wheel was equal to a "Columbia," but for a rider with plenty of strength, plenty of time and lots of paticence, it did pretty well.

Mr. Schevenell was a very ingenious man. He was a carriage maker by trade, a Frenchman by birth and had served in the French army. During the war when he was not drilling the Mitchell Thunderbolts, he was inventing something to relieve the necessities of the times. His cotton cards, though rough, were quite a help to the women who had to do their own spinning and weaving. He was an avowed infidel, and with two other companions formed a coterie which met to discuss Tom Paine and refute the teachings of the Bible. Mr. Schevenell lived to a great age, being past ninety at his death.

Base ball has become such a science that we would be censured for comparing it with the games we used to play. But there was lots more fun in the old games. Before baseball was imported "town-ball" was the popular game at school. Any number might play and two leaders chose sides. A solid rubber ball was used and any kind of bat to suit the taste. An old carriage spoke was the favorite, but it was considered disgraceful to use a broad paddle. The batter might be caught out in the field or behind "on the first bounce" but could only be put out by being hit with the ball when running the bases. A good batter would knock the ball a long way but if it went over the fence, everything must stop until it was found and thrown into the field.

Foot-ball too was different from the Rugby game. The ball could not be touched with the hand at all and the game consisted in running and kicking. When the ball got into a fence corner it became interesting. Then every fellow let loose, kicking at large until the ball came out—along with several sore shins. The little fellows generally stayed out of the scrimmage leaving the big boys to do the work. "Babe" Crane was a famous foot-ball player. A good runner, the best kicker and full of courage in a tight place, he was always the first choice among the boys. One in a game on Washington Street, back of Dr. Carlton's—it was called Market Street then and was

covered with Bermuda grass—"Babe" Crane was taking the ball down to his goal when Seabrook Hull tried to intercept him, both kicking at the ball at once. Their legs collided and Dock's shin bone snapped in two. "Babe" Crane went to the army in 1862 and was killed in the battle of Bentonville in 1865.

But this is a long way from base-ball. It was after the war that Bill Hodgson introduced base-ball in Athens. The old field—then open—in font of Col. Morton's residence was the place where it was played. Charley Collier was the best catcher in College and Charles Ed Morris was the first pitcher to put a twist on the ball. Lots of runs were made on both sides and flies without number knocked which the spectators all enjoyed. The "Dixies" and the "Pop and Go's" were famous Clubs which beat everything in sight and had a State reputation.

CHAPTER XLV.

During the regime of the volunteer fire department the Athenians took great pride in their companies. A solid, substantial company was "Hope No. 1," and if at a fire there was water to be had, "Hope" was certain to put it where it would do the most good.

But somehow the dash and elan of the "Pioneers" overshadowed the hose company. This

hook and ladder company was organized before the war and was left with hardly enough men to move the truck. In the early seventies the young men rallied to her standard, the citizens responded and the ladies helped with a great supper. Here was every kind of fish-pond and grab-bag and prize-egg ever heard of. Rebecca at the well and the Gipsy fortune-teller vied with the seductive seller of ice-cream to extract all the loose change from the visitor. A good sum was realized and a new truck was brought with which many a competitive drill was won. At home or abroad Pioneer's colors never trailed in defeat, or if they did, it wasn't fair. The Talmadge's, Bill Hodgson, the Beusse's and John Moon are inseparately connected with the history of this gallant company.

It was a distinction to belong to "Pioneer" and in the contests with other cities she always came out a victor. A clipping from an old paper about this company will be read with interest. However, as it appeared in 1887, it is not so old as the time of which I am writing. "After this Mr. Prince Hodgson appeared leading Miss May Hull, and Mr. Andrew Cobb the City Attorney, took the stand and turned over the trucks on the part of the city to the gallant company in a short speech." After formally presenting the trucks he introduced Miss Hull, who made a brief speech and broke a bottle of champagne, and, incidentally, cut the hand of one of the men with

the broken glass. Mr. Hodgson took the stand and thanked Miss Hull in the name of the company "for the service you have performed. Eighteen years ago, on this same spot, your most excellent mother, then in the prime of her happy girlhood days,, baptized the dear old trucks which are now laid aside for this more pretentious machine." And after recounting the victories of "Pioneer," and soaring in flights of eloquence, Mr. Hodgson concluded amid deafening applause, and the company had its picture taken.

For many years the "old field" west of the campus, with its two large chestnut trees, had been regarded as a public common. There in old times the fourth of July fireworks were displayed and the military manoeuvers were practiced; there the circus was wont to spread its canvass and leave the ring as a reminiscence of its departed glories. There in time of war the Mitchell Thunderbolts shed their gory arguments on military tactics and in time of peace the college boy batted and caught out flies.

Before its subdivision into lots the last circus that showed there appeared in 1872. The boys gave them some trouble by throwing rocks at the tent. Pistols were drawn and some shots exchanged, but no harm was done. On his way home from the show at the lower bridge Bill Jones was killed by a man named Aycock. Two years before Jones had killed Bill Puryear his

father-in-law while sitting in his front porch.

Speaking of shows, in 1872 Athens suffered an invasion of them. A Mrs. Oates, a pretty soubrette and presumably a widow, appeared in comic opera and the college boys went wild about her. Many of them lost their heads, several their hearts and one after a week's acquaintance wanted to marry her. Lydia Thompson, with her scantily clothed troupe, visited us in the same year, and Janauschek and Katie Putnam. It is a coincidence that the decline from the high moral tone of Athens society began about this time.

In September 1872 dirt was broken on the North Eastern railroad. For many years earnest efforts by our merchants had been made to secure another outlet for their commerce. The monopoly of the Georgia Railroad had ground them between the upper and the nether mill-stones, and when subscriptions enough for the new road were in sight, the President of the Georgia road sent a corps of engineers to survey another route and so discouraged the new enterprise. Finally the energy of Mr. John H. Newton and a few others, backed by the support of Mr. Ferdinand Phinizy, pervailed, and the road was located under John Calder Turner as chief engineer.

The dirt was broken with impressive ceremonies. A large crowd assembled in "Dr. Ware's woods," where the depot now stands. Dr. Henry Hull and Col. Wm. L. Mitchell as the two oldest

citizens, were selected to inaugurate the work. One wielded the pick and the other handled the shovel and the removal of the first dirt was attended with cheers and the inspiring strains of George Davis' brass band. Then followed addresses by Lamar Cobb and Emory Speer, congratulating the citizens upon their escape from the tyranny of a souless monopoly, etc., and the company dispersed.

The grading of the North Eastern Railroad developed a mineral spring not far from the depot which was called the Ferro Lithic Spring and became quite a popular resort. The water was a strong chalybeate and numbers of dyspeptics made daily pilgrimages to drink it and were cured—or thought they were, which answered the same purpose. It was really a valuable spring, and many teething babies were helped by its use. The network of railroad tracks has destroyed the attractiveness of the walk and the spring is rarely visited now. In fact, it is probable that the waters have deteriorated.

Until the North Eastern Railroad was completed Mr. R. L. Moss was superintendent, but when Athens was fairly in communication with the rest of the world via the new road, James M. Edwards was elected superintendent, and a mighty good one he made. He really organized the business of the road and showed the clear head and the professional training which made him

afterwards so successful in larger enterprises. W. H. Hodgson was the first conductor—good old Bill Hodgson, who was everybody's friend, was brimful of energy, bubbling over with good humor and who died an untimely death.

The city of Athens put $100,000 into the capital stock of the North Eastern Railroad and afterwards gave it away to the Southern for nothing. The Southern in turn gave Bailey Thomas the Tallulah Falls Railroad for getting it for them. But neither one of them had any money value at the time. The road was encumbered by bonds endorsed by the State. The Southern didn't want it that way, so they allowed the interest to go by default. Then the Governor took charge and appointed Rufus K. Reaves manager until the road was sold, when the Southern bought it for the bonded indebtedness.

Nothing brings about such changes in a town as a railroad. Not only the character and volume of business, but the physical features of a railroad town undergo a complete change. Years ago —and not so very many years ago either—our railroad shyly refused to come nearer than the top of the hill across the river. Then we had an extensive wagon trade with the up country. Gainesville, Clarkesville, Elberton, Hart and Franklin Counties, and even Franklin, N. C. did the bulk of their trade with Athens, and the old schooner wagon was a familiar sight on the streets.

The building of the North Eastern road converted a beautiful grove alive with birds and squirrels, where a limpid brook hurried along by mossy banks to the quiet river, into a bustling scene of activity, noisy with the clatter of wagons, the whir of machinery and the passing of trains. The Macon and Covington then invaded the sancitity of the City of the dead, raised an unsightly trestle over beautiful monuments, cut an enormous gash through the hills and came into the very bosom of the city. The Georgia Railroad must needs cut down trees, remove old land marks, blast away a hillside and run its trains across the public street. The Georgia Carolina & Northern then with a whiff comes in and goes out touching lightly on the edge of town, crosing the river on a high bridge and leaving behind a deep rock cut and a smell of powder.

Along the line of these roads little towns sprang up, each absorbing the retail business of its neighborhood. Athens merchants developed a wholesale trade which has largely exceeded all they had before. Railroad facilities brought in new citizens with a demand for houses and lots. Then history repeated itself and the handsome old lots were cut up and sold off or built up with cottages. Old homes have passed from the hands of the family. New neighbors with bay windows and little hoods and towers and ginger-bread work are crowding them; fine old trees have been

cut down; the familiar mud is gone; the gentle cow no longer lies across the pedestrians way: there are no secluded walks left for the amorous swain, no gates for him to lean upon as he lingers to say good-bye, and the glare of the arc light has robbed the evening stroll of all its sentiment. And what is all this due to except the rushing competition of souless corporations? It is enough to make a socialist of a man of sentiment to think of it.

Until the Northeastern road was built College Avenue extended only to Strong Street. An enormous gully began at Mr. Toomer's residence, crossed diagonally opposite the next square and emptied into Holsey's pond. It was wide enough and deep enough to have swallowed a dozen cottages. It compared favorably with the Grand Canon of Colorado. Children played in it and the boys of the neighborhood dug caves in its sides. With the completion of the railroad the city bridged the chasm and opened the street, then by driving stakes across the gully and dumping in debris and trash it was gradually filled. Now College Avenue is one of the prettiest streets in the city.

CHAPTER XLVI.

In 1872 a young star made its appearance, taking its place in the editorial firmament at the head

of the *Northeast Georgian*. Larry Gantt was not endowed with all the graces which make havoc in the hearts of women, but he made up for it in the activity of his mind, and in his peculiar use of the King's English.

There was nothing humdrum about the North East Georgian. Its editorials were fresh as mountain dew and quite as inspiring. Its local columns were gorgeous with compliments to favored subscribers and its items of news did not suffer for lack of embellishments. In truth Larry and his father published a good paper. It succeeded the defunct Athens Banner, and revolutionized the newspaper business here.

Prior to this the newspaper contained everything but news. The local items if noticed at all were accompained by the statement "we were not present ourselves, but learn, etc." One issue of the Watchman said "the only item of local news that has occurred this week is the taking of a mule by a young gentleman who was under the impression that it was his own." That faithful chronicler of the annals of the neighborhood had no regard for the future historian searching for contemporaneous records. Gantt's paper was different. The editor looked for news and if he didn't find it he made it. His first jubilation was over the election to the legislature of Dr. H. H. Carlton. For six years under the reconstruction acts Clarke county had no white man to represent

her; but in 1872 the power of the colored voter was broken and thenceforth his ballot was worth only what it would bring in the market.

The last Agricultural Fair, the expiring effort of the old county association, was held on the old fair grounds in October, 1872. It was a creditable exhibition and not the least interesting feature was a cooking match between two sets of girls, the prize for which, a stove, was won by Miss Bessie Rutherford. It is a misfortune that the County fair is a thing of the past. It might be a source of power to the farmer if he would but use it aright. Sundry attempts have been made to reorganize the fair but none have succeeded.

The year closed with a sensation in the shape of a duel between Tinny Rucker and Bob Lampkin, who were dissuaded from their bloody purposes at Sand Bar Ferry by the usual intervention of peacemakers and were restored to their homes minus the fare to Augusta and return.

The prospect of the North Eastern Railroad gave an impulse to real estate. The old Grady house which brought a year before $2,500 was sold for $3,250, the little house long ago known as "Hansel's" where Michael's building now stands, and not long before sold for $1,500, now brought $3,500. Mr. L. C. Matthews bid off the Adams lot on Hancock avenue half the square between Hull and Pulaski for $3,000 The old

Clayton lot, also half the square brought $5,700 at public sale. The Bank of the University was organized in 1873, Athens received 22,000 bales of cotton and business was flourishing. Our merchants drew from a large territory bounded by the Piedmont Airline Railroad on the north and the Savannah river on the east.

The chief executive of the town, now become a city, James D. Pittard, was succeeded by Dr. William King. Dr. King was a great fisherman. It was said that he could sit at a sucker hole and watch a cork longer than any man of his day and generation. He was not only a good fisherman, but a good doctor, a good mayor and a mighty clever man.

In another year it seemed a good time to Mr. John H. Newton to sell off his garden on Clayton Street which was adorned by a ragged board fence whose imperfections were partially covered by circus pictures and posters, and fringed by a liberal growth of dog fennel and Jimson weed The corner was bought by Thomas J. Lester, who erected the three-story building on the corner, that dream of architecture, out of home-made material, himself being the architect and master mechanic. M. B. McGinty secured the contracts for Moore college, the courthouse and the Southern Mutual Insurance building. Times were getting better and a fever for building came over

the people. In eight years the assessed value of taxable property had increased $548,000.

One of the "new" arrivals was Wm. C. Kemp, a typical Irishman, including pug nose and brogue. He was a miller by trade and took hold of the "city mills" owned by the Athens Factory, with all the vim of his nature. Not long after he married the widow of Patrick Doyle and took hold of her belongings with equal energy. Kemp was a public spirited fellow, was well liked and became an alderman. He kept his weather eye open to a trade, and though there were some who looked in vain for something to appropriate to the payment of his notes, he died leaving his widow in better shape than he found her.

Perhaps the hardest rain ever known in this section fell in February, 1873. It began raining at 6 o'clock Saturday morning and rained without cessation till noon on Sunday. Four and one-half inches fell during that time, and yet but little damage was done.

By the death of Long Goody Smith, in 1873, a striking and familiar figure, was removed from our midst. Very tall and very thin and very lazy, Goody made a slender support by fishing, butchering and by setting out young shade trees, none of which required any more energy than his gothic architcture could sustain.

Long Goody recalls some other members of the Smith family in times gone by who illustrat-

ed the history of Clarke County. At one time there were seven John Smiths, all voters. To distinguish them they were known as Redhead John, Roundhead John, Long John, Onearm John, Saddler John, Fiddler John and Singlefoot John. By these names they were called by the sheriff and enrolled on the voters list. There was also Box Ancle Smith, whose name was not John.

"Befo' de war" ready-made shoes were almost unknown. Women and children wore shoes, but gentlemen wore boots and it was a boys highest ambition to have a pair of boots. For dances and such occasions "pumps" were worn. But whether shoes or slippers or boots all were made by the shoemaker by measure.

There were three well known shoemakers in Athens, William Stark, Patrick Barry and Charley Hughes. William Stark had the misfortune to have his leg broken by a falling house in Columbus necessitating its amputation. He went on crutches ever afterwards. He was an active exhorter in the Methodist church and made a fervent prayer, the which in no way interfered with his being an artist in making boots which fit every undulation of the foot and never rubbed the heels. He was a kindly man and has cut me many a leather top string for nothing. Mr. Stark was the grandfather of F. H. Kroner, of Winterville.

Patrick Barry was an Irishman pure and simple with all his big heart and brogue. At one time he was not unmindful of the exhiliarating effect of whiskey and there were occasions when it were better if he had let it alone, but nevertheless he was a good shoemaker and many a college boy in that day and time bought his boots and owed him money.. He prospered in business took in Charley Hughes as a partner and

BARRY & HUGHES
BOOTS AND SHOES

was a familiar legend on the corner below the National Bank. Capt Barry—I don't know where he got his title—lived to a good old age a familiar figure on the streets and died leaving a good property to his family.

Charley Hughes poor fellow, became too fond of the cup which inebriates and does not always cheer. He lost his partnership, then his patronage and passed from the sight of men having done no harm to anybody but himself and his children.

Still another son of St. Crispin was Peter Weil, a good natured Schlesburg-Holsteiner, who enlisted in the Highland Guards and fought to the finish. Why this Teuton who could hardly speak English should have left his family and volunteered in our fight with nothing but hardship and hunger for pay, does not appear. He must have loved a fight for he threw up a fur-

lough once and went back to his company on the eve of a battle. And yet Peter Weil was as mild a mannered man in time of peace as one would meet in a days journey.

After the war Mr. Weil was inveigled into farming. But trouble came upon him and he returned to his first love, an illustration of the adage "ne sutor ultra crepidam."

But the time had come when the mechanic displaced the cobbler and Othello's occupation was gone. In 1875 Capt. J. W. Brumby built a shoe factory which supplied shoes to laborers, but did not undertake to make the dainty slipper for the commencement girl. Then the ubiquitous Yankee with his universal wares began shipping in his shoes which looked so much better than our home made ones and in fact were cheaper that one more Southern industry was ruined.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The origin of the Lucy Cobb Institute has already been given in these pages, but it was the untiring energy of Thomas R. R. Cobb which made the conception an accomplished fact. He canvassed the town, enthused the people, got subscriptions and organized the Trustees. Some subscribed money, some merchandise, some materials. He sold the merchandise, used the materials and collected the money. When a citizen

was backward in subscribing he subscribed for him and said, "if you don't pay it I will."

Mr. Cobb bought the lot from the University and gave his personal note for it. He drew the charter, which is comprised in less than fifty lines, and had it passed by the Legislature. He gave his personal atention to furnishing the school, and was the life of the enterprise.

The school was at first called the Athens Female Academy, but in recognition of Mr. Cobb's services, after the death of his daughter, the Trustees gave it the name it now bears.

The Lucy Cobb has done a great work. Not less than fifteen hundred gihls have been taught there, and many of its Alumnae have themselves become teachers. It has always had high ideals and stood for all that is best in moral and intellectual culture.

Whatever other attractions Athens may have, most dear to the heart of the College boy is the Lucy Cobb girl. There is some subtile influence pervading the school which makes all the girls who go there at once attractive. Plain girls become good looking; pretty girls become still prettier; slim girls fill out and develop pretty figures; awkward girls grow graceful; anaemic symptoms disappear from pale girls and roses glow on all their cheeks. In fact there is a divinity which shapes up the Lucy Cobb girl, however rough have they been before. Boys simply

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Lucy Cobb Institute

can't keep away from them. They never could. In a letter written by William Hope Hull to Mrs. Howell Cobb in 1859 he says: "Tom is worrying because the boys will gather in front of the church to see the Lucy Cobb girls come out," and that was nearly fifty years ago. They have been doing it ever since.

Before the war and afterwards Mrs. Lambert's lot was vacant, and there was a plain plank fence around it. On this fence at the corner the boys would gather regularly when it didn't rain until it was dubbed "The Buzzard's Roost."

Depredations there used to be, and inexcusable vandalism. On the lawn there once stood statues and iron figures of deer and dogs. Some miscreants broke them in pure wantonness, and there are left only the figures on goats at either end of the verandah. Painting the goats has been a favorite amusement for years and every Freshy thinks the idea original with him.

In 1859 there was given a May Festival, which is part of the history of Lucy Cobb. Not a few of the actors, some of them grandmothers now, some—maids, will recall it with pleasure. The stage was projected in front of the verandah. Vines and evergreens hid the walls and the declining sun threw a grateful shade over the sylvan scene. Improvised seats extending into the street held the expectant audience, among whom the Athens Guards and the Fire Companies

were conspicuous with their bright uniforms.

Fairies singing in the distance come upon the scene. Nellie Barrow, Sallie Hamilton, Vallie Long, Callie Cobb and Annie White, lead by their Queen, Belle Harris, all dressed in diaphanous tarleton, flitting lightly to and fro Then the Nymphs and Naiads, Clara Barrow, Sally Cobb, Lizzie Scudder, Hattie Clancey and Lizzie Hodgson, emerge from leafy hiding places followed by Diana and her huntresses, to-wit: Kate Hammond, Lucy Thomas, Lucy Barrow and Julia Carlton, with bows and quivers full of arrows, in costumes the verdancy of which would have satisfied St. Patrick himself. In quick succession come Emma Simpson as Venus with Nettie Lombard as Cupid, and the Seasons, Piney Thomas, Belle Hardeman, Mary Linton and Julia Moss, with Fannie Harris as Hope, Shepherdesses and Iris and Ceres, and all the goddesses you ever heard of.

With a mad whirl of song and dance come next the Gipsies, led by Maggie White, their Queen, among them Mary Hamilton and Lucy Vincent.

A way being cleared by the Guards forth come Flora in the person of Ada Tumlin, with Anna McWhorter, Mary Long, Mary Ann McCleskey, Susie Hill, Mary Ann Rutherford and Lucy Gerdine scattering flowers in the pathway with songs and dancing. And then the lovely Queen of May, Serena Cox, supported by her maids

of honor, Sallie Chase, Mary Lamar and Nettie Vincent, entered, with Lollie Hull, a diminutive Page in blue and silver, holding her train, and ascended the throne.

Of course this programme included the speeches usual to such occasions. After the closing ceremonies the College boys had their innings, the sentiment of the times being to encourage an association which might lead to more than friendship. And after all was done the entire company was invited to a substantial repast to which they all did full justice.

Lucy Cobb was under the direction successively of Mr. Wright, Mr. Miller, Mr. Jacobs, Miss Lipscomb, Madame Sosnowski and Mrs. Wright. Under these regimes it passed through the demoralization of war to the stringency of the reconstruction period, its financial condition growing steadily worse.

In 1880 Miss Millie Rutherford leased the school, undertaking to pay all of its debts. What her success has been need hardly be told here. In 1895, tired of the responsibility, Miss Rutherford surrendered the care of the Institute to Mrs M. A. Lipscomb while she retained a teacher's place. Mrs. Lipscomb has proved an ideal Principal and under the wise guidance of these two remarkable women Lucy Cobb has steadily prospered until it is now one of the best known and most popular schools in the South. It has no en-

dowment; it has no denominational backing; it has no wealthy friend to look to in time of financial pressure. Its only endowment is its reputation; its backing is the love of its Alumnae and its help in stress of weather is the brave heart and clear head of its Principal.

For many years the old bowling alley was the only building in which public exercises could be held. The crying need for a chapel was first made known in an essay by Miss Bessie Thurmond, at the commencement of 1879, entitled "Our Chapel." A meeting of the friends of the school was called and a committee appointed "to see about it." Miss Nellie Stovall, one of the most attractive and brightest of the Lucy Cobb girls, at a venture wrote to Mr. George I. Seney, of New York, setting forth the needs of the Institute, who replied to her, offering to give $5,000 for a chapel if the citizens would raise $4,000. The citizens did raise the $4,000; but without waiting for them to do so, Mr. Seney raised his gift to $10,000, and sent his check for that amount to Miss Rutherford. Mr. Seney became interested in the school and afterwards gave it a pipe organ and a number of valuable paintings.

Lucy Cobb has an exceptional record for health. No pupil has ever died at the school, nor has a serious case of illness occurred there. No

breath of scandal has ever attached to anyone connected with the school.

On a certain April day the girls got on a lark, slipped through a crack in the side fence and stole off down town—some bareheaded, some with what covering they could pick up on the way. Getting a wagon, they drove across the river and back up town to the school. By that time the Principal was in a state of mind and before the girls went in to dinner they wished they hadn't. But that April fool's frolic was nothing more than the overspill of exuberant spirits, and at this distance even Mrs. Lipscomb can laugh at it.

Lucy Cobb commencement is perhaps the greatest social attraction of which Athens can boast. Visitors come to it from far and near. The music, the stage decorations, the brilliantly lighted lawn, and most of all, the girls always draw crowds and in all the variations of the programme, calisthenics, dances, recitations, songs or plays the chapel is always crowded and the audience always pleased. But it is the sweet girl graduate on commencement night, dressed in white or pink and looking sweet enough to eat, who is the crowning glory of the commencement and the young male spectator is pretty apt to suffer a *coup de pied* when he sees her later in the evening.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

An enterprise which promised well but failed disastrously was the Athens Steam Laundry. It was in 1875 that it was organized in the expectation, not only that it would prove profitable, but that so many negro washerwomen finding their occupation gone would take service as cooks. But no sooner was the laundry in operation and had fixed its prices than the colored rival lowered her rates and kept her patronage. The laundry ran a short career and was sold for debt. The property lay idle for twenty years and was gradually rotting down when the present owners came into possession.

One of the most remarkable religious meetings which Athens ever experienced was what was known as the Munday meetings. J. A. Munday was an evangelist who began a series of meetings, his exhortations consisting chiefly of his own history before his reformation. Interest in the services grew until no church could hold the crowd and they were moved to Deupree Hall. All the churches united in the revival. Hundreds of people were influenced and many joined the churches. Munday decided to study for the ministry and went to a theological seminary. He subsequently married an attractive young lady of this place and died a few years afterwards.

A critic so disposed might bring a severe in-

dictment against Athens society for deteriorating in the matter of social entertainments. At the present time gentlemen are practically barred from society and all the ladies do is to play cards. It is claimed by devotees of the game that it is the easiest way to entertain. That is surely a confession of intellectual inferiority, which does the ladies an injustice. In the days not too far back for many of my readers to recall, the evening "party" included conversation, music, other games than cards, sometimes charades and occasionally a comic opera or a play. The interningling of the sexes stimulated—if it were necessary—the ladies' tongues, while it refined the manners of the men. The association was helpful and delightful. It was an intellectual stimulus and led to friendships, courtships and marriage.

But times change and opinions about amusements change as well as the times. For instance, in the earlier years of our history, students in the college were held to strict observance of the Sabbath, and were permitted to take a quiet walk not more than a mile from the campus. The circus was regarded as a delusion and a snare, and under no circumstances were students permitted to attend it. Professors kept close watch upon the tent, and in order to elude them, it was often necessary for the boys to blacken their faces and sit with the negroes. But in 1868, the Faculty

advanced the afternoon recitation to 12 o'clock so as to give the boys an opportunity to go to the circus, and since that time, there has been no inhibition on that amusement, provided, it does not conflict with any college exercise.

In 1822, J. B. was dismissed "for playing at the unlawful game of cards." Three years later, a hungry trio of youths were remanded to the grammar school for "bringing into college and preparing for eating, fowls." What the gravamen of this offense was, we do not know. Possibly some professor had missed a favorite hen and suspected the perpetrators of the theft, and the tell-tale feathers may have betrayed them. A littl later, five students were reprimanded for being found in an unoccupied house "eating cordial, wine, fowles and cakes, with fiddling and dancing." One sentimental swain was dismissed for "fiddling out at night,' and another was fined $1 "for fluting."

In the post-bellum days dances were not uncommon, but it was the quadrille and the reel which tempted the light fantastic toe—the dance which began with "slute yer partners." The waltz was hardly recognized; it was "off color," and the girl who danced the round dance was looked at askance. The german was unknown and the Boston dip was unborn. And this reminds me of an old invitation to a "Cotillon Party" at Jackson's Hotel on May 2, 1832, issued

by William Bacon, L. Franklin and S. J. Mays, managers. Who that ever knew Mr. Mays, that staid and sober old Methodist, would suppose that he ever aided and abetted this worldly amusement or swung corners to the tune of "Billy in the Low Grounds?"

Theatricals were tolerated, but not encouraged. Two companies were wont to visit us—Wm. H. Crisp's and John Templeton's—and the old Town Hall, with its dirty wooden benches, was fairly well filled, while "Macbeth" strode across a 10x15 stage, curtained with calico and lighted by a dozen candles. There was an amateur troupe, too, called the Thespians, in which Rob Hodgson, A. D. Wamling and John Gilleland were stars, which succumbed under the meagre support given them.

Cards were chiefly known in their relation to "seven up," and if the paterfamilias with his neighbors occasionally indulged in a rubber of whist, it was not spoken of above a whisper. Progressive euchre with its delusive prize had not been discovered.

The hospitality of the people was boundless and social functions were numerous. "A party" always meant besides the intellectual features of the evening, an elaborate supper at the last. Church-going was universal and the night services were well attended. It was the fashion for the young men to take the girls to church Sun-

day night and engagements were made months before hand. Sunday visiting, now alas! so common, was unheard of, except among near relatives. The picnic was an institution, always popular, whether in some sylvan retreat or deserted mill, and the old Fair Grounds were called into frequent requisition for that purpose.

The young people "got up" shows and concerts and the older people enjoyed them. All that was needed was a worthy object and the show was forthcoming. The Athens Guards, the Fire Company, the Sunday schools called for aid, but the Confederate Monument was the favorite beneficiary.

One of these benefits was a May party given in 1870 by the girls, which was followed by a burlesque by the college boys. The girls looked lovely. The characters were not new nor was the plot exciting, but every participant was as pretty as a picture, the programme was carried out without a break and the audience was delighted.

Miss Millie Rutherford was Queen of May, Miss Lilla Dearing the Fairy Queen, and Miss Mary Ann Frierson, Queen of the Gipsies. Miss Lula Phinizy was Night; Miss Lucy Thomas, Diana. The other characters I do not remember. The burlesque given by the college students a few nights afterwards was one of the funniest shows we ever had. The libretto was written by Walter Hill and was irresistably funny.

All the original characters were represented and their attitudes, gestures and mistakes were imitated and exaggerated. W. D. Trammell was selected for Queen of the May for his personal unattractions, but declined and Jesse Goss was chosen as his substitute. Walter Hill as Herald came out blowing a little tin horn and in a high shrill voice announced the coming of the royal party. Wash Dessau as Queen of the Gypsies, danced out with his followers beating tin pans. Dave Barrow was Queen of the Poppies—all the Poppies had spike-tail coats with big paper flowers for buttons. Miller DuBose, impersonating Night, came out with a lantern, declaiming: "Oh, Luna, thou art the Moon!" Tom Heard sang effectively "Chicka-dee-dee," holding the hand of M. D. C. M. Summerlin, who was Cupid. Nat Harris, who was Darby, with his Joan, sang melodiously "There Was a Ram in Darby." O. A. Bull sang "Shoo Fly." The Gossy Queen entered supported by Henry Goetchius and Edgar Simmons as Guards, both fortified with old army muskets, sabres and pistols, and was crowned with a shuck horse collar by Gus Glenn. The Fairy Queen, known as Douglas Peabody off the stage, with a bevy of short-skirted fairies, including Azmon Murphey, John Hardeman, Peter Martin and other heavyweights, waltzed in, danced around Jack Jackson and plaited him up with cotton ropes. Jack was taller and slimmer

than he is now and made an ideal May pole. The show was a great success, and half the people who went couldn't get in. The two netted $800 for the monument.

Another mixed entertainment was given "for the benefit of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson." There was a play in which Sylvanus Morris and John Hope Hull were stars, songs by Miss Ria Dearing, a charade by Rob Coates, W. D. Griffith and other theatrical persons, and instrumental music. One of the very best amateur performances was "Our Mutual Friend," dramatized by Mrs. E. A. Crawford and presented by the Dickens Club at a private residence. Hal Linton as the Cherub, Miss Rosa Deloney as Bella and Miss Leila Hull as Mrs. Wilfer could not be surpassed by professionals even.

In those days it was not thought amiss to give a supper for one of the churches. Some of these were very enjoyable and all financially disastrous to the young fellows who had friends among the girls. And suppers were suppers then. When the guests at a "party" were invited in to supper there on the meat table were oysters and one or two turkeys and possibly a roast pig and a bowl of chicken salad. On the main table were large cakes iced and ornamented, small heart cakes, a wonderful centerpiece of cake or spun candy, fruits, roll wafers, love puffs, bowls of sillabub and Charlotte Russe, and always a big fruit cake.

Now a little cake and ice cream, a little salad on a lettuce leaf, a small biscuit and an olive and a glass of so-called punch! And I have heard that sometimes crackers and tea were all the menu!

Speaking of cakes, though, in 1840 Francis Waldron advertised that he "will bake a commencement cake weighing 250 pounds, trimmed and ornamented in a style that cannot be excelled, which will be cut August 5th in slices to suit customers." Waldron kept a confectioner's store on Broad Street below Bishop's corner. .

Recalling these various forms of amusement to mind we may well ask the question "Are the popular amusements of this present day helpful to any kind of development; are they in any sense improving, and are they really enjoyable?"

A lady or gentleman is rarely asked to sing at an evening entertainment. Girls who have practised assiduously on the piano give up their music because they are never asked to play. A game which demands even a little intellectual effort is discouraged. Ladies who are devotees to the whist clubs declare that cards bore them. Then to what end is the kind of modern amusements?

CHAPTER XLIX.

A citizen who was an honor to Athens was Dr. Crawford W. Long, the discoverer of anasthaesia. Dr. Long was modest almost to timidity

and for that reason never took the place in the community to which he was entitled and for the same reason when he discovered the anasthetic effect of ether made no claim to any credit for it. Not until an act was about to be passed by Congress to grant an honorarium to another claimant did Dr. Long assert himself and bring proof that his discovery antedated the others several years. The evidence was indisputable and has been accepted by all the medical associations of any standing in this country and in England. Dr. Long was a good practitioner and was for a time surgeon in the Confederate army. He was stricken with paralysis at the bedside of a patient and died soon afterwards, in 1877.

The Legislature of Georgia has twice named Dr. Long as one of two great Georgians whose statues should adorn the Capitol at Washington, but the statues have never yet been sculptured.

An admirer of Dr. Long, Mr. Henry L. Stuart, of New York, presented an oil painting of the discoverer of anasthaesia to the State of Georgia, which was formally accepted by Governor Gordon and now hangs in the Capitol. A week afterwards Mr. Stuart was stricken with apoplexy in the home of the Longs in Athens and died there. He is buried beside Dr. Long in Oconee cemetery.

Among the classmates of Dr. Long was Jno. D. Diometari, a native of Greece. How he came

to Georgia is not known, but the Presbyterian Educational Society, a local organization of that day, adopted him and sent him to college with the ultimate view of his entering the ministry. If Diometari ever had that idea, he soon abandoned it, and it was not long before he was initiated into the mysteries of "High, Low, Jack and the Game." He was brought up by the faculty, his stipend was withdrawn by the society and there seemed nothing for John but to leave college. Being a general favorite, however, friends interfered with timely aid and the trustees remitted his tuition fees. Still he was compelled to leave college before graduating. The following resolution, in the ornate style of the day, appears in the minutes of the trustees: "A meritorious young foreigner, the native of a country whose history forms so large a portion of the meditations of the classical student, who has thrown himself upon our hospitality and proved himself worthy of it by the fidelity with which he has discharged his duties as a student in this institution, ought not to be deprived of any of the advantages which it can afford to him because, yielding to the pressure of necessity, he has retired from it before the final examination of his class. Therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the degree of A. B. be conferred on Mr. John D. Diometari."

Diometari was a smart fellow and quite popular with all classes. Later in life he was appoint-

ed American consul at Athens, in his native country, where he sustained himself with credit.

Years ago there came to Athens from Western North Carolina to buy goods a sandy-haired simple, honest man named Peter A. Summey. Afterwards he came and stayed. He married the sister of John H. Christy and a better or more kind-hearted pair than Mr. and Mrs. Summey never lived. Mr. Summey prospered until the war and afterwards, but crediting farmers who staked their all on cotton ruined him. In 1878, having lost his home and everything else, he and his wife opened a students' boarding house in Old College. The boys used to impose dreadfully on this amiable old couple and disorder reigned supreme. Of course, they complained of the fare, but cheap board meant poor food and the "Summey House biscuit" proved a dyspeptic germ when fresh and a dangerous projectile when stale. Mr. Summey for a long time sang bass in the Methodist choir—at least he was supposed to do so since he stood with the bassos and his lips moved in unison with theirs. He was a good man and everybody esteemed him.

For nearly twenty years one man to whom the college boy was wont to turn for comfort was L. Flisch. Mr. Flisch was a Swiss and with his excellent wife lived just above the hotel, very convenient to the thirsty student. He dispensed ice cream and a variety of cakes and other tempt-

ing things, and into his till went many a quarter and on his books went many more. It was the quarters on his books which persistently remained there, that drove Mr. Flisch away. He said so long as he stayed in Athens he would have to credit the boys and so long as he credited them they wouldn't pay—so he moved away in self-defense. Mr. Flisch was an elder in the Presbyterian church and an excellent man, though somewhat solemn of visage. He moved to Augusta in 1883, where he continued to tempt the palate with sweetmeats. Mr. Flisch's daughter, Miss Julia, is the only woman on whom the University of Georgia has conferred a degree.

A sad occurrence happened in 1877. LaFayette Maupin was a young man who had saved a little money and invested it in a stock of goods in a wooden store on the corner of Thomas and Clayton Streets. He had been married a few months to a pretty young girl barely 16 years of age, when one August night his store caught fire and burned down. Two days later Maupin walked down to the Mineral Spring, turned off into a thicket of pines behind Dr. Lyndon's house, laid down and shot himself through the head. The girl was distracted with grief and soon afterwards the family moved away, I know not where.

CHAPTER L.

Clarke County since Oconee was cut off from it has never had a hanging. Some years ago a negro was found guilty of the murder of Henry Hunter and was sentenced to be hung, but through the efforts of Rev. J. L. Stevens the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

But long ago there was a peculiar case in which Thomas Wells was convicted of the murder of Peter Perry by evidence furnished by the murdered man after his death.

It was in 1820 that Wells, who had a handsome wife, grew insanely jealous of Perry, sought a difficulty with him and challenged him to a duel. Perry declared his innocence of any improper conduct and his belief in the virtue of the lady and refused to fight. Sometime afterwards Perry was found one morning in his garden dead from a shotgun wound. No one had seen the difficulty and the murder was a mystery. On opening the will of the murdered man it stated that he expected every day to be assassinated by Thomas Wells, who hated him without cause and he enjoined his friends, whose names were there recorded, Mr. Thomas Hancock being one of them, to prosecute Wells for his murder. Wells' manner on being arrested, the paper wadding found by the body, and his recently discharged shotgun were all put in evidence at the trial. He was in-

dicted and was tried for murder before Judge Clayton. The challenge sent Perry and threats made by the accused were proven and the accusation of the dead man was sustained. Wells was convicted of murder and was hung in Watkinsville. Both of these men lived in Clarke County and were prosperous and well-to-do, owning both land and negroes.

The Collegiate Institute, alias the University High School, alias Rock College, was built in 1859 and was designed for the Freshman and Sophomore classes of the University. It was soon seen that the Fresh and Sophs wouldn't go there—they said they would stay at home sooner—and the plan was changed so as to make it a preparatory department of the University.

The school was opened the first year of the war under Mr. Benjamin R. Carroll, of Charleston, with Mr. L. H. Charbonnier as his assistant. Mr. Carroll was a capable principal of great dignity and with a deliberateness of speech that took no note of the flight of time. Many sons of refugees and others from Charleston, Savannah and Augusta, as well as the majority of the boys in town, were sent there to be put under the admirable control of these gentlemen. The boys were formed into companies and instructed in military tactics by Captain Charbonnier, himself a French soldier and a graduate of St. Cyr. When the act of Congress was passed requiring

the enrollment of youths between the ages of 17 and 18, the Secretary of War detailed these high school boys for local defense.

After the war Prof. B. T. Hunter and Mr. W. W. Lumpkin conducted a prosperous school on the premises and many of their scholars were maimed soldiers, some of them yet in life among the influential men of the State. Mr. Lumpkin was a teacher "non fit sed nascitur." He had the gift of imparting knowledge and made the subject attractive to the student. He had a wonderful way with boys With the little fellows he had more mysterious confidences and secret negotiations than one man could well take care of. He kept them always interested in their work and when he announced that he would tell stories on the big rock next Saturday half the school would be on hand to hear him. He was an ideal Sunday school superintendent and it was a public loss when Mr. Lumpkin moved to Atlanta, where he found a broader field and more remunerative compensation for his work.

To recur to Rock College, it was in after years turned over to the School of Agriculture and became known as the University Farm. A great deal of fun has been poked at this farm and some well deserved criticisms have been passed upon it from time to time, but it was the best which could be done under the circumstances.

In 1892 the Trustees set apart this property

to the use of a Normal School, and after persistent efforts the Legislature established the State Normal School as a branch college of the University. It was supported in its infancy by the Trustees and by private contributions from the citizens. Capt. S. D. Bradwell was its first President and made a capital President, too, even if he did stick the dormitory endwise to the front street. He worked assiduously to popularize the school and first solved the problem of cheap board, which has really put the school in reach of so many young people in the State.

The Normal School is now firmly established. Every year it is crowded to its utmost capacity, and although four large buildings have been added to the old ones, the demand for more room continues. In 1841 this entire property "in the fork of the road" was woodland and was offered for sale by William Brown.

CHAPTER LI.

No sketch of Athens could afford to omit mention of the Home School kept by those excellent ladies, Madame and Miss Callie Sosnowski. The Sosnowskis were in Columbia when Sherman burned the city and, of course, their school there was utterly broken up. They came to Athens and took charge of the Lucy Cobb Institute. After the death of Mrs. Schaller, Madame's eldest

daughter, they opened the Home School in Mrs. Baxter's old home. Here many daughters of Georgia were educated and the admirers of the Home School girls and of the Lucy Cobb girls never could agree as to which were the prettier.

Madam Sosnowski was a Pole and she was a princess in grace and courtesy of manner. She was highly educated, a brilliant musician and of very distinguished appearance. It was an education to a girl to be associated with the Madame and Miss Callie. The Baxter place proved too small for the school and it was removed to the old home of Judge Lumpkin, which was an ideal place for it. Here the Home School flourished until the failing health and death of Madame brought it to a final close.

A gentleman of the old school—not of the Home School—was Albin P. Dearing. Reared in wealth, he lived in affluence, in the enjoyment of an elegant home, fine horses, blooded cattle and the things which wealth supplies. In business Mr. Dearing was a banker, but he was too liberal a man to drive a sharp bargain, too generous to press a creditor, and he made no great money at that. He had a high sense of honor and the man who once deviated from his ideal never regained a place in his esteem. For that reason he was believed to have prejudices against some men. Perhaps he did. He was courteous to all and whatever others might do, Mr. Dear-

ing never forgot that he himself was a gentleman.

Mr. Dearing had a very florid face, though an extremely temperate man, and very white hair, but there was none of the infirmity of age about him. His step was firm and his movements quick and up to his last illness he never felt that old age was creeping upon him unawares. He was fatally stricken with paralysis one morning in his buggy while on his way down town.

An institution of which Athens is justly proud and which is unique in its class is the Southern Mutual Insurance Company. This company was organized in Griffin by a Mr. Parsons, but almost immediately located in Athens. Asbury Hull was its first president and continued so until his death.

Its first serious loss came near swamping the Company and had the president not advanced the money to pay it, the Southern Mutual would be today but a memory of the past.

In 1883 more than a million dollars of assetts had been accumulated when a bill was filed by some of the stockholders, so called, to compel the Directors to divide the excess over its legal reserve. After considerable litigation a decree was rendered under which something over $200,000 was distributed among all the policy-holders past and present, where they could be found. The attorneys for the policy-holders, Henry Jackson,

H. H. Carlton, E. K. Lumpkin and J. H. Lumpkin, got fees of $15,000 each.

The return premiums paid by this Company give its policy-holders the cheapest insurance in the world.

The relation of a physician to his patient is of succh a nature that he is regarded more as a member of the family than even as a friend. Doctors R. M. Smith and Joseph B. Carlton were contemporaries in the practice of medicine and eeach had a devoted clientelle. Dr. Smith was short in statute and a great sufferer from asthma. He was Intendant before Athens ever had a Mayor, and a Mason of the Thirty-Third Degree, whatever that may be. His home was on the Opera House square, but he died in Gainesville, while on a visit to relatives.

Dr. Carlton on the contrary was a large man with a splendid physique, which he impaired by exposure, dying in the prime of life. He too, left his practice to serve awhile in public life. Both were for a time surgeons in the army, Dr. Smith of the 16th Georgia, and Dr. Carlton of Toombs' Regiment.

Nearly sixty years ago there came to Athens a young Irishman with his wife, moving into a little house on the corner of the Catholic Church lot. Mr. Cobb, who was their landlord, befriended them and set them up in business as the successors of A. Brydie in a low wooden store

where the McDowell building stands on College avenue. This jolly good natured Irishman was William McDowell—"Mr. Mac," as the boys all called him—genial and generous, who dispensed candy and gave credit the one as cheerfully as the other. He prospered and bought the old wooden store.

During the war Mr. Mac disappeared, leaving behind his wife, who scuffled to support herself and two little children like many another woman did in those days. After the war closed the truant husband returned and opened a harness shop. It was said that he had gone to Ohio, but he never told where he had been. At any rate he was an industrious citizen, replaced the old wooden shanty with the brick store and there he and his son conducted a profitable business in fancy groceries. Mr. Mac was stricken with paralysis and lingered almost helpless for several years before his death.

Willy McDowell was a popular young man, an ardent fireman and Captain of the Pioneers. His Irish blood cropped out at election times and his influence was sought by candidates. In a fit of mania resulting from poor health, he shot himself.

Two Israelites who settled here just in time to be caught amidships by the war were Moses Myers and Gabriel Jacobs. Of course they went into dry goods, which afterwards became any

and all kinds of goods. When the conscript law was passed Jacobs was physically exempt, but Moses Myers was a healthy able-bodied man. He developed a sore on his leg which got worse, and all through the war he hobbled about on crutches with bandaged foot, suffering twinges of acute pain whenever he met anybody. The boys used to say he rubbed his leg with a brick to keep it sore, and Luche McCleskey and Tinny Rucker, *les infants terribles*, yelled "Bricks" at him whenever he appeared on the street. But it wasn't Moses Myers' fight, and he can't be blamed for wanting to keep out of it, and a sore shin was preferable to a bullet through the head. After the surrender Mr. Myers' leg got well and he became one of our best citizens. He was an honest man, reliable in his dealings, faithful to his contracts, and Jew and Gentile alike regretted his death.

All I recall about Gabriel Jacobs during the war is that he made soldiers' caps. He made one for me when I went to the army, which I thought then and still think was the nattiest, jauntiest cap a soldier ever wore, and ought to have been preserved in a glass case. G. Jacobs was the father of Joseph Jacobs, the Atlanta pharmacist, who was born and raised in Athens.

While the Jews of old were a warlike people their modern descendants are not inclined to war. But Caspar Morris was one Israelite who vol-

unteered and served as a private in the 16th Georgia for four years, taking his share of danger and privation with the rest of them. Caspar settled down to business in Athens after the war and when he died left a good estate.

Among the celebrities Athens once claimed a rope-walker. A. H. Jennings, whose rope name was Professor Halwick, landed here on one of his tours and liked the place so well that he stayed. I should rather say that he liked Miss Ella Buesse so much that he married her and she stayed. Halwick was a popular fellow and a good performer on the tight rope. He once stretched his rope across Broad street below the National Bank and rolled a wheelbarrow across on it. In the wheelbarrow was a small cooking-stove with a fire in it, and Halwick cooked batter cakes while the crowd waited. At another time he rolled another man across in the wheelbarrow. The man never had any sense afterwards. But Halwick's star performance was walking a rope across the Grand Chasm at Tallulah Falls for a purse of $500. He gave exhibitions in different towns in the state and in one of them fell from the rope and broke his leg. That was the end of the rope-walker, but not of Halwick, who lived here some years afterwards, was elected to an office of some kind—possibly Coroner—and eventually moved to Brunswick, where he now lives.

CHAPTER LII.

The old street railroad which has been referred to, was never designed to carry passengers, but in 1885 a Mr. Snodgrass, from Texas, came to Athens and proposed to build and equip a road for passenger service. Snodgrass made a business of building street railroads in towns where there were none. His plan was to get subscriptions to the stock from the citizens, as much as he could, then put a mortgage on the road, issue bonds as much as it would stand, and get citizens to buy the bonds as much as they would, both as a preferred security and to help a public enterprise. For his profits he took all the cash over and above what the road cost.

Snodgrass got all the encouragement he wanted in Athens. The Council gave him an ample franchise and his bonds were all taken. His track, laid on top of the grounnd, was of the lightest iron that is made. He had three cars, "Lucy Cobb," "Pocahontas" and "No. 2." One of them is in Mr. Flanigen's yard now, used for a children's playhouse. The motive power was Texas mules of the most diminutive variety.

These little mules were shipped in car load lots and were as wild as rabbits and much more active. They had to be broken in, and during this process the schedule was smashed into fragments and the passenger never knew where to

find the mule. If they had rope enough they were as likely to be behind the car as in front, or for that matter, inside. Those poor little mules had a hard time of it. In wet weather they wore holes between the crossties knee deep, and in front of Dr. Hunnicutt's, which was then a quagmire in winter, they learned to walk the track. The active superintendent of the road was a negro named Sam, who was driver and factotum, although J. H. Dorsey held the office.

When Snodgrass had realized his profit he went to other fields and our little road went into receiver's hands to be wound up. The assets and franchise were sold to E. G. Harris, who was assisted by J. T. Voss, and backed by Dr. Hunnicutt. This company converted the road into an electric line.

The Athens Park and Improvement Company, which had bought a large tract of land as far out as the Seaboard road, made a contract with the street railway people, by which the Boulevard was opened from Barber street and the railway projected through it.

But both companies had bitten off more than they could easily masticate, and the inevitable Receiver again stepped in and took charge of each of them. There was a lot of money lost in these two enterprises; not less than a hundred thousand dollars first and last.

The street railroad was finally bought by W.

S. Holman, A. P. Dearing, W. T. Bryan and J. Y. Carithers. These gentlemen immediately bought and developed the water power at Mitchell's bridge and abandoned the expensive steam plant which had furnished the power.

The Athens Electric Railway is now one of the finest properties in the South. It not only operates the cars, but lights the city streets and furnishes current for lighting houses and for motors throughout the city. The manager, Mr. C. D. Flanigen, furnishes a service which is not surpassed in any other city.

When the war began there were three cotton mills in and about Athens of limited capacity, and by no means in first-class condition. The Georgia Factory, the oldest of them, at its last gasp had been bought by John White, who was operating it. The demand for cloth and yarn immediately gave a stimulus to it which made much money for the owner. Any machinery which would twist thread was worth its weight in Confederate money, and as for looms—their value was beyond computation. When the war closed Mr. White was a rich man. He judiciously invested his money, improved his property, and at his death left a large estate to his children.

Princeton Factory went from bad to worse. It never made any money since Mr. Williams

owned it. It was reorganized and renovated, and finally sold under the hammer.

Athens Factory made money hand over fist. For thirty years it paid an average of 13 per cent dividends and its stock sold as high as 165. When it became saddled with a debt of $70,000, for money borrowed to develop Barnett Shoals, it began to stagger under the load, and when the Shoals property was sold and nothing paid on this debt, the end was not far to see. By this unfortunate complication and the failure of the Athens Manufacturing Company, not less than $200,000 was lost to its creditors and stockholders. Mr. Bloomfield, its president, had large views for the Athens Factory. He bought the old Confederate armory, which he converted into a cotton mill, the lower mill being reserved for spinning yarns. In the purchase of Barnett's Shoals with a 5500 horse-power fall, he planned to erect a great electric plant to furnish current to the city for lighting and manufacturing. His financiering was at fault, his plans fell through, and another company is now doing just what he contemplated twenty years ago.

Five men in Athens in later years have been prominent in public spirit, John W. Nicholson, R. L. Bloomfield, J. A. Hunnicutt, R. K. Reaves and J. H. Rucker. No enterprise was ever inaugurated to promote the interests of the city which did not receive their support and financial aid.

If there was a sale of real estate they were there to bid and help on the sale. If there was a subscription to be taken up their names were always counted on. If a fellow citizen needed aid and deserved it, their credit and their money was extended to him. It so happened that reverses in business came to each of them and their losses though not so keenly felt, was also a blow to the community.

As a man passes out from the sphere of business he is no longer regarded as a factor in the activities of life, but the local historian cannot permit these men to be forgotten for what they have done for Athens.

Two citizens of Athens, always warm personal friends, enjoyed the deserved reputation of being her best financiers. These were Ferdinand Phinizy and Young L. G. Harris.

Mr. Phinizy had the inborn faculty of seeing the end of a business proposition. His judgement was almost unerring. Given the facts and the outlook, his solution was algebraic in its certainty. In the course of a long business career he dealt with large schemes and his advice was often sought by others. He accumulated a large estate, appraised at his death at thirteen hundred thousand dollars, with not a taint upon a penny of it. With all his gathering he was a liberal man, giving to the support of churches, subscribing to public enterprises, charitable to

the poor. Mr. Phinizy liked to have a hand in things. Though not a member of the church until a short time before his death, he interested himself in the business of the Methodist church, in the appointment of preachers, and strenuously opposed the purchase of an organ. He controlled the Southern Mutual Insurance Company, of which he was a director, and the Northeastern Railroad as long as he was connected with it. But while Mr. Phinizy was a dominating man he was not a domineering man. He was affable and genial, an agreeable companion and a valuable citizen.

Judge Harris—he had been a lawyer and was once a judge of the Inferior Court—married a fortune and added to it. He had no children and he and his wife, a most excellent woman, lived rather secluded lives. Both were devoted Methodists. If Judge Harris loved anything besides his wife it was the Methodist Church. He sustained it in life and it was his legatee after death. He gave much to charity and his hand was ever open to the needy. And yet Judge Harris didn't like to be troubled or to take trouble. It was easier for him to contribute money and let somebody else take the trouble. He was an impatient man and showed it quickly. Though he had a large family connection, and nieces and nephews, he seemed to care little for them. He was extremely polite, and when on the street

raised his hat to everyone whom he met, sometimes even forgetting to draw the color line. The Judge was a man of fine business judgment, controlled by conservatism, and managed the interests of the Southern Mutual Insurance Company, of which he was president, with prudence and success. It is problematical whether he would have had as many friends if he had not had so much money.

Dr. John S. Linton was one of the builders of Athens. He graduated in medicine but soon abandoned the practice for the more active affairs of life. He built the first paper mill in Georgia, and first organized and operated the Athens Foundry. He was one of the organizers of the State Fair and of the Clarke County Fair. He enlarged and managed the Athens Factory, took contracts to build railroads, and at the same time owned large plantations and several hundred negroes. His negroes, worth $100,000, were freed by the war. Wilson's Raiders destroyed $20,000 worth of his cotton. After the war he endorsed the paper of a friend who failed, and lands and property went to pay $60,000 to his creditors. But though practically ruined, Dr. Linton never lost his nerve nor could one have known from his manner that he had lost a dollar.

Dr. Linton was impatient and often irritable,

but a more generous man never lived. He was after the war an enthusiastic farmer and while he sold cotton and corn and cattle, when it came to butter or fruit or turkeys he would give them to his friends, but would never sell them. He looked upon that as a small business.

Just after the surrender a negro girl was impertinent to Mrs. Linton, and the doctor whipped her for it. Hieing to the Freedman's Bureau the girl lodged her complaint and Dr. Linton was summoned before Major Knox. Knox stated the case and asked the offender if he had anything to say. "Yes. She was impertinent and I whipped her." "Well," said Knox, "I'll have to fine you twenty dollars." Pulling out the money Dr. Linton threw it to the "Bureau" and said, "She is my nigger and I'll whip her when I please." Dr. Linton lived to a good old age—past eighty-three in fact—but when he was eighty years old he would walk all over his farm and into town and back. His charities were without number and his generosity limited only by his means. Athens owes more to no man than to John S. Linton.

CHAPTER LIII.

The agitation for pubilc schools first began in 1879. Naturally it gave rise to much discussion and arguments pro and con. The conserva-

tives opposed it. They had never been to a public school, they had been well educated without it, and the private school was good enough for them and their children. Besides public schools meant an increase in taxes, and moreover the public school was a Massachusetts invention and we were becoming Yankeeized fast enough anyhow. The progressive element favored it. What the country needed was education, systematic education; it was for the public good and the public should pay for it. Look at Germany, how she walloped France. Germany had public schools, France didn't. All growing cities had public schools. Athens was a growing city, therefore, Q. E. D. A public meeting was called in June at which the subject was thrashed out. A committee had been appointed to bring in a report, of which Howell Cobb, Esq., was chairman. His report was a marvelous composition. It favored both schools and no schools. It emphasized unimportant details and lightly touched upon the question at issue. The report was satisfactory to both sides and was adopted, and as the hour was late the meeting adjourned to another day—and nothing came of it. The time was not ripe for public schools and Judge Cobb knew it.

Subsequently however, in 1885 the people by a majority of 603 voted an issue of bonds for school buildings, and an act of the legislature

authorized the public school system of Athens.

The City Council first located one of the buildings on the old cemetery where the negroes were buried, and excavations for the foundations were begun. The grounnd was honeycombed with old graves which had to be dug down to the hard clay, and a small wagon load of bones were disinterred. This so offended the sentiment of the people that the site was abandoned, the graves filled in and the lot on Washington street was purchased.

Prof. E. C. Branson was the first superintendent of schools, and to his remarkable talent Athens owes the thorough organization of her system, which is not surpassed by any in the State.

For many years back the Athens bar stood high in the estimation of the State. Recalling its earlier members, there were Augustin S. Clayton, Edward Harden, Charles and William Dougherty, William L. Mitchell, Junius Hillyer, William Hope Hull, Howell Cobb, Joseph H. Lumpkin, Thomas R. R. Cobb, Cincinnatus Peeples, BenjaminH. Hill and Samuel P. Thurmond. These men were a tower of strength to any cause they might advocate.

Of these Samuel P. Thurmond was most marked by rugged strength. He was self educated and of the people. He was honest and fearless, tenacious and resourceful. By his in-

dustry he built up a good practice and accumulated a fair fortune. Col. Thurmond under a rough exterior, had a kind heart and loved mercy. The lady whom he married was possessed of some property which was held by trustees, and which they had invested in good faith in securities which ultimately proved almost valueless. In his settlement with these trustees Col. Thurmond waived his right to demand the original value of his wife's estate and accepted the depreciated securities at face value, giving a receipt in full. Not many men would have done this.

In only one instance did his acumen fail him. When Confederate bonds had a factitious value in the market of ten dollars a thousand, the Colonel refused that offer for about 50,000 which he had packed away somewhere. He gave as his reason that the Yankees were making so much money, after awhile they would buy all the Confederate bonds they could get and then pass a law making them worth par.

Of the younger members of the Athens bar none had the promise of a brighter future than George Dudley Thomas. Gifted with a fine intellect, social position, influential friends and a spotless character, he had all the elements of success as a lawyer. George Thomas was truthful and inspired confidence. He was pure in thought and speech; a man whom all esteemed. He was never robust and was a young man when he died,

and yet he was counsel for the largest corporations which did business in Athens. The death of such a man is always a public loss.

It has been said that Athens is a delightful place to live and spend money, but a poor place to make it, and that a young man has no opportunities in Athens to become successful in business. I shall not debate the question but simply tender in evidence a few cases and let the reader decide, and I shall not go back to the war period because the conditions since are so different from what they were before.

R. K. Reaves came home after the surrender with less than fifty dollars and began trading. In twenty-five years he was worth $150,000, all made here.

After the war John Talmadge opened a little store with a wheelbarrow full of goods. Soon after his brother, Clovis joined him and both married. When the latter died they were worth $50,000. Now Talmadge Bros. Co. is one of the largest firms in Northeast Georgia.

In 1873 Prince Hodgson was in the paper collar business in Troy, N. Y. The panic knocked him into smithereens and he came home. Asbury was a Southern Express messenger; Joe was M. G. and J. Cohen's bookkeeper. The brothers formed a partnership, built up a large retail grocery store, a prosperous brokerage agency and a fertilizer manufactory doing an im-

mense annual business, which they own, besides valuable interests in other enterprises in the city.

In 1870 Mendel Morris had a small stock of dry goods in the little corner store by Storey's warehouse, perhaps worth three hundred dollars. Now he owns twenty dwelling houses, two stores and a large stock of goods and has money in the bank.

In 1880 Hiram Crawford and Jos. N. Webb quit clerking and put about $2,000 capital into groceries. Now the firm sells goods all over Georgia.

In 1876 Simon and Moses G. Michael began business in Bishop's old corner with the shelves about half full of goods. Soon the new three-story building was put up to accommodate their business. After five years, needing more room, they bought the lot and built their present store. and then had to rent another building. Now besides the large business they conduct, they own valuable real estate, and each of them has built an elegant home in the city.

Thomas Bailey worked for day wages in the Athens Founndry as boy and man, became a Master Machinist, saved his money and invested it wisely. He now owns valuable real estate in and around Athens, is the President and chief owner of the Foundry where he worked as a boy, and is respected for his sound judgment and esteemed for his solid worth.

All these men—and there are others besides—succeeded by legitimate business methods and there was no luck about it.

Young men, don't go west to Atlanta. Stay right here and mind your business. Other men have made fortunes doing it.

CHAPTR LIV.

The Chancellor of the University is always one of the first citizens of the State and this was preeminently true of Dr. Lipscomb, the first of the Chancellors.

Andrew Adgate Lipscomb was a native of Virginia. His boyhood was spent in the historic region of Manassas, and every foot of that fiercely-contested ground was familiar and its features distinct in his recollection. Entering the ministry of the Protestant Methodist Church, his feeble health soon demanded his retirement, and he located in Alabama, building up a prosperous female school at Montgomery.

Dr. Lipscomb was a scholar of great erudition and a lecturer of great power. As a sermonizer, he was prone to get beyond the depth of his audience, but at times, both in the pulpit and on the rostrum, he rose to flights of eloquence rarely equalled in a land of orators. He was essentially a benevolent man, large-hearted and loving. It was his fault, if fault

it could be called, to think too well of everyone. He never recognized the "old Adam," nor admitted the existence of "pure cussedness" in any boy. Henry W. Grady, when a college student, in a college paper, admirably caricatured the Chancellor in a mock account of a trial by the faculty of a student for a misdemeanor. When the other Professors had expressed their views, one plainly declaring that he believed "Mr. M. was dwunk," Dr. Lipscomb said, "I apprehend that the unconscious cerebration in Mr. McL—'s case, reacting through the nervous system, so excited the brain cells, that the impulse given to muscular action became irresistable."

Though abhorring discipline in its strictest sense, Dr. Lipscomb, by personal appeals to the better nature of his boys—"My dear boys" as he was wont to call them—and by earnest personal interviews, awakened in many a student aspirations to a nobler life.

While Chancellor he inaugurated the Sabbath afternoon service for students. In these lectures he was at his best. Brief—never longer than a half-hour—pointed, and perfect gems of thought and delivery, they attracted large audiences from the city, taxing the utmost capactity of the prayer-room. A master of elocution, a thorough rhetorician and an enthusiast in teaching, the careers of his pupils, many

of them prominent men in this and other States, is the measure of Dr. Lipscomb's success.

When he retired from the University, he did so seeking relief from the responsibilities of his office. Always a sufferer, his nerves were always overstrung, and while apparently well, and seemingly robust, if interested in his subject, he would be greatly prostrated by the reaction.

Dr. Lipscomb served the University well in the most trying times of its history and left it the established pride of the State. For a few years after his resignation, he served as a lecturer at Vanderbilt University, then returned to spend the remainder of his threescore and ten years at his home in Athens. After the death of Chancellor Mell, Dr. Lipscomb filled temporarily the chair of moral philosophy. Chancellor Lipscomb was succeeded by Dr. Tucker.

Henry Holcombe Tucker was born in Georgia. His widowed mother marrying a second time, removed to Philadelphia in his childhood, and there he lived until his nineteenth year. He graduated at Columbian College, in Washington City. For a few years he engaged in mercantile business in Charleston, then studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Forsyth, Ga. practicing until 1848. The knowledge of the practical business of life which he acquired dur-

ing that decade was of great advantage to him in after life.

The death of his wife, within a year after her marriage, brought the conviction to Dr. Tucker's mind that he ought to preach the gospel. He accordingly studied for the ministry under the venerable Dr. Dagg at Mercer; but urgent invitations to engage in teaching diverted him from the active ministry.

During the war, Dr. Tucker was active in every movement to alleviate the sufferings of the people. He was the founder of the Georgia Relief and Hospital Association, which carried aid and comfort to thousands of sick and wounded soldiers, and he freely spent his time and money in helping the destitute.

To one trait of character Dr. Tucker doubtless owed much of the failure of his administration as Chancellor at Athens. That was his utter lack of *policy*. He was a thoroughly honest man, and hated shams of every description. He called a spade a spade, and went straight at everything with a directness that fairly shocked some people. His treatment of the students was fair and open. He never locked his room door nor his desk. Yet during his absence nothing was ever disturbed. On one occasion a number of Baptist ministers, passing through Athens on their way to a state convention, had to lie over a night. One of the resident Bap-

tists, an influential man, suggested that they be entertained at the homes of the people, and asked Dr. Tucker how many he would take. "None, sir," said he. "I don't want them bringing dirt into my house. Put as many as you think I ought to take at the hotel and I will pay the bill."

He said once that he didn't like the Baptists anyhow, and the Baptists didn't like him; but he never wavered in upholding the doctrines of his church. He made many enemies among that denomination while he was president of Mercer, and the falling off in the students here while he was Chancellor was chiefly in that class of patronage.

Dr. Tucker once said, after his resignation: "The trustees thought I couldn't run the college, but they adopted all my recommendations." This was quite true, for they abolished the University system, returning to the curricula with the various courses each leading to its degree, they urged that the standard of scholarship be raised; they made the Chancellor alone responsible for the discipline of the college, and finally, they made tuition free.

Upon Dr. Tucker's retirement Dr. P. H. Mell was elected Chancellor.

Patrick Hues Mell was born in Liberty county, Georgia. At the age of seventeen, he taught a country school, saving enough to take him to

Amherst College, Mass., where he graduated, paying his expenses there by teaching during vacation. After leaving college, he taught at Springfield and at Hartford, but declined flattering offers there to return to his native State.

Upon the recommendation of Governor Troup, he was elected professor of ancient languages in Mercer College in 1842, and twelve years later, was called to the same chair in the University of Georgia. Here he spent the remainder of his days.

As a preacher of the gospel, Dr. Mell ranked high. He made no pretense of oratory, nor even reached the point of eloquence, but the exhaustive analysis of his subject and the close reasoning of his argument, held his hearer's strict attention and left them with the sense that there was nothing more to be said. He had the unbounded confidence of his own denomination and held the office of Moderator of the Southern Baptist Convention for many years, being annually re-elected until the last year of his life.

At one session of that body, held in Louisville, Ky., a brother who was speaking referred to the late Civil War as the "rebellion." Dr. Mell immediately rapped sharply with his gavel and said: "That word is out of order on this floor." Nor did he yield one iota of his devotion to the South or the justice of the Confederate cause.

In 1861, he raised a company of volunteers, called for him the Mell Rifles, but before they enlisted, the death of Mrs. Mell, leaving a family of small children, made it imperative that he should remain at home. Later in the war, he commanded a regiment of "six months" troops at Rome and Savannah.

Personally, Dr. Mell was austere in manner, reserved and distant, but courteous to all, even to punctiliousness, and to his friends, he verged upon cordiality. As a professor, he was a hard man to recite to. His custom on the assembling of the class was to say: "Mr. Blank, will you begin the lesson?" If Mr. Blank happened to be an average student, upon such an invitation he would utterly fail to suggest an idea; but if by chance he was able to respond with any success, the professor would, after a little, say: "That will do, sir; Mr. X., will you please take it up there?" No change of expression ever indicated to either whether he had failed or recited correctly.

The writer came in one Saturday morning to a class in Latin under Dr. Mell, after an all night 'possum hunt, barely getting into the chapel at the last tap of the prayer-bell. As might have been expected, so soon as he composed himself on the recitation bench, he fell asleep. The professor promptly called on him to read a passage in Cicero and appreciating the situation, let

him sleep through the hour—but gave him zero.

A brief illness following upon prostration brought Chancellor Mell to his bed, from which he never rose. On January 26, 1888, he breathed his last.

While the writer has eschewed sketches of men still in life, yet it would be invidious to omit all mention of Chancellor William E. Boggs, whose administration fills so important a part of college history. Dr. Boggs' election was a compromise between the progressive and conservative elements in the Board of Trustees. One had insisted upon an aggressive Chancellor, the other demanded that the traditional minister fill the office. Dr. Boggs was both. Without comparison with any other period of the University history, for institutions like this must either grow or stagnate, Dr. Boggs must be credited with raising the standard of scholarship, with securing appropriations for Science Hall and Denmark Hall, with inaugurating the system of cheap board for the students. Upon this the reputation of Chancellor Boggs can safely rest.

In the death of Chancellor Hill the University sustained a great loss. Walter B. Hill was the first alumnus and the first layman saving President Meigs, to guide the destinies of the University. He was a skilled diplomat and a politician in the best sense of the term. He soon

succeeded in allaying the old antagonism to the University which had hindered its growth, and gained for it strong friends, able and desirous to build it up. He schemed for it and at his untimely death left for future development great plans and great promises for its extension.

CHAPTER LV.

As the city advanced *pari passu* with the University the faithful chronicler cannot omit mention of some of the Faculty who made an impress on the social life of the community.

The opening session of Chancellor Mell's administration was marked by a loss as serious as any the University had ever sustained—the untimely death of Professor Waddell.

William Henry Waddell inherited all the ability as a teacher which his father and grandfather had acquired through years of experience. A close student and a finished scholar, Professor Waddell added to these gifts the power to interest and enthuse, which never failed to make its impress upon his pupils. Cordial in manner, strict without severity, honest and just, the student felt safe in his hands and it is doubtful if he ever made an enemy among all who came under his instruction.

Professor Waddell was tall and moved rapidly and ungracefully. When he walked he strode

swinging his arms at length, and his *entree* into church always excited a smile. He was a deeply religious man, a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church. He had a habit while walking along the street of raising his hat as if in courtesy to some lady. Often no one being near, his friends were curious to know what it meant. In some way it was found out that it was an act of devotion while he offered a silent prayer.

He died suddenly in September, 1878, at Milford, Va., on his way home from Baltimore, the victim of a painful disorder. As one remarked at the time, he touched at many points. In the college, in the church, in the community, and in society, his loss was felt to be irreparable.

Professor Charles Morris was a gentleman of the old school, a Virginian of Virginians, courteous and brave. Prior to the war, he was a professor at William and Mary and during the war served until the surrender as brigade-quartermaster.

Major Morris was a man of broad culture, filling at different times both the chairs of Greek and belles-lettres with ability, and as a writer, in purity of diction and elegance of expression, he had few equals. He had traveled abroad and mingled with men and rubbed against the world, and was free from the dogmatism which is so apt to clothe the lifelong teacher. Major Morris professed to be a typical "old fogy," and clung

to the manners and traditions of the *ante-bellum* days with a tenacity which never relaxed. He was a declared foe to "science" so-called, and all its pretensions. He planted by the moon, and insisted that wheat would turn to "cheat" and tobacco degenerate into mullein. Plain and unaffected in manner, but always a gentleman, sincere and tender-hearted, he was greatly beloved by all the students and esteemed by all who knew him.

Professor Morris was for many years a sufferer from neuralgia and was very sensitive to cold. In April, 1893, after sitting throughout a contest for speaker's places, he went to his home feeling tired and sick. In a week, pneumonia ensued, and after a brief illness, he passed away in the morning of May 3d.

Professor Williams Rutherford, for thirty-three years the honored instructor in mathematics of two generations of students, retired from active work in the University in 1888. The Trustees, in accepting his resignation, continued his salary for one year, requesting him to aid the Chancellor in whatever way might be agreeable to him and made him Emeritus Professor of mathematics.

Professor Rutherford was an alumnus and the son of an alumnus of the first graduating class of the University. Upright, faithful, honest and just, he inspired confidence and respect in every

student who came under his instruction. Though they very often sorely tried his patience, all loved "Old Foot," and all confessed that his simple faith and irreproachable life, was a sermon that spoke louder to them than words.

Professor Rutherford's influence was not confined to college circles. It extended to all who knew him. He took great interest in farming. He had an old family horse named Captain, and he also ran an unprofitable two horse farm. It was said that he bought two mules to make the feed for Captain and then bought the farm to support the mules. At the first of the war, without his knowledge, he was appointed Major and Quartermaster, but it seemed imperative that he should remain in the College Faculty and he declined the appointment. Afterwards he enlisted as a private in the Lipscomb Volunteers.

Mr. Rutherford was a hairy man at best, and when he permitted his hair and beard to grow in the army Oliver Prince called him the "Wild Man from Borneo," and said the only way to catch him was to bait the hook with a copy of Jesse Mercer's "Cluster." He was a man of great physical strength and had a grip of steel. He was kind hearted, simple in his tastes, of eminent piety and one of the salt of the earth.

It is not every college that can claim so cultured a scholar as Professor C. P. Willcox, and he was not only a scholar but an accomplished

musician. Dr. Willcox had enjoyed exceptional advantages. He lived for seven years in Berlin. Both French and German were as familiar to him as his native tongue. He played exquisitely on the flute and had occasionally played with the Royal Orchestra in Berlin. Short in statue, but with a massive head, his was a well known figure on the Campus for thirty years. He had high ideals and his whole life was spent upon a plane commensurate with them.

Professor Willcox's lectures were couched in the choicest language and had the added charm of being delivered in a most musical voice, and these with his charming flute made a great addition to the social life ofAthens. One evening he returned from walking a little tired and laid down to rest. He was seized with *angina pectoris* and when the family came in they found him dead.

A sad occurrence in 1881 threw a gloom over the college. Walter Rountree, while out walking one afternoon with his brother and two other companions, became engaged in a difficulty with two negroes, who, it seems, had borne him some ill-will. They met in front of the courthouse, and after some words, pistols were drawn and in the *melee* which ensued, Walter Rountree was shot. He was taken to his boarding house where he died that night. Great excitement ensued among the students and the negroes in the

city and a riot was with difficulty averted. A post-mortem was held, but the ball was not found. The pistols used were found to be of different calibres and the identity of the fatal shot was a necessary evidence in the prosecution of the negroes. Under an order of court, two surgeons went over to the young man's home, exhumed the body and continued the search for the ball until it was found. It proved to have been shot from the brother's pistol. The negroes were tried for assault with intent to murder, found guilty and were sentenced by Judge Erwin to ten years in the penitentiary.

CHAPTER LVI.

Three citizens of Athens have been preeminent in the affections of the people, if the respect shown them at their funerals be taken as a criterion. These were Rev. Dr. C. W. Lane, Dr. John Gerdine and Rev. Ellison D. Stone.

Dr. Lane ministered to the Presbyterian Church a quarter of a century, and not only to his own people but to all in distress or sorrow of any denomination. He was essentially a holy man, self-denying and consecrated. He was a great walker and thought nothing of stepping over to Bethaven Church seven miles away. He was such an inveterate traveller on foot that his people once gave him a horse. While on

one of his trips in the country he saw a poor woman trying to cultivate her crop with a yearling ox. The doctor left his horse with her to plow and walked home. Dr. Lane was an accomplished botanist and his talks on plants and flowers were extremely interesting. When he died, after many months of failing health, all classes, white and black, Gentile and Jew, united to show their reverence for this man of God.

Dr. Gerdine came back to his native place in 1875, and for nearly thirty years was a beloved physician of the city. A quiet, unassuming man of firm convictions and genial manner, his quick response to the call of pain, his gentleness in the sick room, his sympathy with the family, his unremitting attention to the sick, bound the hearts of the people to him with cords of steel. Dr. Gerdine never spoke unkindly of any one nor was a harsh word ever heard to pass his lips. His death was due to exposure in visiting a patient when he himself ought to have been in bed. There were no lines drawn in the the sorrow at his death. It was universal.

The tribute paid to Ellison Stone in his death was an evidence of his worth in life. Mr. Stone had neither wealth nor social position, nor political influence to make friends for himself. A printer all his life, working at his trade for his daily bread, a simple-hearted, plain man, he impressed everybody by the purity of his life and

character so that the hearts of the whole community turned to him. He was the idol of the poorer classes, and some of them wouldn't think they were safely married if Mr. Stone did not marry them. He was credited with marrying more couples than any other man in Georgia. At his death the church could not hold the people who crowded to show their esteem for this good man, and literally hundreds stood about the outside.

Except at long intervals politics in Athens has not been at a high temperature. When the question of secession came to the front in 1860 both the then opposing parties dropped out of sight and all united on the absorbing issue of the war.

We may say then that the first bitterly fought election was when General Gordon was a candidate for Governor against Rufus B. Bullock in 1866. It was the white people of Georgia on one side asserting themselves against Yankee scalawags, renegade whites, a very few respectable old Union men and the freed negroes on the other. Federal soldiers held the polls. Old Confederate soldiers, disfranchised, were not permitted to vote. Their niggers who Mr. Lincoln's *ipse dixit* had said were free, marched up in squads and voted with not the remotest idea what it meant.

It is easy to conceive the indignation which possessed the white man at the polls. A riot was imminent—Federal bayonets did not keep it

down. It was the appeals of conservative, thoughtful men who advised them to abide their time which prevented bloodshed. There was some fighting, a few insolent negroes knocked down, and the scalawags cursed and dared to resent the insult which they did not feel, but the election passed off without any fatalities. Bullock was counted in and a Radical government saddled upon the State.

The negro voter had become a factor to be reckoned with in elections. In party contests he went solidly Republican, but in town and county elections the leaders began to see that there was money in voting and candidates for office were not slow to learn that the negro held the balance of power. The mass of negroes got nothing, of course, but those who had 'fluence sold it to the highest bidders. Some of them netted from $300 to $500 at an election.

The next warm campaign we experienced was Allen D. Candler against Emory Speer for Congress. Emory Speer had made a brilliant campaign on strict Democratic lines against Joel Abbott Billups and had defeated him. He was serving a term in Congress and was a candidate for reelection. But he had kicked out of the traces and refused to submit to a nomination by convention. In other words he proposed to run as an Independent. That brought the wrath of the organized Democracy

down upon his head, opened a wide opportunity for the negro politician and participated the hottest fight we had had for many years.

Mr. Speer had many warm friends here at home and a strong support in the mountains. There, by his attractive manner and eloquent speeches he had fairly hypnotized the mountaineer and shoals of baby boys were named for him. The negroes of course voted for the Indepenent candidate, but when the returns were received the night of the election his defeat was conclusively shown.

Mr. Speer left for Washington the next morning. When he returned to Georgia again it was as U. S. District Attorney, and in less than a year he was appointed Federal Judge.

Since that time no candidate has butted against the organized Democracy in this county and politics have become as tame as a Sunday School tea.

CHAPTER LVII.

A great jubilation was held in Athens over Cleveland's election in 1884. Preparations were made for a great demonstration. Cannon were sent up from Augusta, wagon loads of fat lightwood were brought in, the whole stock of candles in the store were bought up. Committees and Marshals and aides were detailed, and on the appointed night the procession formed on

Broad Street. There was a great crowd from the country, and men and boys and college students fell into line, each with a lighted torch. Transparencies with game cocks in every posture of victory, with mottoes and caricatures, were scattered along the line. Two bands of music uttered ear-splitting sounds. Cannon double charged boomed continually, breaking window glass regardless of cost—to the owner. Marshals on horseback dashed here and there like peas on a hot shovel.

The line of march was by the principal streets to the Lucy Cobb Institute. All the houses along the route were illuminated. In the Lucy Cobb every wondow was lighted and the belfry of the chapel was brilliantly illuminated. Coming back to the courthouse, where a speaker's stand had been erected, Seab Reese, Pat Walsh, H. H. Carlton and W. B. Burnett made addresses and it was late in the night when the paraders reached home full of enthusiasm and other things, and covered with glory and pitch.

In speaking of the political contests through which we have passed in Athens I might have included the elections on prohibition and the no-fence law. But these can hardly be classed as political.

The prohibition question brought a determined fight in 1885. Before that barrooms held sway all over our city. The disorder of the streets

was disgraceful. Then no lady dreamed of walking on Broad street on Saturday afternoons. Around the National Bank corner it was Bedlam broke loose. Men hilariously drunk, maudlin drunk, stupid drunk and dead drunk, filled the air with yells and oaths and the "salt house" was full of offenders against the peace. On election days and circus days the police force was doubled and trebled, and yet disorder reigned supreme.

But that does not tell of the debauchery of young boys, the ruin of older men, the homicides and the wrecked homes which were the natural fruit of the barrooms.

A sentiment arose, was fostered and grew that the barrooms must go. A heated campaign ensued. The liquor men, as usual, spent money freely, and bought the ward heelers and negro leaders. Honest men who did not drink were made to believe that the sale of liquor was an inspiration to business. A pitiful sight at the polls was a poor creature once a prosperous man, but wrecked in health and property by drink, brought in a buggy to vote for barrooms by the very bar-keeper with whom he had exchanged his property for whiskey.

When the vote was counted prohibition carried the day in Clarke County by a majority of 571.

The bar-rooms were closed. Under the law

only a druggist could sell liquors and then only on a physician's prescription. Unheard of ailments attacked our citizens, and some physicians rose to a large practice. One physician opened a drug store with about $50 worth of drugs and $500 worth of liquors. He adopted the pyrohydropathic treatment with his patients, charging moderate fees for diagnoses and putting up the prescription in a flat bottle.

Blind tigers soon crept in and made their lairs in the most unsuspected places. In the course of a few years they could be easily traced by anyone wanting a drink, but not by any officers of the law. They became notorious and convictions were rarely possible. In the meantime a self-respecting citizen who wanted a bottle of brandy or whiskey to keep for family use—"jug-wumps," Larry Gantt happily dubbed them—would not patronize the blind tigers, couldn't ask for a physican's prescription and couldn't buy in Clarke County without one. His only recourse was to purchase elsewhere and have it sent by express.

These conditions became exasperating and after seven years' trial of prohibition a strong party arose determined to vote bar-rooms back again.

The party called themselves the "Law and Order Society," and some of our best citizens were enrolled in its membership. Hon. Pope Barrow was its chairman and he set forth that

the movement was a protest against the ineffectiveness of the existing law to prohibit and the multiplication of blind tigers with but little abatement of drunkenness in the city. The outcome of this agitation was the dispensary, fathered by Andrew J. Cobb, a leader on the prohibition side.

The dispensary was a compromise, without which bar-rooms would undoubtedly have been voted back. As it was, the dispensary plan was adopted by only 11 majority in the county. As an intelligent punster said, a little 'leven leaveneth the whole lump, and after it was in operation the dispensary gave universal satisfaction.

CHAPTER LVIII.

A notable occasion was the visit of the daughters of Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Hayes and Miss Winnie Davis, in November, 1887, during the Fair. Mr. Davis had intended to come with them, but his health prevented. Every attention was shown these ladies, a luncheon was given them by Mrs. John W. Nevitt, a brilliant reception by Mr. J. H. Rucker and his mother and a big german by the Athenaeum Club. Miss Winnie was introduced to not less than five hundred strangers during that visit and she did not fail to call every one by name whom she afterwards met. She was a charming woman and all were

proud to claim the Daughter of the Confederacy as our guest.

For years after the reopening of college the greatest favorites among the boys, next to the girls, were Spot and Buckskin, and many are the dollars that have been paid and more that were charged, for the hire of these two horses and a buggy. Spot was a small chestnut sorrel with a white spot over the hip, belonging to Gann & Reaves. He was fast enough for driving and he seemed to know when his lessee had the right girl with him, for he never needed the whip. Buckskin's day was subsequent to Spot's, but he was quite as great a favorite. Nobody knows how much these two roadsters had to do with college courtships for twenty years.

The year 1835 was the cold year, when the mercury went to 10 degrees below zero. 1839 was the dry year, when the wells and streams dried up and stock had to be driven miles to water, and water for domestic purposes had to be hauled a long distance. 1887 was the wet year. In August of that year, in one rain, 10.03 inches of water fell. Crops were overflowed and destroyed. Bottom corn stood for days in water until it turned yellow. Hundreds of bridges were swept down stream. Railroad culverts burst open and embankments were washed away. Buildings were flooded and the occupants driven to the upper floors. Travelers from At-

lanta southbound had to come over the Seaboard to Athens to get to Augusta or Macon. There was not a roof that did not leak and not a cellar but was full of water. And yet in less than thirty days people were complaining of dust

Two citizens of Athens who came into prominence after the war were Henry H. Carlton and Pope Barrow. Both went away as lieutenants in Troup Artillery, and both became captains, the one of his own company, the other on the staff of General Howell Cobb. Captain Carlton was the first white representative to redeem Clarke County from the reconstruction acts. He served in the House and Senate, was a Member of Congress, and a Major in the war with Spain. He was warm-hearted and hot tempered. He made both friends and enemies, but he held his friends while he lost his enemies. Captain Carlton got every office he ever asked of his people at the polls excepting that of Mayor. He was a gallant and intrepid soldier and liked to be in the thickest of every fight, whether political or otherwise.

Pope Barrow was a loveable man, genial, kind and attractive. He was universally popular because he was universally friendly. It gave him pleasure to do anyone a service and his time and talents were entirely at the service of his friends. Captain Barrow was a prominent lawyer at the Athens bar, a member of the Constitutional Con-

vention, United States Senator and at his death was Judge of the Superior Court in Savannah, to which place he had removed. He was stricken with apoplexy while on the bench and died in a short while afterwards.

A master of English was Dr. Eustace W. Speer. Dr. Speer first came to Athens as pastor of the Methodist church in 1850 and again in 1859 and again in 1871. During these years he made many friends in Athens, whose admiration for him continued through life. In 1874 he was elected Professor of Belles Lettres in the University, from which time he made Athens his permanent home. Dr. Speer was a most popular preacher. His sermons were simple and helpful, never long, expressed in choicest language, chaste in thought and diction. He spake *ore rotundo*, his fine face full of expression, lighting with interest in his subject. He went in and out among us through his closing years, giving everyone a cordial greeting on the streets, finding pleasure at home in quaint old authors and the masters of English thought.

Soon after John H. Newton established himself in Athens, his nephew, Frederick W. Lucas, came to clerk for him. In time they were partners in business on Granite row, under the name of Newton & Lucas.

Mr. Lucas before the war was the largest dry goods merchant in the town. He had the best

people for his customers, collected his bills once a year—when he collected them at all—was a generous, fair and honorable man. After the war the methods in which he had been trained were not suited to the times. Long credits and no security broke him. He paid all his debts and started clerking again, owing no man anything. It was then that the sweetness of his character became known of all men. In his last years he was Justice of the Peace. Though past four-score years, his mind was clear, his memory good, his step alert, his manner courteous to all alike. In the midst of all his trials no one ever heard him complain. His cheerfulness was a lesson to all. One morning while walking to his office he fell at the door of the very store so long known by his name. He was taken home, fully realizing that the end had come, and died in a few hours. So passed away a Christian gentleman.

A firm who dealt in silverware, watches and jewelry was O. & A. K. Childs. Sometime before the war Mr. Otis Childs returned to Connecticut, leaving the business to his brother. Both were Presbyterians and A. K. Childs, who had a fine bass voice, was the mainstay of the choir. He afterwards joined the Episcopal church and as long as he lived was one of its most devoted members. Mr. Childs was a successful man of business. As one of the firm of Childs & Nicker-

son, President of the North Eastern Railroad, President of the National Bank of Athens, owner with Mr. Moss, of Tallulah Falls, and with interests in various other properties, he was one of Athens' most substantial citizens. But in addition to this, Mr. Childs was a good man, upright, charitable and kind. I do not suppose that anyone ever spake an unkind word about him and he was by no means a colorless character.

CHAPTER LIX.

It has been said by some one that environment makes the man. It is doubtless too sweeping an assertion, but certainly Southern environment seems to exert a more potent influence on Northern men than Northern environment on Southern men.

Very few Southern men are recalled who during the war espoused the Federal side, and they were office holders. But many Northern men, who were domiciled in the South, became ardent supporters of the Confederacy. Among these were Dr. Hoyt, Dr. Church, Mr. Childs, Mr. Bloomfield and Captain Nickerson. General M. L. Smith, a native of New York, resigned his commission in the old army, and with it the promise of high promotion, to join his fortunes with those of the South. Isaac W.

Hallam, a Northern man, volunteered with the Athens Guards and for four years was as good a soldier as any who followed Lee. George Homer and H. M. DeLacy and J. J. Karnes were others who endured and fought for the South. These were Union men, like thousands of Southerners, who deplored the necessity of secession, but who went into the movement heart and soul.

The difference in the individual Rebel and Yankee was, after all, far less marked than one would suppose if we eliminate political bias and peculiarities of tones and manners. Both were Americans and when fighting for a conviction made the best soldiers in the world.

For many years the sole dependence of Athens for water in case of fires was wells and a few cisterns. When the cry of fire was heard every man and boy ran first for a bucket and then for the fire. A line was formed from the nearest well to the fire and buckets of water were passed from hand to hand.

About 1880 a company built water works, which proved totally inadequate to the demands upon it. The pressure was not sufficient to throw water to the second story of a house on Milledge avenue, and several houses were burned because there was no water to be had. After years of complaint from all quarters the city determined to build its own water works. A com-

mission was created, composed of J. H. Rucker, A. L. Hull and C. M. Strahan, to have charge of its erection.

To Captain J. W. Barnett, the engineer, belongs the chief credit of this plant, which, completed in 1893, has proved entirely satisfactory to the present day. The machinery and the construction of the Athens water works was the very best, the supply is ample and the water pure. And yet we often long to quaff the sparkling water from the deep old well, to hear the squeak of the wheel as the old oaken bucket uncoils the rope on the windlass and to see the cold water spatter over the floor as the bucket is filled for the house. All this is gone. The well suspected of entertaining germs has been filled in. A crock or something of flat hydrant water, sickening warm without ice, is all we have in its place.

But there are no pathogenic germs in our hydrant water. It is taken from the river above any area of drainage from the city, exposed to the full light of the sun in a large shallow settling basin, then passed through sand filters into a clear water basin, from which it is forced through the mains to the consumer. Any self-respecting bacillus would back out rather than go through all this.

When the slogan, "Remember the Maine," aroused the country to take vengeance on the

proud Castillian and war was declared against Spain, Athens sent her quota of volunteers, not all of whom were accepted.

Captain J. H. Beusse, who commanded the Athens Guards, tendered the services of the company to the War Department. The policy of the Government did not permit companies to retain their organizations, and the Guards as such were not accepted. Those members who persisted were assigned to the Second Regiment of Georgia Volunteers. Captain Beusse was made Captain of Company G, and C. A. Vonderleith, First Lieutenant; Herschel Carithers was Orderly Sergeant. The regiment went into camp at Tampa, but saw no active service and was mustered out in February, 1899.

In addition to these Bailey Thomas also volunteered, was made Captain of Engineers and afterwards served in the Philippines until failing health forced his resignation.

As the soldiers usually spent all their pay as soon as they got it, the location of a regiment in camp meant a lively trade to the merchants of the town. Efforts were made to secure the location of a camp near Athens. Three regiments, the Fifth New York, Fifteenth Pennsylvania and the Twelfth New Jersey, were ordered here and Brigadier General W. C. Oates was assigned to their command. General Oates was an old Con

federate who had lost his arm at Missionary Ridge.

The soldiering was play. The young officers were hospitably entertained by the citizens and the young ladies showed none of that aversion to the Federal soldier which had led to the arrest of their mothers a third of a century before. Several of these ungrateful men came back afterwards and actually carried off some of our loveliest girls before the very eyes of their fathers; and some of the New Jersey soldiers came back and entered college to take a course in football.

The Fifth New York was ordered to Cuba, the two other regiments were ordered home in February, the camp was deserted and the retail merchant jingled the harvest in his pocket. That winter was the cloudiest, wettest, coldest we had had in many years. It was a standing joke to ask "Where is your Sunny South?"

When the Yankees came to Athens in 1865 and were prowling about smoke houses and invading private residences, Mrs. T. R. R. Cobb wrote a note to General Palmer and asked that she might have a guard to protect her home. A young soldier was detailed who stayed at the house, permitted no prowlers to come upon the premises, and by his unobtrusive politeness allayed, in part, the antipathy of the ladies to the Yankees.

When General Oates' brigade was encamped

here in 1898 Colonel W. A. Krepps was in command of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania. When Colonel Krepps came to Athens he made some inquiry about Mrs. Cobb and the writer called on him. He proved to be the identical soldier who was detailed in 1865 and recalled many incidents of that visit. It is needless to say that ancient hostilities were forgotten and the hospitality of the home was extended to the colonel and quondam guard.

The camp of Oates' brigade was on the high ground beyond Phinizy's branch. An entertainment was given the public in the nature of a sham battle between the Jerseymen and the Quakers. It had about it all the pomp and circumstance of war and sounded like a sure enough skirmish in old times. Lots of Uncle Sam's powder was burned, only one man hurt and everybody was pleased with the free show.

It was curious to note the reception of these soldiers by our people. Many of the older citizens had not seen a Federal soldier in uniform since the war and they could not dissociate the defender of our country from the Yankee bummer. They admired the parades, they were polite to the stranger, but were shy with the soldier in blue. During a grand parade when the entire brigade marched in review before Generals Oates and S. M. B. Young, an old veteran, who had lost an arm at Spottsylvania, stood near me on

College Avenue looking at the regiments as they passed. Said I: "Mr. Woods, what do you think of them?" "I think if I had a gun I would like to shoot into them," he replied.

CHAPTER LX.

Among other social clubs, two musical societies deserve special mention. One was the "Symphony Club," of whom Prof. Schirmaker was director, and Prof. Willcox and Mrs. T. A. Burke, prominent members. Mr. Schirmaker was one of the Lucy Cobb faculty and a violinist of high rank. This club gave monthly concerts, which were always well attended. The music was of a high order, but not too classical to be enjoyed by the audience. Still later a Choral Society was organized by Dr. J. P. Campbell, who has done so much for the music of Athens, and Mrs. E. T. Brown, as accomplished a musician as she is attractive in person, was director. Several oratorios were presented by this society in an admirable manner. The "Messiah" and the "Holy City" were especially well done. Both of these oratorios being religious in their composition, were given in the Presbyterian church.

Social clubs of this kind make some trouble for the leaders and soon fall through, but they not only give a great deal of pleasure, but have

an educational value and are intrinsically worth all the labor of keeping them alive.

The panic of 1873 hit Athens a hard blow, and yet there were comparatively few failures among the business men owing to the conservative methods which have obtained here. The most far-reaching of all was that of the Reaves Warehouse Company. This firm did an immense business. They had made heavy advances to customers, had taken many pieces of real estate and had borrowed large sums of money from banks and from individuals. When trouble in the money market became acute and they could not meet the demands upon them. Mr. Reaves executed mortgages to all his property to secure the creditors and next morning the city was astounded by the news of a failure involving more than $200,000.

In May, 1899, John A. Benedict went to Greenville, S. C., in the interests of a small manufactory he was operating. He had been gone several days, writing back daily to his family, when he suddenly disappeared. He was remembered to have been seen in the hotel lobby and to have spoken to someone as he passed out of the door, but from that hour no trace of him has ever been found. His baggage was found in his room undisturbed. The river was dragged, the country around Greenville was searched, his loss was advertised, descriptive circulars were scattered and

rewards offered for any information leading to his discovery, dead or alive, but all with no result.

To no place in Georgia do the thoughts of so many turn with affection as to Athens. And there is a good reason for it. More than five thousands students, male and female, have first and last spent from one to five years here at the time of life when impressions are most lasting. Athens people have always taken the students to their hearts. There is but one thing more interesting than the college boy and that is the school girl, and she doesn't admit even that exception.

College students are the most democratic of folks. Wealth and family have their influence, but are a delusion and a snare at college unless backed up by manly qualities and force of character. And the people of Athens have fostered that spirit in their reception of the college boy into the society of the place. Let him be a gentleman and his introduction is easy into the best homes of the town, and many a shy country boy has had his angularities smoothed and his manners made easy by association with the best of people. His tastes are refined, his clothes fit better, he wears his cap with a jauntier air and even essays to lead the german. Critics may condemn as they choose, but these things go to make up

the sum of life and prove to be a help in mingling with other men.

It is not always the studious boy who derives the most good from college life. Numbers of men can be recalled who left college—some were sent home—because they would not study or broke the commandments of the faculty. And these very men give large credit to the associations formed at college for their sucess in life.

If in these imperfect "annals of a quiet neighborhood" I have appeared to do someone injustice in failing to do him credit, let me here disclaim any intention to do so. It is not the few who make a state, but the many individuals working harmoniously together. So, though there are dominant characters who lead, the city after all, is made up of the many who follow. There were many in the past who pursued the even tenor of their way, living upright lives, helping their fellow men, serving their country, esteemed in life and missed when dead, and there are those now in life who unobtrusive in their lives, will be mourned in death.

In this connection there come to my remembrance John H. Christy, long editor of The Southern Watchman, who was refused a fairly won seat in Congress; and Henry Beusse, once a sailor, a man with a checkered career, first captain of the "Pioneers," Mayor, County Treasurer,a genial Teuton and universally popular;

Colonel Benjamin C. Yancey, courteous and courageous; and David C. Barrow, the elder, an ante-bellum planter and a post-bellum farmer; and Stevens Thomas; and Dr. Hamilton and Colonel Hardeman; and Clovis G. Talmadge, public spirited citizen; and Dr. Josiah C. Orr, quondam postmaster and genial man.

And among the living, it is not invidious to name Captain Reuben Nickerson, conservative and wise, one of the builders of Athens, who with his excellent wife, have to their credit the benevolent deeds of three-score years; and R. L. Moss, now perhaps the oldest citizen; and Dr. E. S. Lyndon, still young, although a veteran, jovial when not dyspeptic, generous and clever; and Howell Cobb, nearly thirty years continuously on the bench, an upright judge, a sympathetic friend, a prophetic statesman who is in the hearts of all the people; and Hal Linton, Tax Collector of the County for the same time, who has never had any opposition worthy the name; and W. S. Holman, a Kentuckian, who for forty years has dealt in horse flesh and never yet taken an unfair advantage in a trade; and Dr. H. C. White, a factor in University and social life for a third of a century; and David C. Barrow, who when elected Chancellor, received such an ovation from the students as was never accorded to any other man.

But I should be a faithless chronicler should I omit to acknowledge the debt Athens owes to her

good women. But where should I begin, and with whom could I end? The Athens girl buds early. Probably the college boy has something to do with it. But she is none the less lovely for that—possibly a little green, but nevertheless sweet. During her salad days the boys love her as one of them said once, "like a cow loves violets." They waste their time on her and spend their father's money for her. And it don't graze her.

The college widow has not lost her attractions. She has simply passed out of the class of beaux which made her a belle. Her experience has ripened her for more extensive and permanent conquests. She matures into a sensible woman and makes a helpful wife, ruling her household, including her husband, with a firm but hidden hand.

Among many admirable women, there stand out prominently Mrs. Peninah Thomas, a stately dame who might have been a duchess, owning an elegant home and ample wealth, yet careful of her money; and Mrs. Margaret Frierson, one of the kind we always call on in trouble, except that she didn't wait to be called—she was there already; and Mrs. Rebecca Hamilton, handsome even to old age, a pillar of strength in the Baptist church; and Mrs. Williams Rutherford, so active in every good cause, a never tiring worker for the Confederacy and its memories; and Mrs.

Sampson Harris, long before her death the oldest native born Athenian. But the time would fail me to tell of Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Camak, Mrs. Stovall and Mrs. Lumpkin and Mrs. Lucas and Mrs. Hill and the long list of excellent women who have sustained the character of Athens.

In looking back over these pages, which are admittedly gossipy in their nature, one fact is patent—that for its size, Athens has raised up more strong and independent characters than any other town a hundred years old; and another, that her growth has been continuous—saving the war period—from the days when she envied the greatness of Milledgeville until the present.

In one thing her citizens lack faith. In sixty-five years they have not had the temerity to put their money into a new hotel.. They build stores and factories and laundries and opera houses, but won't risk a hotel. It may be due however, to the sentiment which moved Gen. Toombs when asked to take stock in a new hotel in Washington, to say "We don't want any hotel in Washington. If a gentleman comes to town send him to my house. If he is no gentleman we don't want him here." But still we can say of Athens "With all they poor hotels we love thee still."

In bringing these annals to a close I shall not attempt a description of Athens of today, nor shall I inflict upon the patient readsr of this book

statistics of her wealth and growth. They may be found elsewhere. I am writing about people—I care not whether they be rich or poor—and events. The events of today are repeated tomorrow and forgotten, unless colored by tradition they chance to live, gaining something with each relating. But *scripta ferunt annos*—things written survive the years.

And often the mention of some name not conspicuous in the history of the place and of no influence whatever, will start a train of thought which brings up recollections of the past and memories of persons once friends now gone from sight.

Lnulled in the countless chambers of the brain
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.

If the thoughts awakened by these annals shall give the reader as much pleasure as they have given the writer, then both will be content.

Some Genealogies of Athens People

In Georgia scenes, Judge Longstreet has depicted with equal humor and truthfulness the propensity of age to discuss genealogies. Who has not seen the eye dimmed by years brighten with keen interest in the momentous question: "Who married who?" I myself, though no octogenarian, confess to a genuine pleasure in climbing family trees.

In presenting the genealogies of some of the oldest families, I entertain the hope that this appropriate appendix to the Annals of Athens may add a pleasant hour to some life well on in years. Doubtless some errors will be found in the tables, but having exhausted the means at my command of obtaining information, I spread them before the reader's eye.

JAMES BANCROFT married **MATILDA R. JEANNERETTE.**

Came from Charleston in 1844.

1—JAMES m. 1, Sarah Burkmeyer; 2, Emily Burkmeyer:

Matilda m. A. H. Steedman.

2—EDWARD m. Martha A. Scott:

Edward m. Lucy Eppes; Cornelia m. R. K. Bloomfield; Matilda; Emily; Catherine; Joseph, d.; Martha; Ada, m. W. E. Eppes; Percival m. Ida Grissom.

3—EMILY m. William E. Eppes:
Matilda; Francis m. M. Bancroft; Clelland; James; Emily; Lucy, m. E. Bancroft; William E., m. Ada Bancroft; Maria; E. Bancroft.
4—MARIA m. William Rivers:
Wiliam; Arthur; Christopher; Winifred; Lily; Albert.
5—ELIZABETH m. Isaac W. Hallam:
Matilda; James R.; Thomas M.
6—MATTHEW V., d.
7—GEORGE D. m. Jesse Winkler.

DAVID C. BARROW married **ELIZABETH POPE.** Came from Oglethorpe County 1858.,

1—M. POPE m. 1, Sallie Craig:
Middleton P., m. Alma Jones; Lizzie Craig; James; David C.; Craig married 1, Alice Barker; 2 Elfrida DeRenne
m. 2, Cornelia Jackson:
Florence, d.; Lucy; Patience; Sarah.
2—JAMES, d.
3—THOMAS A. m. 1, Jennie Turner:
Sarah, d., David C., m. Emily Hand; Clara.
m. 2, Alice Hand:
Thomas; Cuthbert.
4—LUCY m. John A. Cobb, *q. v.*
5—CLARA E., d.
6—NELLIE P. m. Bourke Spalding:
Randolph.
7—BENJAMIN W., d.
8—DAVID C., m. Fannie I. Childs:
Susie; Benj. H.; Nellie; David F.
9—HENRY W., d.

THOMAS W. BAXTER married **MARY WILEY.**
Came from Hancock County 1831.

1—ANDREW m. Martha Williams:
Thomas W., m. 1, L. Aiken; 2, Bessie Fitzimmons; Alice; Narcissa, d.
2—MARY m. John J. Gresham:
Thomas B., m. 1, Lula Billups, 2, Miss Johnson; Edmund, d.; Leroy, d.; Minnie m. Arthur Machen; Edward T., d.
3—THOMAS W. m. Ellen Scott.
4—SALLIE C. m. W. Edgeworth Bird:
Saida m. Victor Smith; Egeworth m. Imogene Reid; Mary Pamela, d.
5—JOHN S. m. Carrie Tracey:
Tracy m. Miss Tinsley.
6—LEROY m. Mary Burton.
7—EDWIN G. m. Julia Hardwick:
Edwin, d.; Leila, d.
8—RICHARD B. m. Kate Rucker:
John S., m. Mary Lawton; Edgeworth B. m. Ellen Alexander; Bessie m. Lane Mullaly; Georgia m. J. R. Boylston; Richard B. m. Sarah Cobb; Thomas W.

JOHN BILLUPS married **JANE ABBOTT.**
Came from Clarke County, 1836.

1—JOEL ABBOTT m. 1, Susan Harris:
Lula m. Thomas B. Gresham.
m. 2, Mrs. Victoria Smith.
2—HENRY C. m. Emma Conley:
Julia m. Dr. Edward Branham.
3—JANE m. Richard D. B. Taylor:
Susie m. Fred B. Lucas.

4—ANNA m. Wescom Hudgin:
Annie m. John N. Carlton; Wescom, Janie; Thomas B.
5—THOMAS C., d.
6—C. WIILIAM, d.
7—JOHN, d.

THOMAS BISHOP married **MARY CARLTON.**
Came from Vermont in 1839.

EDWARD m. Mary M. Bingham:
Mary C. m 1, Clovis G. Talmadge, 2, Isham H. Pittard; Edward T. d.; Helen L. m. H. K. Milner; Lucy M.; Merton, d.; Arthur F. m. Cora Powell; Berton M. m. 1, Beatrice Taylor, 2, Cora Henderson; Charles B. m. Kate Allen.

JAMES CAMAK married **HELEN FINLEY.**
Came from Milledgeville, 1817.
1—JAMES m. Mary Wellborn:
James W., Louis.
2—THOMAS U. m. Miss Ragland:
Annie, d.
3—MARGARET ANNE.

JAMES R. CARLTON m. **ELIZABETH A. ESPEY.**
Came from New Jersey, 1824.

1—JULIA E. m. Charles B. Lyle:
Sarah m. Whit Johnson; **Charles, d.;** Julia, d.; Clara, d.; William, d.
2—JOSEPH B. m. Emma Moore:
Julia E.; William A. m. 1, Annie Price, 2, Susie Lucas; Joseph H.; Leila m. Charles L. Bartlett; James M., d.

3—WILLIAM E., d.
4—JAMES A. m. 1. Martha Janes, 2, Mrs. Tallulah Taylor:
Mary E. m. Macon Johnson.
5—MARY ANN m. William H. Felton:
Anna m. J. R. Gibbons.
6—GEORGE A. m. A. McConnell:
Belle, Benjamin.
7—ELIZABETH AMERICA.
9—HENRY H., m. Helen Newton:
John N., m. Annie Hudgin; Henry H.; Olivia m. Geo. P. Butler; Helen m. John D. Mell; Marion S.
10—BENJAMIN H., d.
11—VIRGINIA T., d.
12—GEORGIA C., d.

AUGUSTIN S. CLAYTON married **JULIA CARNES.**
Came from Augusta, 1807.

1—GEORGE R., m. Ann Harris:
William Jeptha, d.; Julia m. John Chandler; Almira; Francis; Cary m. B. F. Larabee; Norma m. M. Wells.
2—AUGUSTIN S., d.
3—WILLIAM W. m. Caroline Semmes:
Julia m. E. F. Hoge; Mary m. C. W. Henderson; William H. m. Sarah Morris; Sarah m. Benj. E. Crane; Caroline m. Wm. J. Irwin; Augusta, d.; Augustin Smith; Thomas S., d.; Kate; Almira m. W. C. Sayre.
4—PHILIP W., m. Leonora Harper:
Philip, d.; Thomas; William m. E. Brown; Mattie; Leonora m. D. C. Townsend; Kate; Robert; Avarilla; George.

5—ALMIRA m. Joseph B. Cobb:
Dora m. L. Redwood; Thomas; George; Zachry.
6—EDWARD P. m. Elizabeth Bradford:
Edward, d.; Mary m. Roswell King; Isabella, d.; Loring, d.; Anna m. R. S. Burwell; Clifford, d.; Norma.
7—JULIA S. m. Francis Baldwin:
Clayton, d.; Mary, d.; Francis; James, Claudia m. John Howze, Jr.; Julia.
8—CLAUDIA m. John Howze:
Augustin C. m. Vallie Long; Julia d.; John m. Claudia Baldwin; George; Claudia m. Mr. Jones; Lenora; Almira.
9—AUGUSTA m. William King:
Julia C. m. Henry W. Grady; Augusta m. William M. Howard; William.

ALONZO CHURCH married **SARAH TRIPPE.**
Came from Vermont, 1819.

1—ELVIRA m. William H. Lee:
William H. m. Louise Waring; Alonzo C.
2—SARAH JANE m. B. Frank Whitner:
Alonzo C. m. Mary Marvin; Benj. C. m. E. Randolph.
3—ELIZABETH W. m. 1, L. S. Craig, 2, James Robb·
Sallie C. m. Pope Barrow, *q. v.*
4—JULIA M., m. Alexander Croom:
Hardy m. Agnes Ware; Alonzo C. m. Mary Bond; Sallie C. m. T. B. Simpkins; Julia C. m. H. Randolph; Annie E. m. Porter Burrall.
5—ALONZO W., m. 1, Francis Moore, 2, Mary Robbins:
Samuel R.; James Robb; Mary R.; Alonzo; William W.

6—JOHN R., m. Mary Christy:
Alonzo; Christy.
7—ANNA P., m. Benj. F. Whitner:
Frank C.; Annie L.; James H.; William C.; Elizabeth H.; Hugh.
8—WILLIAM L., m. Laura Randolph:
Alonzo.

JOHN A. COBB married **SARAH R. ROOTES.**
Came from Jefferson County, 1818.

1—HOWELL m. Mary Ann Lamar, *q. v.*
2—LAURA m. Williams Rutherford, *q. v.*
3—MILDRED m. Luther J. Glenn:
John Thomas m. Helen Garrard; Sallie m. S. L. McBride; Howell C.; Judson m. Lessie Few.
4—JOHN B. m. 1, Mrs. Mary Athena Lamar:
Mildred; James J. m. Annie L. Mallory.
m. 2, Alice Culler:
Mary m. Mr. Pritchard; Eugenia m. William B. Lowe.
5—MARY m. 1, Frank Erwin:
Mary E., d.; Lucy C. m. A. W. Hill; Howell C. m. Ophelia Thorpe.
m. 2, Dr. John M. Johnson:
Sallie m. 1, Hugh Hagan, 2, Lucien Cocke; James.
6—THOMAS R. R. m. Marion McH. Lumpkin, *q. v.*
7—MATTIE m. John C. Whitner:
John A. m. Lida Farrow; Eliza; Sallie m. Warren Howard; Mary Ann m. Ben C. Milner; Mattie m. Wm. J. Milner; Charles F. m. Margaret Badger; Thomas C. m. Emma Lou Tichenor.

HOWELL COBB married MARY ANN LAMAR.

1—JOHN A. m. 1, Lucy Barrow:
Wilson, d.; Sarah; Lucy M. m. James Taylor; Howell m. Annaret Gray; John A.
m. 2, Martha Bivings:
George; Elizabeth; Mattie.
2—LAMAR m. Olivia Newton:
Basil L.; Mary Newton m. E. D. Sledge; Olivia m. W. C. Davis; Lamar; Edwin N.
3—HOWELL m. Mary McKinley:
William McK. m. Elizabeth Guyton; Thomas R. R. m. Maude Barker; Archie, d.; Zach L.; Sarah m. R. B. Baxter; Carolyn; Carlisle
4—MARY ANN m. Alex S. Erwin:
Alex S., d.; Mary; Howell C.; John L., d.; Stanhope; Andrew; William S.; Catherine; Julian.
5—SARAH m. Tinsley W. Rucker:
Tinsley W.; Lamar C.; Mary Ann; Kate.

THOMAS R. R. COBB m. MARION M'H. LUMPKIN.

1—LUCY, d.
2—SALLY m. Henry Jackson:
Thomas C. m. Sarah F. Grant; Cornelia m. Wilmer L. Moore; Henry R., d.; Marion McH. m. Eva Parsons; Callie m A. J. Orme; Davenport, d.; Florence K.
3—CALLIE m. Augustus L. Hull:
Marion McH. m. Florence Murrow; May m. William H. Pope; Thomas C., d.,

Julia E. d.; Henry; A. Longstreet; Joseph L.; Sally C.; Callie.

4—JOSEPH L., d.

5—THOMAS R. R., d.

6—MARION T. m. Hoke Smith:
Marion; Hildreth, d.; Mary Brent; Lucy; Callie A.

WILLIAM DEARING married **ELIZA PASTEUR.**
Came from Charleston, 1827.

1—WILLIAM E. m. Elizabeth Stovall:
Louisa J. m. H. Edmonston; Anna M. m. T. Hardwick; Stevens T., d.; William P. m. Mrs. Kennon; Clio m. J. H. Summers; Jocela m. John Winter; Albin m. Lula Speer.

2—MARGARET m. Thomas H. Harden:
William D. m. Lilla Dearing.

3—ALBIN P. m. Eugenia Hamilton:
Hamilton m. Edith Goodwin; Sarah m. Emory Speer; Marian m. R.B.Lawrence; Albin m. Mrs. Dearing; William D. m. Helen McCay; John m. Jennie Duke.

4—MARION m. Governor Pickens of South Carolina.

5—INDIANA m. John J. Dearing:
John.

6—ALFRED m. Marcia Jones:
William; Llewllyn; Lilla m. Wm. D. Harden; Marian m. John Schley; Ella m. Wm. D. Griffeth; Alfred m. Mary Wilson; Maria m. W. A. Cook; Nina m. Mr. Richard; Maisie m. Homer K. Nicholson.

7—ST. CLAIR, d.

WILLIAM H. DORSEY m. **CATHERINE S. ERWIN.**
Came from Habersham County, 1843.

1—ASENATH, d.
2—ALBERT S. m. Susan Doble:
Ida m. Alex H. Davison.
3—ANDREW B. C. m. 1, Sophronia Gilmore:
William F. m. Cassie Beusse.
m. 2, Mary Cosby:
Mary C. m. Mr. McGauhey; John C.; Julia m. Mr. Harkaway; Albert; Leone; Andrew; Louise.
4—JAMES P. m. Bessie Talmadge:
Hugh H. m. Lizzie Coleman; Katie m. Fred Morris.
5—JOHN H., d.
6—WILLIAM, d.
7—ELIZABETH m. John E. Talmadge:
Charles A. m. Justine Erwin; Daisy m. Yancey Harris; John E. m. Olivia Bloomfield; Clovis m. Lucy Wells; Julius m. May Erwin.
8—JOSEPH H. m. 1, Sallie Chappell:
Fanny I.; Susie A.; Albert S.; Edward H.
m. 2, Mary A. Hargrove:
Asenath; Ida May; Charley; Joseph H.; Elizabeth.
9—EDWARD H. m. Laura Wilson:
Louise; Edward H.

CHARLES DOUGHERTY m. **MRS. PURYEAR.**
Came from Clarke County, 1824.

1—CHARLES m. Elizabeth Moore:
Fanny m. Nat L. Barnard.

2—WILLIAM m. Acsa Turner:
Mary m. 1, Curran Houston, 2, Thomas Macon; Henry, d.; Robert, d.; Sukie m. Andrew Routh; Charles.
3—ROBERT m. Susan Watkins:
William, d.; Charles, d.; Sarah m. R. H. Leonard; Rebecca m. W. Humphries; Lucy.

JOHN ESPEY married **ELIZABETH PARK.**
Lived on Sandy Creek at Colt's Mills in 1795.

1—THOMAS m. Eleanor Witherspoon:
James W., m. Ann Prince.
2—MARTHA m. Richard Wilson:
Eliza, d.; John E., d.; Thomas H., d.; Mary A. m. J. Ratchford; Robert C. m. M. Stovall; Caroline, d.; James T., d.; Martha, d.; Richard J. m. 1, Virginia Harris, 2, Mrs. Christopher; Louisa J., d.; Evaline, d.; William J., d.
3—JANE m. Moses Wilson:
Seven children.
4—ELIZABETH m. James Witherspoon:
John E., d.; Amanda, d.; Cicero V., d.; Emily E., d.; James Augustin, d.; Caroline m. J. H. Laing; Robert L. m. Mary Boone.
5—ROBERT m. 1, Margaret King, 2, Eliza King:
Louisa m. John Weir; twelve other children.
6—JOHN, d.
7—JOSIAH, d.

THOMAS GOLDING m. **SUSAN STRONG.**

1—CORDELIA m. John S. Linton:
Mary C.

2—SARAH m. Wyche Hunter.
3—THOMAS m. 1, Miss Crigler:
Susan G. m. John Gerdine.
m. 2, Rosa Crawford:
John C.; Sallie H.; Hunter; Charles; Lucy.

MADAME GOUVAIN.
Rosalie Reine Maude Claudine Josephine Yvron de Trobriand.
Came from France, 1810.

m. 1, GENERAL ANGE DE LA PERRIERRE, d.
1—ADRIAN DE LA PERRIERRE, d.
2—ANGE ANTOINE DE LA PERRIERRE m. Mary Thurmond:
Rosalie J.; Marie Antoinette; James Boliver; Harrison Tallerand; Celeste Caroline m. Mr. Daniel; Angeline Victoria; Ange; William Preston; Emma.
m. 2, MICHAEL GOUVAIN, d.
3—WILLIAM GOUVAIN, d.
4—MARIE ANTOINETTE CLAUDINE ROSE GOUVAIN m. Dr. R. R. Harden:
Evalina m. Asa M. Jackson; Wm. Preston m. Sarah Murray; Napoleon B. m. Louisa Appling; Robert Raymond m Martha Durham; Marie Louise m. Wm. H. Thurmond; Caroline m. Sidney C. Reese.

DANIEL GRANT married LUCY CRUTCHFIELD.
Came from Walton County, 1826.

1—JOHN T. m. Martha Jackson:
William D. m. Sarah Frances Reid.

2—LOVICK P. m. Mary Morrow:
Mary m. William Dixon; Peter, Daniel.
3—ELIZABETH m. Joseph Wilkins:
Lucy m. H. D. D. Twiggs; Hamilton m. Lula Robertson; Grant m. Miss Abercrombie.

THOMAS N. HAMILTON m. SARAH BUDD.
Came from Columbia County, 1842.

1—JAMES S. m. Rebecca Crawford:
Mary; Thomas A. m. Amelia Tupper; Sarah m. E. A. Williams; Anna; Natalie m. Francis Fontaine; Emily m. S. G. McLendon; James S. m. Miss Seabrook; Ethel m. James S. Davant; Guy C. m. Stella Thomas.
2—ANNE E. m. J. Watkins Harris, *q. v.*
3—EUGENIA E. m. Albin P. Dearing, *q. v.*
4—SARAH m. Benj. C. Yancey:
Hamilton m. Florence Patterson; Mary Lou m. 1, Bowdre Phinizy, 2, Charles H. Phinizy.
5—VIRGINIA m. M. C. M. Fulton:
Thomas N. m. M. L. Bacon; Annie m. Mr. Peed; Eugenia m. M. B. Avery.

STEPHEN W. HARRIS m. SARAH WATKINS.
Came from Eatonton, 1840.

1—SAMPSON W. m. Paulina Thomas:
Sampson W. m. Lucy Todd; Hugh N. m. Caro Yancey; Fanny m. George Wallace; Belle m. Bernard Franklin; Sallie, d.

2—MARY W. m. Hugh Nesbitt.

3—JAMES WATKINS m. 1, Anna Hamilton:
Sarah m. J. F. Best; J. Watkins m. Eva Lowe; Anna m. Thomas W. Milner; Thomas H. m. Ethel Hillyer.
m. 2, Miss Candler.

4—JANE V. m. James M. Smythe:
Sarah H., d.; Mary F. m. C. P. Willcox; Samuel, d.; Arabella H. m. W. F. Russell; William M m. Mrs. L. Randall; Susan P. m. G. F. Williams.

5—ANNA M. m. Robert B. Alexander:
Arabella m. Thomas Boykin; Mary m. Harris Long; William, d.; Willis; Robert.

6—ARABELLA m. Benj. F. Hardeman:
Sampson H. m. Julia Toombs; Belle m. John W. Brumby.

7—STEPHEN WILLIS m. Louisa M. Watkins:
Watkins, d.; Willis, d.

8—CHARLES T., d.

9—SUSAN M. m. William T. Baldwin:
Harris m. Abbie Park; William; Susan m. T. Johnson; Sallie.

10—THOMAS m. Emily Bowling:
Frank m. Sallie Roper; George D. m. Ella Kinnebrew.

BLANTON M. HILL m. ANN HILL.

Came from Oglethorpe County, 1840.

1—A. A. FRANKLIN m. Gazalena Williams:
Frankie.

2—GEORGIA m. Martin L. Strong:
Annie m. Henry Clopton; Blanton H.
3—MARY ELLA m. William Cunningham.
4—AUGUSTA m. William G. Noble:
Blanton H.; Anna m. W. I. Sims; Mary Ella m. A. H. Allen; Augusta m. E. L. Mayer.
5—BLANTON M., d.
6—SUSIE m. Robert H. Johnston:
Susie m. J. D. Price; Love.

MRS. REBECCA FREEMAN HILLYER.

Came from Wilkes County, 1821.

1—JOHN T. m. Mary Briscoe:
Shaler; Catherine m. Julius Robins; Hamilton B. m. Miss Story; Sarah m. Mr. Ballard; Junius; Robert; Edward.
2—JUNIUS m. Mrs. Jane Foster, nee Watkins, *q. v.*
3—SHALER GRANBY m. 1, Elizabeth Thompson:
Susan, d.; Mary m. J. W. Janes; Shaler G. m. Leila Holloway; Francis L., d.
m. 2, Elizabeth Dagg:
John L. m. 1, Hattie Harrel, 2, Anna Rives, 3, Kate Green; Harriett, d.; Sara J. m. J. C. McDonald; Junius F. m. Elizabeth Bensack; Frances R. m. W. A. Towers; Louisa C.; Katherine C. m. T. L. Robinson; Emily m. R. G. Owen; Llewellyn P. m. Leila Hansel.
m. 3, Mrs. Dorothy Lawton.

JUNIUS HILLYER m. MRS. JANE WATKINS FOSTER.

Came from Wilkes County, 1821.

1—EBEN m. Georgia E. Cooley:
Ethel m. Hamilton Harris; Mabel m. 1, Warren P. Wilcox, 2, William A. Hemphill.
2—GEORGE m. Ellen Cooley:
Elizabeth m. F. M. Coker, Jr.; Minnie m. H. A. Cassin; Marion m. Bernard Wolff; George; Ellen m. Alfred C. Newell.
3—SHALER m. Annie Haley:
4—MARY m. George Whitfield.
5—CATHERINE R.
6—CARLTON m. Lucy C. Thomas:
Henry
7—HENRY m. Mrs. Eleanor Hurd Talcott:
William Hurd m. Mary D. Jones.
8—EVA W.

EDWARD R. HODGSON m. ANNE BISHOP.

1—ELIZABETH m. Robert D. Mure.
Robert D.
2—WILLIAM H. m. Maria Kennard:
Hallie m. William Mears; Annie m. Arthur Cox.
3—EDWARD R., 2nd m. Mary V. Strahan:
Edward R. 3rd m. Mary A. McCullough: Harry m. Marie Lowe; May; Frederick G. m. Margaret Fassett; Nannette m. Hugh H. Gordon, Jr.; Walter B.; Morton S.; Nell; Dorothy.
4—ROBERT B., m. Annie A. Strahan:
Roberta.
5—ASBURY H., m. 1, Julia Neal:
Charles N. m. Irene Powell; Robert P. m. Mary Thomas; Julie m. David H.

McNeill; Frank; Henry.
m. 2, Sallie Payne:
Lily White; Asbury H., Jr.
6—THOMAS B. m. Lily Johnson:
Jean; Emory; Reginald; Asbury; Thomas.
7—ALBON C. m. Julie von Shraeder:
Olivia m. Thomas Cover.
8—JOSEPH M. m. Belle Turner:
Mabel m. John B. Gamble; Edith; Ralph; Kate; Hugh; Clifford.
9—GEORGE T. m. India Coker:
Joseph L.; Florence; Ruth; Marion; George.
10—CHARLES, d.
11—FREDERICK G. m. Ida Cartrell.
12—FRANCIS M. m. Mamie Allan:
Albon; Harold; Prince; Frederick; Roy; Russell.

NATHAN HOYT m. MARGARET BLISS.
Came from Vermont, 1829.

1—THOMAS A. m. 1, Mary Harrison:
Mary, d.; Harriet m. Robert Ewing; Alice Louise m. 1, Robert Trueheart, 2, Joseph Henry; Lillian T. m. William White.
m. 2, Sadie Cooper:
Cooper.
2—LOUISA C. m. Warren A. Brown:
Edward T. m. Mary Mitchell; Louisa m. James Evans; Mary A. m. C. L. Smith.
3—WILLIAM D. m. 1, Florence Stevens:
Mary Ella; Ida, d.; Florence; Margaret B.; William D.

m. 2, Anna Perkins:

4—HENRY F. m. 1, Mary F. Hines:
Frances m. Dr. Speer.
m. 2, Mrs. Emily Roberts:

5—ROBERT T. m. Annie Cothran:
Elizabeth, d.; Mary m. Frank Gilreath; Annie L., d.; Nathan; Wade C.; Robert.

6—MARGARET JANE m. Edward S. Axson:
Ellen L. m. Woodrow Wilson; I. Stockton K.; Edward W. m. Florence C. Leech; Margaret R.

HOPE HULL m. ANN WINGFIELD.

Came from Wilkes County, 1803.

1—ASBURY m. 1, Lucy Harvie, 2, Maria Cook, *q. v.*

2—HENRY m. 1, Mary Bacon, 2, Mary A. Nisbet, *q. v.*

3—FRANCES m. James P. Waddell:
William Henry m. Mrs. Mary Brumby Tew; Ann Pleasants, d.; Elizabeth; Moses H., d.

ASBURY HULL married 1, LUCY HARVIE.

1—WILLIAM HOPE, d.

2—HENRY m. Anna Thomas:
Seabrook m. Ella Eddings; Robert T., d.; Mary Ella m. Polk Hammond; Lucy G., d.; Henry H. m. Alice Baker; Asbury, d.

3—GEORGE G. m. Mary Clifford Alexander:
Lucy Harvie m. Geo. J. Baldwin; Hattie m. M. Cooper Pope.

4—Edward W. m. Cornelia Allen:
Allen; Edward L.; Robert A., d.; William Hope m. Mary B. Fuller.

5—JOHN HARVIE m. Eliza Pope:
Alexander P.; Harvie m. Florence Morris.
6—JAMES M. m. Georgia Rucker:
James M. m. Mary Lyon; Asbury m. Alice Sibley.
m. 2, MRS. MARIA COOK.

HENRY HULL m. 1, MARY BACON.

1—LUCY ANN m. John S. Linton:
Henry H ; John S., d.; Julia, d.; Annie; Lucy.
2—ASBURY HOPE, d.
3—JULIA, d.
4—WILLIAM HENRY, d.
m. 2, MARY A NISBET.
5—AUGUSTUS L. m. Callie Cobb:
Marion McH. m. Florence Murrow; May N. m. William H. Pope; Thomas C., d.; Julia E., d.; Henry; A. Longstreet; Joseph L.; Sally Cobb; Callie.
6—LEILA M. m. James McKimmon:
James; Mary Hull; Margaret; Arthur.
7—JOHN HOPE m. Rosa Deloney:
Rosa; Henry H.; William Deloney; Leila May.

HENRY JACKSON m. MRS. MARTHA ROOTES COBB.
Came from England, 1811.

1—HENRY R. m. Cornelia Davenport:
Henry m. Sallie Cobb; Howell C. m. Lizzie Renfroe; Davenport; Cornelia m. Pope Barrow.
m. 2, Florence King.

2—SARAH m. Oliver H. Prince:
Basilene; Oliver H., d.; Jaqueline m. Jordan Thomas; Henry J.
3—MARTHA m. Frank Erwin:
Sarah E., d.

WILLIAM JACKSON married **MILDRED COBB.**

1—JAMES m. 1, Ada Mitchell:
Minnie m. Jos. Scrutchin; Walter M., d.; Addie m. Mr. Rawson; Mary m. Webster Davis; Mattie m. Wm. M. Slaton.
m. 2, Mrs. Mary Schoolcraft.
2—MARTHA m. John T. Grant, *q. v.*
3—MARY ATHENA m. Andrew J. Lamar:
Mary A. m. 1, Jeff Lamar, 2, Dr. Patterson; Andrew J. m. Mary Ellsworth.
m. 2, John B. Cobb, *q. v.*
4—HESSIE m. William Couper:
Charles; John C.; James; Millard, d.

ALEXANDER B. LINTON married **JANE DANIEL.**
Came from Greensboro, 1829.

1—JOHN S., m. 1, Cordelia Golding:
Mary C.
m. 2, Lucy Ann Hull:
Henry H.; John S., d; Julia, d; Annie, Lucy.
2—MARY m. William Bacon.
3—SAMUEL D., m. Mary A. Cunningham:
Anna, d; John A.; William T.; Janie,d; Minnie.

4—ANN m. Thomas Sparks:
Linton m. Sarah Wimberly; Thomas, d; Sallie m. Hines Smith; William D. m. A. Wimberly; Samuel P. m. Mrs. Edwards; John V. d; Alexander H., d; Annie m. D. B. Hamilton; Charles J.

5—WILLIAM m. Indiana Grimes:
Jane D., m. John Printup; Addie G. m. John Herndon; Lillian m. B. Elliot; Florence m. Mr. Herndon.

6—JAMES A., d.

MRS. JAMES LONG,
Came from Madison County, 1843.

1—SARAH m. Giles Mitchell, *q. r.*

2—CRAWFORD W., m. Caroline Swain:
Francis m. Marcus E. Taylor; Edward C. m. Cora Stroud; Florence m. John L. Barton; Eugenia m. A. O. Harper; Arthur m. C. Hunter; Emma.

3—HENRY R. J., m. Mary L. Stroud:
Mary m. Stephen Gould; Valeria m. A. C. Howze; William J. m. Julia Durrough.

4—ELIZABETH m. S. P. Thurmond:
Sallied d.; Elizabeth m. I. G. Swift; Carrie.

FREDERICK W. LUCAS m. MARTHA SINGLETON.
Came from Jefferson County, 1830.

1—SINGLETON N., d.

2—MARY TERRELL.

3—FREDERICK B., m. Susie Taylor:
Fritz, d.; Grace; Lizzie Hurt; Henry Hull.

4—SARAH GARLAND m. Edward I. Smith:
Garland; Edward; Rosa; May; Elizabeth.
5—ELIZABETH m. Henry C. Bussey:
Frederick, d; Mary m. Mr. Brannon; Nathaniel J.
6—FRANCES W.
7—JOHN H. m. Kate Moreno:
Moreno; Kate; Mary T.; Frederick W.
8—GEORGE E., m. Alesia Carson.
9—SUSIE A., m. William A. Carlton.
10—JOSEPH T.

JOSEPH H. LUMPKIN m. CALLENDER GRIEVE.
Came from Lexington, 1844.

1—MARION McH., m. Thos. R. R. Cobb, *q. v.*
2—JOSEPH TROUP m. Margaret King:
Annie, d; Joseph H.; Juddie, d.
3—CALLIE, m. Porter King:
Joseph H. m. Eva Thornbury; Porter m. Carrie Remson; Thomas C. m. Mary Hurt.
4—W. WILBERFORCE m. Louisa King:
Edwin K. m. Mary Thomas; Joseph Henry; Callie, d.
5—LUCY, m. William Gerdine:
John m. Susan Golding; Joseph H. L. m. 1, Madeline Lumpkin, 2, Rebecca Murrah; Marion, d; William, d; Lucy; Mary; Albinus m. Miss West; Lizzie m. Dr. Sykes.
6—EDWARD P., d.
7—JAMES M.
8—CHARLES M., d.
9—MILLER G., d.

10—ROBERT C., d.
11—FRANK m. Katie Wilcox:
Julia m. Mr. Brandon; Frank m. Annie Garrard.

WILSON LUMPKIN m. 1, **ELIZABETH WALKER.**
Came from Oglethorpe County, 1818.

1—LUCY m. Middleton Pope:
Sarah E. m. David C. Barrow.
2—ANN m. Augustus Alden:
Ann E.; Marcellus; Lucy P. m. 1, R. Huson, 2, Geo. Chisholm; Marie L. m. T. C. Dempsey; Joseph L.; Allien V.; Augustus O.; Martha; Marcella m. Dr. Bartlett.
3—PLEIADES ORION m. Margaret Wilkinson:
William; Wilson; Flora m. Mr. McLain; George W.; John W.; Daniel P.; Pleiades O.
4—WILSON, d.
5—WILLIAM, d.
6—ELIZABETH m. O. B. Whatley:
Lucy m. G. W. Chisholm; Martha m. D. Whitehead; Wilson L., d.; Mary A. m. R. Gammon; Taletha, d.; Ella Annis, d.; Oliver B. m. Miss Byest.
7—SAMUEL H. d.
m. 2, **ANNIS HOPKINS.**
8—JOHN C. m. Mrs. Reanson.
9—MARTHA m. Thos. M. Compton.

WILLIAM MITCHELL married **SARAH LETCHER.**
Came from Virginia, 1803.

1—THOMAS m. Nancy Hanby, *q. v.*
2—WILLIAM m. Elizabeth Chawning, *q. v.*

3—RACHEL m. Hugh Neisler:
Hugh N. m. Caroline Howard; Sarah C. m. W. L. Mitchell, *q. v.*; Martha L.; Frances E. m. R. Iverson; Ann R.; Susan H.; William B.; Mary J. m. P. W. Hutcheson.

THOMAS MITCHELL married **LUCY HANBY.**
Came from Virginia, 1803.

1—WM. LETCHER m. Martha Cheatham:
Mary m. Patten Griffeth; Cicero m. Elmira Smith; Ella m. Camp Colbert; Albert L. m. Jessie Durham; Martha.
2—MADISON, d.
3—JONATHAN, d.
4—GILES m. Sarah A. Long:
James, d.; Ann m. E. P. Eberhart; S. Dalton m. Fanny Wallace; Emma m. James D. Matthews.
5—ARCHELUS H. m. Jane Rochell.
5—SAMUEL.
7—THOMAS A.
8—SARAH.
9—CHARLOTTE.
10—ELIZABETH.
11—NANCY.

WILLIAM MITCHELL m. **ELIZABETH CHAWNING.**
Came from Virginia, 1803.

1—WILLIAM L. m. Sarah Neisler:
Hugh N. m. 1, L. McMillan, 2, Jane Nash; William C. m. Sarah Huff; John F.; Ann S. m. S. N. Dawson; Susan A., d.; Frances L.; Julia m. James Collins; Walter H. m. E. Pendergrass.

m. 2, Lucretia Bass:
Henry B. m. ————.
2—WALTER H. m. C. Alexander:
Ada m. James Jackson.

ALSA MOORE married **FRANCES CARY.**
Came from Clarke County, 1821.

1—ELIZABETH m. Charles Dougherty, *q. v.*
2—EMILY m. 1, Cicero Holt:
Caroline m. Benj. H. Hill; Cicero m. Nancy Parham.
m. 2, John I. Huggins:
Martha m. S. M. Herrington; Alsa, d.
3—RICHARD D. m. 1, Elizabeth Stockton:
Addie m. Thomas F. Screven; Frances m. Dr. Dupree; Fidelia, d.; Elizabeth; S. Elliott.
m. 2, Emma McAllister.
4—LUCY ANN m. S. J. Mays.
5—ALSA m. Sarah A. Park:
John A. m. Mary E. Hull; Richard D. m. C. Harrison; Charles E.; Sarah F. m. Henry P. Camp; Mary L.; Robert T.
6—FRANCES m. James Shannon:
James M.; Richard D.; Evalina; William; Eugenia; Virginia m. John Faulk; Charles; John C.; Cornelia m. Mr. White; Lina.
7—CAROLINE V. m. John Huggins:
Fanny C. m. Dr. Harris; John; Emma; Augusta; Edward.
8—PEYTON E. m. Kate Applegate:
Kate m. 1, W. Moore, 2, J. S. Williford; Peyton E., d.; Caroline, d.; Thomas C.

9—MARY H. m Daniel G. Hughes:
Dudley M. m. Mary Dennard; Caroline m. Charles D. Hill; Fanny m. Irwin Dennard; Lucy.

JOSIAH MORTON married **JUDITH STONE.**
Lived on the "Joe Morton place," six miles from Athens, in 1795.

1—JOSEPH m. Mary Matthews:
C. Parks m. Martha Crane; William Henry m. 1, Miss Fraser, 2, Miss Powell; Leila m. Geo. T. Murrell.
2—WILLIAM M. m. Mary Jones, *q. v.*
3—JOHN m. Elizabeth Landrum.
4—MARGARET m. Nat C. Barnett.

WILLIAM M. MORTON married 1, **MARY JONES.**

1—MARY ANN m. John Bonnell:
William B. m. Alice Wright; John; Susie m. H. H. Stone.
2—LOUISA m. J. S. Wiggins.
3—CAROLINE m. Dr. A. Walthour.
4—WILLIAM J. m. Rosina White:
Katie m. Geo. D. Thomas; Frederick m. Bert Latimer; Margaret m. Thomas P. Stanley; Matilda m. Charles M. Snelling; John White m. Mary Lou Hinton; Audley; Wm. Joseph.
5—SUSAN m. 1, John Phinizy:
John.
m. 2, C. F. Bryant.
6—MARTHA m. C. McDonald:
Carrie m. Wm. Krenson; Bessie m. Kibber Jelks; Mattie m. Mr. Wade; William.

7—CLARA m. James R. Lyle:
Annie M.; Clara L. m. R. W. Sizer; Mary F. m. Eugene Lyle; Crawford.
8—JOSEPHINE m. H. Nichols.
9—JOHN m. Sarah Bailey:
Sophie m. Lea Robinson; Lou m. Robert Stephens; Paul; Robert.
m. 2, MARTHA LESTER.

JOHN D. MOSS married **MARTHA STRONG.**
Came from Oglethorpe County, 1840.

1—RUFUS L. m. 1, Minnie Anthony, 2, Elizabeth Luckie:
Minnie, d.; Rufus L. m. Leila Strong; Lilly; Elizabeth, d.; John D. m. Byrd Lee Hill; Martha m. Emmett J. Bondurant; Sarah Hunter; William L.
2—JAMES O, d.
3—JOHN CHESTERFIELD m. Katherine Echols.
4—SALLIE m. Thomas C. Newton.
5—JULIA P.

JOHN NEWTON m. **KATHERINE LOWRANCE.**
Came from Oglethorpe County, 1810.

1—FIDELIA m. John S. Fall:
2—JOSIAH m. 1, Peninah Strong:
Peninah m. Mr. Griswold.
m. 2, Mrs. Sisson.
3—ELIZABETH m. Joseph Ewing:
Joseph; Leander; Alvan m. Louisa Newton.
4—EBENEZER m. Ann Strong:
John T. m. Miss Lloyd; Henry m. Jane Ash; Charles m. Mrs. Coleman; Sarah m. Mr. Dozier; Jane m. Wm. Hall; Susan m. Mr. Bennett.

5—CYNTHIA m. Robert Hall:
John N.; Caroline; Maria; Robert; Cynthia; William m. Jane Newton; Thomas; Ann; Elizabeth.

ELIZUR L. NEWTON m. **ELIZABETH CALLIER.**
Came from Oglethorpe County, 1810.

1—WILLIAM H. m. Miriam Walker:
Elizur L. m. Julia Bailey; John T. m. Kitty Childs; Eliza m. James B. Conyers; William W., d.; James T. m. 1, Lucy Flewellen, 2, Helen Bennett; Fannie C. m. Wm. H. Steele; Lucy S.
2—ROBERT, d.
3—MARTHA m. H. Anderson.
4—CORNELIA m. Sanford Williamson:
Alice m. W. A. Jester; John N. m. Kate Wingfield; George H.
5—EDWARD P. m. Theresa Brawner.
6—JOSEPH m. W. Williamson.
7—EBENEZER, d.
8—MARY E. m. N. P. Carraker.
9—JAMES C. m. Mrs. W Roland.
10—ALONZO C., d.

DR. JAMES NISBET married **PENELOPE COOPER.**
Came from Statesville, N. C., 1819.

1—MILUS C. m. Mrs. M. Robinson.
2—ALFRED M. m. Sarah Edwards:
Joseph H.; Elizabeth m. Joseph LeConte; Edward A. m. H. Waters; Emily H. m. B. M. Polhill; Sarah A. m. Alex Moffit; Mary O., d.
3—AMANDA m. James Irwin.
4—JOHN THOMAS, d.

5—EUGENIUS A. m. Amanda Battle:
Charles E. m. 1, Virginia Jones, 2, Frances Evans; James T. m. Mary S. Wingfield; Reuben B. m. 1, Mary Dennis, 2, Mrs. M. Nisbet; Laura m. Samuel E. Boykin; Richard H. m. Martha Dennis; Ophelia E. m. Wm. A. Reid; Mary F. m. P. H. Wright; Frank L. m. Annie Wingfield; Eugenia, d.; Leila m. Council Wright.

6—EMILY O. m. Richard K. Hines:
Amanda m. Richard Hobbs; Richard K.; Eugenius, d.; Sarah m. L. P. D. Warren; Emily N. m. 1, M. Roberts, 2, Henry F. Hoyt; Iverson A. m. R. Alfriend; Alfred N., d.; Mary F. m. Henry F. Hoyt.

7—SARAH m. 1, William LeConte:
Anna m. Clifford Anderson; James m. Mary Gordon; William L. m. Virginia Trimble; Ophelia m. Frank H. Stone.

m. 2, Edward B. Weed:
Joseph E. Weed, d.

8—JAMES A. m. Frances Wingfield:
Irene m. Geo. H. Hazlehurst; John W. m. Henrietta Wingfield; James Cooper m. Mary E. Young; Anna Lou m. Marshall De Graffenried; Mary A., d.; Frank, d.

9—FRANKLIN A. m. Anna Alexander:
William L. m. M. Whitaker; Eugene, d.; James W. m. E. Abercrombie; Frank L. m. E. Whitaker; Robert A. m. 1, Florence Bloom, 2, Mrs. Hunter; Leonard, d.; Elizabeth m. Wm. L. Dennis; Martha C. m. Wm. L. Dennis; Alfred, d.

10—OPHELIA A., d.

JOHN NISBET married **HARRIET COOPER.**
Came from Statesville, N. C., 1823.

1—MARY A. m. Henry Hull, *q. v.*
2—THOMAS C. m. Mary C. Cumming:
Joseph C., d.; Eliza C., d.; Hattie m. Edward C. Latta; Cooper, d.
3—SARAH E. m. Martin L. Smith:
Victor m. Saida Bird; Lina m. Richard E. Shaw; J. Nisbet m. Fanny Rockwell.
4—HARRIET m. Louis LeConte:
Eva; William, d.; John N.; Louis E. m. Carrie Adams.
5—MARGARET I.

JACOB PHINIZY married 1, **MATILDA STEWART.**
Came from Oglethorpe County, 1832.

1—FERDINAND m. 1, Harriet Bowdre, 2, Ann S. Barrett, *q. v.*
2—MARCO m. Mrs. Dancey.
3—JOHN T. m. Eliza Watkins:
John T., d.; Elizabeth m. S. C. Pointer; Margaret m. J. A. Strong.
4—JACOB, d
5—SARAH m John M. Billups:
Anna m. W. B. Harris; Jacob m. Jennie Tarlton; Sallie; Susan B. m. R. F. Hudson; Margaret m. R. Patterson; John M.
6—MARGARET m. J. B. Lockhart.
m. 2, **MRS. SARAH MERIWETHER.**

FERDINAND PHINIZY m. 1, **HARRIET BOWDRE.**
Came from Oglethorpe County, 1832.

1—F. BOWDRE m. Mary Lou Yancey:
Bowdre; Hattie m. Samuel Mays.

2—STEWART m. Marian Cole:
Ferdinand; Eliza; Cole; Marie; Louise; Isietta; Stewart.

3—LEONARD m. Annie Martin:
Anita; Leonard; Marian; Jack.

4—LOUISE m. Abner R. Calhoun:
F. Phinizy; Andrew; Susan m. Junius Oglesby; Harriet.

5—JACOB m. 1, Vanna Gartrell, 2, Mrs. Foster.

6—MARION.

7—BILLUPS m. Nellie Stovall:
Annie B.; Bolline; Mattie Sue; Nellie; Louise.

8—HARRY H., d.

m. 2, **ANN S. BARRETT.**

9—BARRETT m. Martha Glover.

10—CHARLES H. m. Nellie Wright:
Charles H.; Anne, d.

CHARLES M. REESE married 1, **MISS MILLER.**

1—WILLIAM M. m. Lucy Pettus:
Milton m. Miss Hudson; Sarah.

2—SIDNEY C. m. Caroline Harden:
Marion m. Jeff Lane; Anna, d.; Charles S. m. Vada Bostwick; Julia m. A. A. McDuffie; Lucy.

m. 2, **MRS. MERIWETHER.**

3—JANE m. Sam C. Williams.

4—ANDERSON W. m. Viola Ross:
Flewellen.

m. 3, **MRS. DR. GERDINE.**

WILLIAMS RUTHERFORD m. **LAURA B. COBB.**
Came from Milledgeville, 1834.

1—JOHN C. m. Elizabeth King:
Bessie m. Vassar Woolley; Lamar m. Andrew A. Lipscomb; Katherine.
2—ELIZA, d.
3—MARY ANN m. Frank A. Lipscomb:
Blanche m. Wm. D. Ellis; Francis A.; W. Rutherford m. Margaret Talmadge.
4—MILDRED L.
5—BESSIE m. George A. Mell:
Annie Laurie; Mildred; Rutherford, d.; Mary Ann, d.
6—LAURA m. J. C. Hutchins:
Williams R.; Lydia; Laura Cobb; Joshua C.

THOMAS STANLEY married **ELLEN RAMSEY.**
Came to Athens in 1820.

1—WILLIAM A., d.
2—MARCELLUS m. Julia Pope:
Sallie; Thomas P. m. Margaret Morton.
3—THOMAS C. m. Fredonia Blackman:
Emmett; Ellen D.; Martha; Henry N.; Emma.
4—EMMA L. m. Dr. H. S. Wimbish:
Mary H.; John; Ellen; Emma; Fannie; Adelaide; William A., d.
5—ELOISE, d.
6—OCTAVIUS H., d.
7—AUGUSTIN O. m. Lilly Dowdell:
James D.; Augustin; Caroline; Ellen; Elizabeth.
8—JULIUS A. m. ————:
Paul; Mildred.

PLEASANT A. STOVALL m. 1, LOUISA LUCAS, 2 ANNA TRIPPE.

Came from Augusta, 1844.

1—MARCELLUS A. m. 1, Sarah McKinney, 2, Anna G. Peck:
Henry L., d.; Anna m. Mr. Hardwick; Louisa, d.; John; Anna G.; Marcellus A.; Courtney, d.

2—ELIZABETH m. Wm. E. Dearing, *q. v.*

3—CICELIA L. m. Charles T. Shellman:
Pleasant S. m. Leila Dallas; Clio E.; Robert M.; Charles T.; Cicelia, d.; Marcellus, d.; John, d.; Ellen, d.; Maggie C.; Thomas, d.

4—THOMAS P. m. Volumnia Cooper:
Effie P. m. Thomas P. Branch; Sophie, d..

5—JOHN W. m. Eloise Edwards:
John W. m. 1, Julia Coles, 2, Hennie Alexander; Pleasant; Clara m. Mr. Tyler; Eloise, d.; George M. m. L. Cushman; Thomas P.; Marcellus; Nita.

6—BOLLING A. m. Mattie Wilson:
Pleasant A. m. Mary Ganahl; Jeannie m. R. Toombs DuBose; Erwin W., d.; Lizzie D. m. R. W. Lamkin; Nellie G. m. Billups Phinizy; Bolling A., d.; Verner M., d.; Harvey G.

7—JOSEPH H., d.

8—ELLEN m. James H. Whitner:
James H.; Pleasant S., d.; Joseph; Elizabeth.

9—ANNA P., d.

10—GEORGE T., d.

11—ALONZO C., d.

12—FRANCIS M. m. Jessie Craig
m. 3, **MRS. CLIO HILL.**

JOHN TALMADGE married **EMILY CONGER.**
Came from Clarke County, 1820.

1—STEPHEN m. Miss Conger.
2—WILLIAM A. m. Sarah Young:
Clovis G. m. 1, Virginia McDowell, 2, Mary Bishop; Myra m. Julius Cohen; John E. m. Lizzie Dorsey, *q. v.*; Bessie m. 1, James P. Dorsey, *q. v.*, 2, C. K. Collins.
3—HENRY m. Miss Hall.
4—ELIZABETH m. Geo. Mygatt:
Joseph m. Miss Booth.
5—ALBERT m. C. Slaughter.

ROBERT TAYLOR married **MRS. BERRIEN,** *nee* **DELONEY.**

1—JAMES m. Miss Jones:
Robert; Hattie m. Dr. Alexander; James
2—RICHARD D. B. m. 1, Jane Billups:
Susie m. Fred B. Lucas.
m. 2, Kate McKinley:
Katie R. m. Edward Treanor.
3—ROBERT m. Tallulah Harris:
Hugh N. m. Katie Hall; Robert G. m. Miss Twiggs.

STEVENS THOMAS married 1, **ELIZA CARY.**
Came from Oglethorpe County, 1805.

1—PAULINE m. Sampson W. Harris, *q. v.*
2—STEVENS m. Isabella Hayes, *q. v.*
3—FRANCES m. George Dent:

Eliza m. 1, Lucien Dawson, 2, Barnard Bee; Alexander T.; Stevens T.; John G., d.; Malcolm, d..

4—JAMES DUDLEY m. Sarah Billups:
Robert T.; James D. m. Miss Fort; Edward S., d.

m. 2, **PENINAH JORDAN.**

5—ANNA m. Henry Hull *q. v.*

6—ROBERT, d.

7—MARY m. Thomas Saffold:
Marion, d.

8—JOHN J. m. Claude McKinley:
Antoinette, d.; Claude m. Henry McAlpin; Frank, d.

9—BATAVIA m. Charles J. Clinch:
Nellie; Charles; Alex Stewart; Robert T.

STEVENS THOMAS married **ISABELLA HAYES.**

1—PAULINE m. W. H. Adams.

2—LUCY m. Carlton Hillyer, *q. v.*

3—WILLIAM W. m. Pamela Brown:
Gertrude, d.; Isabelle m. Richard Johnston; Alice, d.; Fanny, d.

4—MINNIE m. Howard Van Epps:
Minnie; George.

5—ALICE m. J. H. Fleming:
Joseph H.; Isabelle; Lucy.

6—GEORGE D. m. Katie Morton:
Rosina; Isabella; Marguerite; Minnie.

7—STEVENS, d.

MOSES WADDELL m. **ELIZA W. PLEASANTS.**
Came from South Carolina, 1819.

1—JAMES P. m. Frances W. Hull:
Ann Pleasants, d.; William Henry m.

Mrs. Mary B. Tew; James, d.; Moses, d.; Bessie.

2—ISAAC WATTS m. Sarah Daniel:
James D. m. Medora Sparks; Elizabeth P. m. Mr. Stetze; Mary m. R. P. Lester; John O. m. Ella C. Peck; Isaac W. m. G. Blackwell.

3—WILLIAM W. m. Louisa M. Hilliard:
Mary L. m. Mr. Moss; Rosa m. Mr. Moss; Wooddie, d.

4—SARAH E. m. Edmund Atkinson:
Camden; Alexander; Edmund; Elias R.; Satilla m. Wm. P. Rembert; Constance m. Dr. Jelks.

5—MARY A. m. J. O. Duvall:
Eliza m. Judge Gillis; Sarah; Lucretia; Mary; Anna; John, James, d.

6—JOHN NEWTON m. 1, Martha Robertson, 2, Mary A. Werden, 3, Mrs. Harriet Snedecor:
Mary R. m. James D. West; Elizabeth m. C. Y. Thompson; George R. m. F. Branson; Jonn N., d.; James P., d.; Isaac W., d.

NICHOLAS WARE married 1, **MISS RANDOLPH**, 2. **SUSAN CARR.**

Came from Augusta, 1823.

1—ROBERT m. Margaret Ellison:
Jane m. P. M. Martin; Nicholas, d.; Susan m. J. L. Ware; James, d.; Mary m. Dr. Willis; Margaret m. W. R. Bedell; Robert m. M. Cushman; William, d.

2—THOMAS m. Ophelia Pace.

3—MARY ANN m. Walter Veitch.

4—SUSAN m. Francis Epps:
Thomas J. m. 1, Emily Bancroft, 2, Augusta Kollock.
5—NICHOLAS m. C. Walton.
6—RICHARD H., d.
7—VIRGINIA m. Dr. Wm. Head:
Susan m. Mr. Pappy; Charles, d.; Virginia; Oscar.
8—FRANCES, d.

EDWARD R. WARE married **MARGARET BACON.**
Came from Augusta, 1828.

1—MARY E. m. L. H. Charbonnier:
Harry; Edward W. m. Newton McCraw; Meta m. J. F. McGowan.
2—GRACE ARRINGTON m. Thomas Barrett:
Thomas m. Bertha Miller; Margaret m. Louis A. Dugas; Edward W. m. 1, Clara L. Walker, 2, Janie Y. Smith; H. Gould m. Mariana Tobin; Savannah m. Edward H. Butt.
3—HULL, d.
4—WILLIAM J., d.
5—LUCY C. m. Thomas Wray.
6—EDWARD H. m. Mrs. Hattie Nicholson:
Margaret.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS married **REBECCA HARVEY.**
Came from Hancock County, 1817.

1—GEORGE m. 1, Elizabeth Allen:
William; George; Jane m. Mr. Comer; Rebecca m. Mr. Hill.
m. 2, Miss Peeler.
2—JOHN HARVEY, d.

3—MILTON m. Mary Rutherford:
Milton, d.; Antoinette m. Mr. Howard.
4—ALBERT m. 1, Mary J. Clark, 2, Ann Eliza Hollis:
Alberta m. Mr. Bush; Gertrude m. Mr. Harrison; Anna.
5—SARAH m. B. W. Sanford:
John, d.; Rebecca m. Mr. Jackson; Melinda.
6—NARCISSA m. Charles F. McCay:
Robert, d.; Charles, d.; Marie; Julia m. W. M. Buchanan; H. Kent; Harvey.
7—WILLIAM m. Ruth Bell:
Charles; Andrew; Mary m. Mr. Dickson; William; Robert.
8—MARTHA A. m. Andrew Baxter, *q. v.*
9—MARY m. Wm. Louis Jones:
Rosa; Louis H. m. Sallie Harris; Alex R. m. Sue Thomas; Joseph, d.; Percy.
10—WILEY, d.
11—ANDREW m. Mary Moon:
Andrew; Emma; Mary; Rosa; Julia.

JOHN WHITE married **JANE RICHARDS.**
Came from Ireland in 1833.

1—JAMES m. Julia Ashton:
Rosina m. W. F. Bradshaw; Julia, d.; James.
2—ROSINA m. William J. Morton, *q. v.*
3—MARGARET m. Wm. P. Welch:
John W.
4—JOHN R. m. Lily Paine:
John; Hugh; Robert; Sallie Fanny

Some Marriages of Athens People

Gathered from Various Sources

1828.

Henry C. Lea to Serena Rootes, August 26.
Edmund Atkinson to Sarah E. Waddell, Nov. 18.
William L. Mitchell to Sarah Neisler, Dec. 23.

1829.

Walker Veitch to Mary Ann Ware, Jan. 15.
Sidney K. Reaves to Caroline Nicholson, July 23.

1830.

William W. Waddell to Louisa Hilliard, Feb. 17.
Edward R. Ware to Margaret Bacon, April 12.
Hugh W. Nesbit to Mary W. Harris, April 21.
John Crawford to Sarah E. Bass, July 27.
William Dougherty to Acsa Turner, August 17.
George R. Clayton to Ann Harris, Oct. 7.

1831.

James M. Smythe to Jane N. Harris, April 20.
Thomas Wray to Theodosia Cardwell, September 1.
Junius Hillyer to Mrs. Jane Foster, October 5.

1835.

Charles Wallace Howard to Jett Thomas, April 30.
Howell Cobb to Mary Ann Lamar, May 26.
John Gilleland to Jerusha Venable, October 1.
Giles Mitchell to Sarah E. Long, Oct. 12.
Henry W. Todd to Emily Watkins, Oct. 20.
Joseph W. Billups to Mary Ann Daniel, Dec. 15.

1836.

John T. Dearing to Emma F. Stone, March 24.
Thos. H. Harden to Margaret A. Dearing, March 24.
George Dent to Francis E. Thomas, June 2.
Robert Iverson to Francis E. Neisler, June 7.
Paul J. Semmes to Emily J. Hemphill, June 14.
Stevens Thomas to Isabella L. Hayes, June 20.

1837.

Robert B. Alexander to Anna Maria Harris, April 4.

John W. Lumpkin to Ann Jameson, April 23.

Joseph C. Wilkins to Mary Elizabeth Grant, June 25.

William E. Dearing to Caroline E. Stovall, June 27.

James Shannon to Frances E. Moore, June 28.

Barzillai Graves to Sarah M. Goneke, July 13.

Edward P. Harden to Sarah Brown, Sept. 28.

Joseph B. Cobb to Almira D. Clayton, October 5.

David A. Vason to Cordelia A. Pope, November 6.

James Watkins Harris to Anna Hamilton, November 8.

Jacob Phinizy to Mrs. Sarah Meriwether, November 30.

Shaler G. Hillyer to Elizabeth J. Thompson, December 1.

Charles B. Lyle to Julia Carlton, December 12.

Wilson E. B. Whatley to Elizabeth W. Lumpkin, December 15.

Lewis M. Fowler to Elizabeth A. Conger, December 20.

1838.

Greensby Wetherford Barber to Frances Barber, January 8.

Joseph F. Morton to Mildred Mathews, March 18

James Dudley Thomas to Sarah Billups, August 7.

Patrick H. Shields to Mary Lumpkin, Sept. 25.

Watkins Baynon to Jane Bryan, Nov. 7.

David C. Barrow to Sarah Elizabeth Pope, Nov. 23.

W. H. H. White to Jemima Simpson, Nov. 12.

Hugh M. Neisler to Caroline Howard, November 28.

William S. Hemphill to Sarah Fowler, December 20.

1839.

Edward P. Clayton to Mary E. Bradford, March 4.

William L. C. Gerdine to Lucy Lumpkin, March 28.
Samuel Tenney to Sarah M. Colt, April 9.
Chas. M. Reese to Elizabeth W. Gerdine, May 6.
Dr. Hugh O'K. Nesbit to Martha D. Berrien, June 23.
Patrick Barry to Charlotte M. McDermott, October 26.
Calvin J. Fall to Sarah Stroud, Nov. 21.
Peter E. Lowe to Martha Stroud, Nov. 21.

1840.

Benjamin F. Whitner to Sarah Jane Church, Jan. 7.
Thomas Moore to Martha H. Jackson, April 2.
John S. Linton to Cordelia Golding, May 14.
Shelton P. Sanford to Maria F. Dickinson, July 30.
James M. Royal to Frances E. Rumney, Aug. 9.
Charles F. McCay to Narcissa Williams, Aug. 11.
Francis B. Baldwin to Julia Clayton, Nov. 19.

1841.

Thomas M. Meriwether to Henrietta L. Andrews, August 11.
Benj. C. Yancey to Laura M. Hines, July 20.
William H. Lee to Elvira A. Church, Feb. 18.
William T. Baldwin to Susan M. Harris, March 3.
Williams Rutherford to Laura B. Cobb, March 23.
Green L. McCleskey to Georgiana Washburn, July 29.
Thomas H. Yarbrough to Emily Varnum, Oct. 19.
Lucius J. Gartrell to Louisiana O. Gideon, Nov. 16.
Frank Baldwin to Julia S. Clayton, Nov. 19.
Leonidas Franklin to Myrtis Thomas, Nov. 24.
William P. Rembert to Victoria L. Cox, Dec. 14.
Andrew J. Lamar to Mary Athena Jackson, Dec. 22.

1842.

Edward R. Hodgson to Anna Bishop, Jan. 18.
Henry L. Brittain to Julia A. Wright, January 20.

William P. Talmadge to Elizabeth A. Royal, March 17.

Isaac M. Kenney to Sarah A. Richardson, March 20.

Luther J. Glenn to Mildred L. Cobb, April 27.

Benjamin F. Hardeman to Arabella R. Harris, May 31.

Benjamin Conley to Sarah Semmes, June 7.

Marcellus C. M. Hammond to Harriet Davis, July 12.

Asa M. Jackson to Evaline R. J. Harden, Sept. 15.

James R. Stevenson to Catharine Brockman, Sept. 27.

James J. Taylor to Jane H. Burke, Dec. 15.

1843.

George A. Croom to Julia M. Church, February 21.

Zachariah Ivy to Elizabeth McCleskey, March 19.

John J. Gresham to Mary E. Baxter, May 25.

Lewis Craig to Elizabeth Church June 8.

Louis LeConte to Harriet Nisbet, July 25.

James S. Hamilton to Rebecca A. Crawford, Sept. 26.

W. H. Felton to Mary A. Carlton, Nov. 21.

Joseph B. Carlton to Thene E. Moore, Nov. 21.

1844.

Thomas R. R. Cobb to Marion McH. Lumpkin, January 9.

Henry R. Jackson to Cornelia A. Davenport, February 1.

Lewis J. Lampkin to Lucy Hayes, May 27.

Joel Huggins to Caroline V. Moore, June 18.

Henry Hull, Jr., to Ann M. Thomas, October 9.

Albin P. Dearing to Eugenia E. Hamilton, Nov. 21.

William H. Lampkin to Susan C. Moon, Dec. 5.

1845.

F. W. Pickens to Marion A. Dearing, January 9.

Pleasant A. Stovall to Mrs. Clio Hill, Feb. 11.

John R. Matthews to Catherine Matthews, March 2.
Montgomery P. Wingfield to Mary E. Singleton, April 2.
Dr. William Bacon Stevens to Frances Coppee.
Alvan Ewing to Louisa Newton, May 7.
John Howze to Claudia Clayton, October 1.
William H. Thurmond to Marie L. Harden, Oct. 6.
John H. Colt to Caroline A. Green, Nov. 19.
M. J. Clancey to Mary A. Jones, November 18.
Benjamin H. Hill to Caroline E. Holt, Nov. 27.
Napoleon B. Harden to Mary L. Appling, Dec. 2.

1846.

Thomas P. Stovall to Volmunia A. Cooper, Jan. 15.
Andrew Baxter to Martha Williams, January 28.
John M. Billups to Sarah M. Phinizy, February 4.
Wm. H. Newton to Miriam K. Walker, April 21.
William C. Yoakum to Sophia Conger, April 20.
William T. Bailey to Elizabeth Winstead, April 30.
Frederick W. Lucas to Martha A. Singleton, May 27.
Rev. G. J. Pearce to Eliza A. Glenn, June 2.
Perrin Benson to Louisa F. Towns, July 19.
Capt. M. L. Smith to Sarah E. Nisbet, July 27.
Capt. N. W. Hunter to Sarah R. Golding, Aug. 18.
Benjamin C. Yancey to Sarah P. Hamilton, Nov. 4.
Henry Hull to Mary A. Nisbet, Nov. 12.

1847.

John N. Bonnell to Mary Ann Morton, Jan. 30.
Terrell M. Lampkin to America Adams, April 15.
H. R. J. Long to Susan J. Stroud, May 26.
S. C. Reese to Caroline M. Harden, Sept. 9.
Dan G. Hughes to Mary H. Moore, October 20.
Joel Abbott Billups to Susan Harris, November 4.
Robert Moore to Catherine Kirkpatrick, Nov. 16.

,1848.

Rufus L. Moss to Mary L. Anthony, August 8

1849.

Benjamin J. Parr to Sarah C. Sisson, February 12.
David Gann to Malinda Lee, June 10.
James Gallaway to Ann N. Doble, November 15.
John S. Linton to Lucy Ann Hull, December 18.

1850.

Hopkins Holsey to Mary J. Neisler, August 15.
Charles W. Lane to Louisa Matthews, December 2.

1851.

Charles B. Lombard to Julia E. Kellogg, April 6.
John S. Wiggins to Sarah L. Morton, May 6.
William King, Jr., to Augusta C. Clayton, Oct. 8.
Robert G. Taylor to Tallulah Harris, October 23.
M. C. Fulton to Virginia F. Hamilton, November 4.
N. W. Haudrup to Sarah Bridges, December 30.

1852.

Porter King to Callie M. Lumpkin, February 19.
John C. Pitner to Sarah C. Weir, October 19.
John W. Nicholson to Martha M. Gartrell, Nov. 18.

1853.

James Jackson to Ada Mitchell, June 24.
John J. Thomas to Claudia F. McKinley, August 25.
John C. Whitner to Mattie S. Cobb, September 28.
Nathaniel L. Barnard to Fannie E. Dougherty, October 5.
Richard D. B. Taylor to Sarah Jane Billups, Oct. 6.
William B. Jackson to Mary Willis Adams, Oct. 13.
John B. Cobb to Mary Athena Lamar, November 22.
Jonathan Hampton to Eliza A. Hayes, December 14.
Robert McCay to Susan L. Wiley, December 21.

1854.

Rufus L. Moss to Lizzie Luckie, April 6.
William G. Deloney to Rosa E. Huguenin, May 16.
William E. Eppes to Emily Bancroft, July 27.
James A. Carlton to Mattie C. Janes, August 23.
Thomas W. Walker to Julia M. Adams, Oct. 23.

M. Stanley to Julia A. Pope, November 8.
William L. Mitchell to Lucia L. Bass, November 21.

1855.

Charles K. Jarrett to Lizzie Lucas, Jan. 17.
Charles P. Cooper to Hessie M. Jackson, April 2.
John M. Phinizy to Sue Morton, June 14.
J. N. Carter to Laura A. Clarke, September 6.
James C. Wilson to Maria Stovall, Nov. 27.
Jerry E. Ritch to Jane M. Alexander, December 13.
Edward P. Bishop to Martha M. Bingham, Dec. 13.

1856.

Warren A. Brown to Louisa C. Hoyt, January 2.
Richard J. Wilson to Mary Virginia Harris, Jan. 9.
R. L. Witherspoon to Mary C. Boon, February 5.
A. G. Turner to Francis A. Conger, February 20.
William A. Bain to Mary Ann DeCosta, Sept. 18.
Henry Buesse to Menecies Evans, Nov. 6.
John G. Thomas to Susan A. Carr, November 12.
H. J. Adams to Flora N. Williamson, December 17.

1857.

Charles J. Clinch to Ella B. Thomas, May 12.
F. W. Adams to Emma E. Barnett, July 22.
W. M. Morton to Martha A. Lester, September 23.
John D. Easter to Fanny Coley, October 29.
Dunlap Scott to Virginia Wray, November 26.
James M. Hull to Georgia A. Rucker, December 8.

1858.

Joseph A. Hill to Mary E. Maxwell, October 14.
Edward S. Axson to Margaret Jane Hoyt, Nov. 16.
Albert S. Dorsey to Susan R. Doble, November 23.
Benjamin F. Whitner to Anna P. Church, Dec. 21.

1859.

Ellison Stone to Mary McKenzie, March 3.
Jos. M. Weatherly to Mary Vanderhost, May 5.
William G. Noble to Augusta Hill, June 23.
E. C. Kinnebrew to Georgia A. Lyle, August 4:

C. P. Morton to Anna Crane, December 15.

1860.

Samuel P. Thurmond to Elizabeth A. Long, Jan. 3.
James Robb to Mrs. Elizabeth C. Craig, March 6.
James R. Lyle to Clara M. Bailey, May 17.
James H. Reaves to Ophelia G. Elder.
William J. Morton to Rosina E. White, Sept. 11.
Thomas Crawford to Julia E. Hayes, December 12.

1861.

A. B. C. Dorsey to Salonia Gilmore, February 21.
T. A. Adams to Adeline Sisson, April 17.
G. W. Barber to Mary T. Conger, May 16.
H. D. D. Twiggs to Lucy E. Wilkins, May 21.
Jesse Youngkin to Martha A. Weir, June 4.
Robert W. Adams to Sophie L. Bronard, June 18.
Jefferson Lamar to Mary A. Lamar, July 22.
Asbury Hull to Mrs. Maria Cook, July 23.
Lamar Cobb to Olivia Newton, July 30.

1862.

M. H. Henderson to Ada Screven, January 30.
Peyton E. Thompson to Ophelia Crane, Dec. 11.

1863.

C. A. Styles to Anna M. Adams, January 13.
George Whitfield to Mary Hillyer, February 9.
I. W. Hallam to Lizzie Bancroft, April 24.
John A. Cobb to Lucy Barrow, July 29.

1864.

Amos T. Akerman to Martha R. Galloway, May 28.
W. P. Patillo to Sallie P. Chase, July 21.
J. H. Laing to Caroline Witherspoon, October 9.
C. P. McAllister to Charlotte Almand, December 1.

1865.

James S. King to Sallie C. Boggs, October 26.

1866.

George A. Carlton to Allie McConnell, March 20.
C. W. Motes to Emily F. White, June 14.

1867.

Henry Jackson to Sally A. Cobb, April 23.
S. M. Herrington to Mattie F. Huggins, Nov. 7.
H. H. Carlton to Helen C. Newton, November 12.

1868.

James P. Dorsey to Bessie Talmadge, February 27.
Josiah Jones to Rosalie Meeker, June 2.
Thomas F. Green to Ella B. Lipscomb, Sept. 18.

1869.

Frank A. Lipscomb to Mary Ann Rutherford, Jan. 14.
William L. Church to Laura Randolph, April 6.
A. A. F. Hill to Gazzie Williams, June 16.
Rufus K. Reaves to Anna E. Powell, November 18.

1870.

William H. Hodgson to Maria Kennard, January 5
E. R. Hodgson to Mary V. Strahan, January 3.
J. A. Hunnicutt to Mary L. Deupree, February 22.
John Bird to Lula Norris, November 18.

1871.

A. L. Hull to Callie Cobb, January 5.
Wm. A. Hemphill to Mrs. E. B. Luckie, March 7.
John W. Brumby to Arabella Hardeman, June 29.
Daniel McKenzie to Martha Pulliam, April 20.
R. H. Johnston to Susie Hill, April 20.
George C. Thomas to Anna McWhorter, April 27.
Jos. G. Evans to Lizzie Kirkpatrick, May 4.
John W. McCalla to Francina Deupree, May 16.
Hines M. Smith to Sallie Sparks, May 17.
W. H. Morton to Cora Frazer,, June 11.
Jeff Lane to Marion Reese, July 26.
Henry W. Grady to Julia King, October 5.
James M. Edwards to Lizzie Scudder, November 8.
Thomas A. Hamilton to Amelia Tupper, Nov. 14.
Victor M. Smith to Saida Bird, November 16.
E. J. Christy to Hattie Gailey, December 7.

1872.

Geo. T. Goetchius to Julia A. Scudder, February 8.
Alex S. Erwin to Mary Ann Cobb, April 3.
E. Seabrook Hull to Ella Eddings, July 10.
W. C. Kemp to Mrs. Jane E. Doyle, July 15.
Robert B. Hodgson to Annie Strahan, September 23.
A. H. Hodgson to Julia Neal, September 25.
Goodloe H. Yancey to Lucy Deupree, September 26.
Rufus S. Cleghorn to Eliza Hutcheson, November [illegible].
Geo. W. Mason to Beulah Booth, November 14.
A. T. Smith to Fannie Hoover, December 4.
H. C. White to Ella F. Roberts, December 24.
C. W. Parr to Jennie Mealor, December 26.

1873.

Howard Van Epps to Minnie Thomas, February 13.
Edw. A. Williams to Sallie Hamilton, March 5.
Henry C. Bussey to Lizzie Lucas, June 24.
Geo. P. Raney to Lizzie Lamar, November 4
Henry Hill to Julia Burpee, November 26.
E. H. Ware to Mrs. Hattie P. Nicholson, November 27.
W. B. Jackson to Naomi Langford, December 17.

1874.

Chas. J. O'Farrell to Rosa England, February 11.
Frank Lumpkin to Kate DeW. Willcox, February 14.
Myer Stern to Rachel Michael, February 15.
Carlton Hillyer to Lucy C. Thomas, February 18.
Geo. T. Murrell to Leila W. Morton, February 19.
Cobb Lampkin to Mamie Arnold, March 11.
Hamilton Yancey to Florence Patterson, April 29.
Alfred T. Luckie to Lizzie Alexander, April 30.
Bourke Spalding to Nellie P. Barrow, November 3.
Jos. R. Palmer to Florence Huggins, December 23.

1875.

Wm. P. Welch to Margaret R. White, January 26.

P. H. Mell to Annie White, June 13.
Geo. D. Bancroft to Jessie Winkler, June 15.
Charles M. Reese to Vada Bostwick, July 28.
Robert K. Bloomfield to Cornelia O. Bancroft, October 5.
J. H. Dorsey to Sallie Chapple, November 9.
W. Henry Wells to Rosa P. Smith, December 9.
S. P. Parker to Belle O'Farrell, December 15.
John A. Moore to Mary O. Hull, December 15.
W. L. Wood to Celestia Epps, December 27.

1876.

F. B. Lucas to Susie Taylor, March 29.
T. W. Rucker to Sarah Cobb, September 27.
J. L. Burch to Mary E. Evans, October 5.
Dawson Williams to Maggie Callaway, October 19.
James B. Conyers to Lizzie B. Newton, October 26.
Vivian Fleming to Emily White, December 19.

1877.

J. A. Grant to Laura Vonderleith, January 24.
J. A. Munday to Rosa Beusse, March 20.
W. D. Griffeth to Marcella Dearing, April 10.
Joseph C. Mygatt to Lizzie Booth, May 9.
Frank Talmage to Ella Powell, May 12.
Z. B. Graves to Ida Ritch, May 16.
A. W. Calhoun to Louise Phinizy, September 26.
James U. Jackson to Minnie Falligant, November 7.
Geo. W. Calvin to Amy Beusse, November 29.
W. A. Carlton to Annie Price, December 11.
J. H. Towns to Alice Eaton, December 16.
Ellison D. Stone to Emma C. Bradford, December 20.

1878.

C. K. Collins to Mrs. Bessie Dorsey, January 24.
W. W. Thomas to Pamela Brown, February 11.
S. C. Williams to Jane Reese, June 16.

A. C. Lampkin to Anna Vincent, September 10.
C. W. Asbury to Ada Huggins, October 10.
Charles L. Bartlett to Leila Carlton.
C. D. McKie to Julia Hampton, November 14.
Theo Vonderleith to Mamie Lee, December 11.
T. C. Compton to Martha Lumpkin, December 19.

1879.

D. C. Barrow to Fannie I. Childs, February 5.
J. H. Lambert to Annie Galloway, June 12.
Macon C. Johnson to Mamie Carlton, June 17.
C. L. Pitner to Lillian Colbert, September 7.
E. I. Smith to Sallie Lucas, November 12.

1880.

C. W. Davis to Emma Vonderlieth, January 7.
T. C. Newton to Sallie Moss, February 5.
Andrew J. Cobb to Starke Campbell, March 31.
Henry A. Lucas to Lula Baynon, April 22.
R. N. Snead to Emma Hutcheson, June 9.
Robt. J. Smith to Belle Hutcheson, August 8.
Edw. V. Branham to Julia Billups, October 7.
R. Toombs DuBose to Jennie Stovall, December 15.
N. B. Carson to Willie Woodfin, December 15.

1881.

Joseph W. Woods to Emma Conger, January 6.
R. I. Hampton to Beville Comer, January 11.
D. M. Burns to Mary Taylor, January 18.
Stephen Gould to Mary E. Long, January 20.
A. A. McDuffie to Julia Reese, February 29.
J. F. Jackson to Millie Vincent, February 29.
J. S. Noland to Mattie R. LeSeur, May 5.
E. F. Oates to Lula Nevitt, June 1.
S. C. Benedict to Annie Bloomfield, July 27.
Selig Bernstein to Jennie Michael, August 10.
Edward Bancroft to Lucy Epps, August 22.
John T. Newton to Kittie L. Childs, October 15.
James S. Davant to Ethel Hamilton, November 2.

1882.

E. P. Eberhart to Ann Mitchell, January 3.
A. D. Smith to Mary Mell, January 5.
James T. Newton to Lucy Flewellen, February 16.
Simon Michael to Anna Philips, March 14.
T. J. Barnard to Mary F. Woodfin, May 31.
W. H. Steele to Fannie Newton, September 21.
N. Keff Smith to Carrie Scudder, October 4.
R. H. Cornwell to Lila Fleming, October 11.
Geo. P. Brightwell to Clara Talmage, November 16.
L. H. Jones to Sallie Harris, December 6.
W. M. Howard to Gussie C. King, December 13.
Bernard Franklin to Isabella V. Harris, December 20.

1883.

G. S. Shewell to Ida Phillips, February 22.
L. E. Bailey to Martha J. Thornton, March 22.
J. A. Harbin to Mattie McDorman, March 29.
G. H. Hulme to Willie Matthews, May 3.
J. N. Webb to Susie A. Pitner, May 16.
Robert W. Lamkin to Lizzie Stovall, June 5.
John Hope Hull to Rosa Deloney, June 6.
Geo. D. Thomas to Katie Morton, July 11.
J. C. Hutchins to Lollie Rutherford, October 9.
J. T. Brown to Julia Barber, October 30.
R. E. Shaw to Lina Smith, November 13.
Hoke Smith to Birdie Cobb, December 19.

1884.

Wm. Haddock to Sarah Hemphill, January 31.
J. F. Rhodes to Anna Reaves, February 18.
A. H. Davison to Ida Dorsey, June 12.
James McKimmon to Leila Hull, June 24.
Pope Barrow to Cornelia Jackson, June 25.
T. C. Hampton to Viola Skiff, July 15.
Wm. I. Sims to Annie Noble, August 21.
G. A. Mell to Bessie Rutherford, September 4.

John W. Gilleland to Mary F. Heard, October 30

1885.

Pleasant A. Stovall to Mary Ganahl, January 7.
G. W. Rush to Lizzie Eberhart, January 14.
Geo. W. Woodfin to Nela Rowland, June 16.
J. H. Fleming to Alice Thomas, June 24.
C. H. Phinizy to Mrs. Mary Lou Phinizy, July 28.
Francis Fontaine to Nathalie Hamilton, October 28
Henry McAlpin to Claudia Thomas, November 18.

1886.

Billups Phinizy to Nellie Stovall, April 21.
W. F. Dorsey to Cassie Beusse, July 14.
R. B. Lawrence to Marion Dearing, August 25.
D. W. Meadow to Susie A. Colbert, October 3.
A. W. Vess to Nina Bain, October 6.
E. D. Treanor to Katie Taylor, November 24.
C. D. Flanigen to Mamie Nevitt, December 13.
Vassar Woolley to Bessie Rutherford, December 21.

1887.

A. E. Griffeth to Belle Jenkens, June 22.
John W. Wier to Mrs. Annie Gann, August 3.
Edward A. Groover to Lena Latimer, November 16.
Henry S. West to Marion Lampkin, November 30.
Hunter P. Cooper to Henrietta Tucker, December 8.

1888.

George E. Stone to Hettie Bishop, January 17.
I. G. Swift to Bessie Thurmond, January 19.
W. S. Christy to Minnie Kenney, January 25.
W. P. Briggs to Annie Beusse, April 24.
H. N. Willcox to Mary Nicholson, May 9.
J. S. Williford to Kate Moore, July 5.
A. D. Cheney to Mary Elder, October 16.
W. C. Davis to Olivia Cobb, November 21.
A. O. Harper to Eugenia Long, December 6.

1889.

H. Key Milner to Helen Bishop, February 14.
W. J. Smith to Ida Wingfield, April 3.
John A. Benedict to Mary Coates, October 31.

1890.

A. P. Henley to Mary Lou Crawford, February 13.
S. G. McLendon to Emily Hamilton, February 19.
M. K. Layton to Mollie Dobbs, April 23.
Fred S. Morton to Roberta Latimer, July 9.
R. C. Orr to Florida Carr, July 15.
A. L. Franklin to Leila Chandler, December 2.
G. F. Hunnicutt to May Bernard, December 10.
Clarence O. Adams to Alice Beusse, December 17.
Geo. A. Riviere to Ruby Thurmond, December 23.

1891.

Frank J. Myers to Sophie Stern, January 28.
Charles M. Snelling to Matilda Morton, June 18.
W. A. Kennon to Mattie Grady, June 25.
A. A. Lipscomb to Lamar Rutherford, August 19.
J. N. Williamson to Kate Wingfield, September 23.

1892.

C. A. Rowland to Effie Hampton, May 12.
C. G. Talmadge to Mary C. Bishop, May 23.
A. H. Hodgson to Sallie Paine, August 10.
H. J. Swartz to Ida Ritch, August 15.
E. J. Bondurant to Martha Moss, October 13.
E. D. Sledge to Mary Newton Cobb, October 26.
J. F. McGowan to Meta Charbonnier, November 9.

1893.

Charles H. Newton to Lula Bryan, January 11.
W. W. Turner to Belle Lane, January 18.
Charles I. Mell to Mary B. Dougherty, April 5.
John A. Dearing to Jennie Duke, August 2.
E. P. Fears to Leila Parr, September 7.
T. W. Reed to Eunice Williams, September 20.

A. H. Allen to Mary Ella Noble, October 11.
W. D. Ellis, Jr., to Blanche Lipscomb, October 18.

1894.

Aaron Cohen to Sarah Stern, January 24.
A. E. Thornton to Bessie Cohen, April 16.
E. W. Wade to Jessie Burbank, May 23.
E. Ingersoll Wade to Mary Magruder, June 19.
W. R. Lipscomb to Maggie Talmadge, October 10.
C. M. Strahan to Margaret Basinger, October 30.
P. C. Buffington to Pauline Harris, November 21.
E. W. Charbonnier to Newton McCraw, December 12.
W. D. Hooper to Florence Herty, December 20.

1895.

W. C. Cox to Annie Hodgson, January 17.
Henry L. Francis to Maude Talmadge, April 24.
Charles A. Talmadge to Justine Erwin, June 6.
R. W. Sizer to Clara L. Lyle, July 17.
Fred L. Davis to Mattie Barnard, September 5.
M. M. Arnold to Lizzie Abney, November 14.
Frank Harwell to Ruth Lovejoy, December 11.
H. J. Rowe to Ada O'Farrell, December 18.
C. H. Herty to Sophie Schaller, December 23.

1896.

J. E. Talmadge, Jr., to Olivia Bloomfield, April 29.
H. H. Steiner to Lucile Barnes, February 23.
C. D. Cox to Mary L. Hunter, February 26.
L. E. Pellew to Sallie Cohen, November 4.
Fred Morris to Katie Dorsey, November 4.
J. W. Morton to Mary Lou Hinton, November 11.
W. D. Christy to Ida Summey, November 11.
E. B. Mell to Belle Witcher, December 23.

1897.

S. M. Herrington to Mattie Lowe, June 17.
W. A. Delph to Nathalie Chandler, July 1.

T. A. Burke to Moselle Lyndon, November 10.
W. A. Chastain to Ella V. Dobbs, November 30.

1898.

Nathan P. Cox to Maud A. Parker, February 9.
E. H. Youngkin to Leona Williams, April 20.
W. E. Love to Lilly Mandeville, June 6.
Geo. S. Crane to Hallie Watkins, June 15.
H. V. Head to Leila McMahan, October 5.
G. H. Thornton to Lottie P. Jackson, October 26.

1899.

C. N. Hodgson to Irene Powell, January 1.
W. B. Kent to Senie Griffeth, February 22.
R. B. Nally to Daisy Hudson, June 7.

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